Memoirs of Madame De Pompadour

Madame Du Hausset

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MADAME DU HAUSSET

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR

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MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR. *By her waiting-woman,* Madame du Hausset. *Translated by* F. S. Flint

MEMOIRS OF A NUN. *By* Denis Diderot. *Translated by* Francis Birrell

The above volumes are ready or nearing publication. A complete list will be found at the end of this volume.

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PLATE I

THE MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR

Pastel by Maurice-Quentin de la Tour

Musée du Louvre

[*front.*

THE BROADWAY LIBRARY
OF XVIII CENTURY FRENCH LITERATURE

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR

BY

MADAME DU HAUSSET

HER WAITING-WOMAN

Translated with an Introduction by
F. S. Flint

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CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION 1

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DU HAUSSET, WAITING-WOMAN OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR . . . 21

FOUR LETTERS 174

HISTORICAL NOTES:

A. THE PERFORMANCES IN THE LITTLE GALLERIES OF LOUIS XV 179

B. THE SUPPRESSION OF THE JESUITS IN FRANCE . 194

C. EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE BY M. DE MEILHAN ON THE DUC DE CHOISEUL . . 210

D. ON THE DAUPHIN, SON OF LOUIS XV (This article is taken in part from a work by M. de Meilhan) . . . 221

E. THE DUCHESSE DE GRAMONT (Article by M. de Meilhan) . . 232

F. NOTE ON CARDINAL DE BERNIS . 237

This translation was made upon the edition of the *Mémoires de Madame du Hausset*, published under the editorship of F. Barrière, Paris, 1855. The notes of the French editor are distinguished by the signature (B.). Unsigned notes are by the translator.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATE PAGE

I. *The Marquise de Pompadour. Pastel by Maurice-Quentin de la Tour. Musée du Louvre* . . *Frontispiece*

II. *View of the Château of Bellevue. Drawing by Brouard. The frame is carved with the arms of Madame de Pompadour. Musée de Versailles.* 16

III. *Louis XV. Pastel by Maurice-Quentin de La Tour. Musée du Louvre.* 22

IV. *The Marquise de Pompadour as the Goddess of Friendship. By Pigalle. Wallace Collection.* 64

V. *Performance of* Acis et Galatée *by Madame de Pompadour's Company. Wash drawing by Cochin.* . . . 122

Memoirs of Madame du Hausset

Waiting-Woman of Madame de Pompadour

INTRODUCTION[1]

IT is related that M. Sénac de Meilhan, a friend of the Marquis de Marigny,[2] brother of Madame de Pompadour, found him one day burning papers. The Marquis picked up a large packet, and was about to throw it into the fire.

"It is the diary of my sister's waiting-woman," he said. "She was a very worthy creature; but her diary is all twaddle. To the fire with it!"

He stopped.

"Do you not think," he continued, "that I am like the curé and the barber in Don Quixote, when they burnt the romances of chivalry?"

"I will ask you to spare this one," said Sénac de Meilhan. "I like anecdotes, and I shall no doubt find something to interest me."

[1] In the writing of this Introduction, I have relied mainly on M. Pierre de Nolhac's *Louis XV et Madame de Pompadour*, supplemented by the *Madame de Pompadour* of Mr. H. Noel Williams.

[2] Abel-François Poisson, a capable man. He became Marquis de Marigny, and occupied the important post of Director General of the King's Buildings (or of the "Office of Works"), in succession to Le Normant de Tournehem. His sister would have made him a duke; but his modesty forbade this.

"I am quite willing," replied M. de Marigny, and he handed the packet to him.

In this way was saved the most intimate account that exists of one of the most admirable women in history. Sénac de Meilhan gave the manuscript to Quintin Craufurd, a Scot who deserves an essay to himself as a minor worthy of life, letters and art; and Craufurd published it, in 1809, in his *Mélanges d'histoire et de littérature* (he wrote in both English and French).

Very little is known about Madame du Hausset, the author of these Memoirs. She is said to have been the widow of an indigent nobleman, and to have been compelled by poverty to take—much to the disgust of one of her relatives at Saint-Cyr, the college established by Madame de Maintenon for noblemen's daughters—the position of first waiting-woman offered to her by Madame de Pompadour. She did not change her name, as the second waiting-woman, also a woman of birth, did. According to her own account, she had a son, who appears in the memoirs as a messenger, at the time of the attempt on Louis XV's life by Damiens. If she used her influence with Madame de Pompadour to obtain a post for this son, she says nothing about it. She does record how she procured a lieutenancy for a relation, though not from the Comte d'Argenson, the Minister for War, but through the Marquis du Voyer, his eldest son, who obtained in return the part of a police officer in a performance of *Tartuffe* by Madame de Pompadour's company of courtiers and ladies! On the death of her mistress, Madame du Hausset retired into the country with a small competence, her savings, no doubt. Her

Memoirs show her to have been a quiet, modeſt woman, *fort eſtimable*, as M. de Marigny said. Her eſtimate of Madame de Pompadour, although it was conveyed to the reigning miſtress by word of mouth, and might, therefore, be ſuspected of flattery, is juſt, —*une femme supérieure*, and, to Louis XV, *une excellente amie*.

For the hiſtorians, even the moſt benevolently or impartially inclined, have allowed themselves, consciously or unconsciously, to be influenced by the tainted teſtimony of mob writers, orators and rhymeſters, court intriguers and jealous place-hunters, or, ſtill worse, have let their minds be corrupted by that moralic acid which we all carry in our veins, as we are said to do the germs of certain diseases, and which it should be the care of every intelligent man to neutralize before he sets himself up in judgment on the frailties of human kind. Of Madame de Pompadour it may be said with particular truth that her vices (if they can be called vices) are those of her age; her virtues were her own.

She was born on the 20th December, 1721, the daughter of François Poisson, and she was baptized in the names of Jeanne-Antoinette. Her father, who was the son of a weaver of Provenchères, in the diocese of Langres, was a financier of sorts, in the employ of the famous brothers Pâris, the Army contractors of the time. Although a man of vulgar origin, which he was never able to conceal, and which, to do him juſtice, he made no great effort to conceal, he had abilities, and enjoyed the confidence of his employers, who made him one of their principal agents. His wife, Madeleine

de la Motte, the mother of Madame de Pompadour, came from a higher social sphere. Her father had made his fortune as an Army meat contractor. Then, as now, there were profiteers. Madame Poisson is described as having been one of the most beautiful women of Paris, and extremely intelligent. She was not a faithful spouse. M. Le Normant de Tournehem, who had so great an influence on the career of the daughter, was one of her lovers; but he was not, apparently, the father of Madame de Pompadour. This seems to have been a contemporary calumny. François Poisson's love for his daughter, and hers for him, were, throughout the lives of both, as paternal and filial, and as affectionate on both sides as could be wished. He was exceedingly proud of his *Reinette*, as she came to be called in her early childhood, a kind of foreshadowing of after events.

Jeanne-Antoinette Poisson spent a year or more with the Ursulines of Poissy, where two of her aunts were nuns. During this time (1729), her father was an exile in Germany. He was accused of having embezzled public money, when employed on the provisioning of Paris during the grain famine of 1725. It was even said that he had been sentenced to be hanged. He was able to return to Paris after eight years of exile. In 1739, some years before Louis XV's interest in his daughter had begun, he was partially rehabilitated; and, in 1747, when his daughter was the King's mistress he was ennobled, and the operations which might have brought him to the gibbet in 1727, were then adduced as a title to public gratitude. He seems to have been venturesome rather than dishonest, and to have been

caught, in 1727, as financiers often are, at a moment when his affairs were embarrassed.

He did his best from exile for his family and his daughter, desiring the latter to remain in the convent rather than be left to the care of her mother; but Madame Poisson, on the pretext of a cold the child had, took her and kept her away. M. Le Normant de Tournehem, her mother's lover, a rich bachelor, *fermier général*, or tax farmer, a friend of artists and lover of the arts, took charge of the girl's education. She had the best masters of her time. Two tragic poets, the elder Crébillon and Lanoue, who later became an actor of the Théâtre Français, taught her declamation and acting. Jélyotte, the celebrated Opera singer, was her singing-master, and singing became, at this period of her life, her chief accomplishment. She danced perfectly and drew well. Before the age of twenty, she was the most accomplished young woman and one of the most beautiful in Paris. So many talents and so much beauty gained her and her mother admittance to *salons*, such as that of Madame de Tencin, from which they would otherwise have been excluded; and here her mind and wit were formed on the conversation of men like Marivaux, Duclos, Piron, Montesquieu and Fontenelle.

She was married on the 9th March, 1741, before she had reached the age of twenty, to Charles-Guillaume Le Normant d'Etioles, a nephew of M. Le Normant de Tournehem. The uncle assured the couple an ample establishment. They lived with him in town at the Hôtel de Gesvres in the Rue Croix-des-Petits-Champs, and they had a château at Etioles, near

Choisy and the King's hunting-ground. It was a handsome situation, and it brought Madame d'Etioles nearer—though still at a considerable distance—to the Court, for it was on that intermediate ground where courtiers and court ladies met the richer members of the *bourgeoisie*—a *bourgeoisie* that was rising in power and, unwittingly, preparing the Revolution. At this time, Madame d'Etioles made the acquaintance of the Duc de Nivernois and the Duc de Duras (with both of whom she acted at the private theatre of Madame de Villemer), of the Abbé de Bernis, the Duc de Richelieu, Madame Geoffrin and her daughter, the Marquise de la Ferté-Imbault. She was known at Court to Madame de Sassenage, the wife of a gentleman-in-waiting to the Dauphin, to the Marquise de Saissac, and to the Duchesse de Chevreuse, who had taken an interest in her since her childhood. But the personage at Court who was to play a decisive part in her life was Binet, the first valet-de-chambre of the Dauphin and a relation of the Le Normants.

At Etioles, where she herself had a private theatre, she received a brilliant company—officials of the Court and the Ministries, lawyers, magistrates, financiers, and —especially—men of letters, Crébillon, Fontenelle, Montesquieu,—Voltaire, who, for all his wit, never acquired the tact and manners of the Court (*n'a jamais su se décrasser de sa roture*), and later baffled, by his clumsy eagerness, all Madame de Pompadour's efforts to bring him into the royal favour. Whether Voltaire was sincere or not when, in a madrigal on the "victory" of Fontenoy, he called her *la divine d'Etioles*, we cannot be certain, for she was then the

King's mistress; but his opinion of her at this time was that she was "well-bred, modest, agreeable, full of graces and talents, and born with good sense and a good heart."

Despite her brilliant situation and her relationship with the noblemen and officials of the court, there was still a wide gulf between Madame d'Etioles and Versailles, a gulf that appeared unbridgeable to her contemporaries. She belonged to the *bourgeoisie* that was admitted to the Court only on State occasions such as the masked ball on the 25th February, 1745, in honour of the marriage of the Dauphin with the Infanta of Spain. But, on these occasions, any person decently dressed gained admittance by unmasking and giving a name at the entrance, or, if a company of people arrived, one of them unmasked and gave a name, while the doorkeeper counted their number. At this ball, Madame d'Etioles met and spoke to Louis XV, who was in fancy dress as a yew tree. It was probable that an assignation was then made for the next day, at the ball given by the City of Paris. At any rate, Louis met Madame d'Etioles there again, and this time, accompanied by the Duc d'Ayen, conducted her home in a hackney-coach.

What had been happening? Madame Poisson, it seems, had encouraged her daughter to think of herself as the future mistress of the King. There is a story that she took her, when nine years old, to a fortune-teller, Madame Lebon, who predicted—possibly by pre-arrangement—that the child was to become the mistress of a king. However that may be,

it seems certain that the mother both awakened and fostered this ambition in the girl and the woman. In her mouth, she was *un morceau de roi*. Tournehem, too, had encouraged her, and this fact awakens a strange suspicion. The rich *bourgeoisie* were becoming conscious of the power of their money, although politically, if the word can be used, they counted for very little. Tournehem was a tax-farmer, a rich man, and a friend of the brothers Pâris, who have been described as the Rothschilds of their time, and who, later, were the financial power behind Madame de Pompadour. Is it too fanciful to suggest that these men, even if only in a half-conscious fashion, saw in the beautiful and accomplished woman of their class a means of direct access to and influence upon the supreme power in the land, the King ?

The result of this system of suggestion was that Madame d'Etioles actually fell in love with Louis XV. There is nothing surprising in this. Louis was regarded as the handsomest man in his kingdom, and about his good looks was the aureole of his majesty, a very real thing to his subjects. A rebuke from the King could plunge a man into a dangerous fever, and a smile raise him to heaven. It was as a woman in love, then, that, in the Forest of Sénart near her country house, Madame d'Etioles followed the royal hunting party in a phaeton driven by herself, and it was there that Louis became accustomed to seeing her. Rumour began to link her name with the King's. One day, in the King's carriage, Madame de Châteauroux, the reigning mistress, stamped on Madame de Chevreuse's foot, because she said in the

King's hearing that Madame d'Etioles was prettier than usual. Afterwards, Madame de Châteauroux explained : " Do you not know, Madame, that they want to give that little d'Etioles to the King ? " Who were they ?

It seemed a hopeless and foolish desire ; but Madame de Châteauroux died suddenly, thus creating a vacancy of *maîtresse-en-titre du Roi de France.* Nevertheless it was unthinkable that a *bourgeoise* should fill it. Yet the unthinkable happened. How it happened is obscure. Binet, the first valet-de-chambre of the Dauphin, obtained an interview with the King for his relative, Madame d'Etioles. Her pretext was that she wanted to ask the King for a place as *fermier général* for her husband. The first visit was followed by others, all of them mysterious, and soon Madame d'Etioles was lodged at Versailles, though no one quite knew where, the King possessing private apartments that were labyrinthine, numerous and guarded. Tournehem had sent the husband on a provincial tour connected with tax-farming. On his return, he found that his wife was the King's mistress, and that his despair and rage were futile.

Louis's first care was to *décrasser* her, and the word itself is significant of the cleavage between the nobility and the rest of the people. It means " to remove the *dirt* of a person's origin." The patent that turned the inferior clay of Madame d'Etioles into the porcelain of the Marquise de Pompadour was sent by Louis from Ghent on the 11th July, 1745, the date of the taking of the town by the French. Voltaire, who was improving the whole occasion,

and especially the "victory" of Fontenoy, with his rhymes, called the patent :

> Un brevet digne d'Henri quatre,
> Signé Louis, Mars et l'Amour.

a patent worthy of Henri IV, signed Louis, Mars and Love. Voltaire's reward for his pitiable manœuvres and poetical prancings round the new mistress was the free gift of a place as *Gentilhomme de la Chambre du Roi*,[1] which was worth sixty thousand livres, a very considerable sum, and an appointment as King's Historiographer, or flatterer, with a salary of two thousand livres. He was the first beneficiary of Madame de Pompadour's influence. If he had had more sense and less genius, he might have gone far in the King's favour ; but Louis could not stand him, he bubbled over too much. Madame de Pompadour did all she could for him ; but she was defeated by his own eagerness. At the close of a performance of *Le Temple de la Gloire*, in which Voltaire, at the mistress's suggestion, flatttered Louis as Trajan, the author is said to have plucked his august master by the sleeve, and to have asked : "Trajan, est-il content ?" Louis was very angry over this gross breach of etiquette. It was a droll scene, if you can imagine it. Voltaire finally ruined himself by coupling the name of the King and his mistress in some verses that end thus :

> Soyez tous deux sans ennemis,
> Et tous deux gardez vos conquêtes,

—may both of you be without enemies, and both keep your conquests. This comparison of the King's

[1] He later sold this place, but was allowed to retain its privileges.

conquests with those of the mistress caused so much scandal at Versailles, where it displeased, in especial, the pious party centred round the Queen and the Dauphin, that Voltaire, arriving at Madame de Pompadour's in the expectation of thanks and compliments, met with silence and wry faces. Another amusing scene! In disgrace, he left the Court. He used Madame de Pompadour afterwards,—on one occasion to obtain the suppression of the customary parody of his *Sémiramis* by the *Comédie Italienne*, and never was Voltaire more ridiculous. He abused her too, in *La Pucelle:*

> Telle plutôt cette heureuse grisette
> Que la nature ainsi que l'art forma
> Pour le sérail ou bien pour l'opéra . . [1]

and never was Voltaire more basely ungrateful, except perhaps after her death. She had tried to further his ambitions and to make his fortune at Court, and he said: "although Madame de Pompadour protected the detestable play, *Catilina*,[2] yet I liked her, I am so good-natured: she even did me some slight services."

While Louis was absent on that border warfare which seems like so much petty squabbling to us now, and which, nevertheless, impoverished the nation and drained it of its life's blood, Madame de Pompadour was at Etioles receiving instruction in Court society from the Duc de Gontaut and the Abbé de Bernis.

[1] Such as rather that lucky wench, formed by nature as well as art for the seraglio or else the opera.

[2] By the elder Crébillon. Madame de Pompadour's protection infuriated Voltaire.

She was about to enter a world with whose language, customs and usages she was ill-acquainted, a society with ancestries and alliances that it was important to know intimately in order to avoid pitfalls and disastrous blunders, a set of men and women with keen and pitiless eyes for the ridiculous—which was anything said or done in a manner different from theirs. She triumphed in this, as she triumphed in all else, except international politics, by quick wit, natural good sense and intelligence. On the return of Louis, in September, 1745, she was quietly conducted to Versailles, where she was to continue to live until her death in 1764. A few days later, she was formally presented to the King, the Queen and the Dauphin. The Court came to mock, but it was impressed. They called her *la Bestiole*, playing on her name, d'Etioles; but they could not dislodge her, in spite of all their intrigues and their anger at seeing a woman of low birth fill a position that had, till then, been the privilege of the aristocracy. Other women made a bid for the royal favour; but she outplayed them. As it became more and more apparent that her hold on the King was to endure, a party formed about her. As she became more and more powerful, she was able to bring to heel men like the Duc de Richelieu, who very nearly went to the Bastille for the fourth time, because he attempted to thwart her over her theatre, to break ministers like Machault, d'Argenson and Maurepas, and to make ministers like Choiseul. In the end, she became the virtual Queen of France, and the responsibility for the Seven Years' War is imputed to her. It is an absurd imputation, though the

disappointments of the war are supposed to have killed her.

What sort of a man was Louis XV that a woman—and a woman of the *bourgeoisie* at that—should have been able to dominate him? He was not sexually precocious. Indeed, his lack of interest in sex as a youth had given rise to both hopes and fears. The *goût italien*, to use the euphemism of the time, had alternated at the French Court with the natural inclination:

Charles IX	*les dames*
Henri III	*les favoris*
Henri IV	*les dames*
Louis XIII	*les favoris*
Louis XIV	*les dames*

At Louis XIV's death, the Duchesse de la Ferté exclaimed: "I suppose it is now the turn of *les favoris*!" Certainly, one of the most curious episodes in history is that which followed, when the young dukes and marquises in attendance on the youthful King made a bid to satisfy his supposititious inclination.[1] But Louis XV was saved both from them and from any other, more legitimate, waywardness by Madame de Prie,[2] who, after having tempted him in vain with one or two of the most fascinating young women of the Court, married him, at the age of fifteen, to Marie Leczinska, the daughter of the dethroned King of Poland. Louis appears to have

[1] *Vide Voltaire et les Fiches de Police*, by Ernest Raynaud, *Mercure de France*, 1st November, 1927.

[2] The Mistress of the Duc de Bourbon, known as Monsieur le Duc, who had succeeded the Duc d'Orléans as Regent.

been for a long time faithful to his Queen, to the great disgust of rakes like the Duc de Richelieu, and by her he had two sons and several daughters. The rakes felt that this bourgeois existence of the King's must not last, and that some effort must be made *pour le déniaiser*—to sharpen him up a bit. There was at that time a Marquis de Nesle who had five daughters. The eldest, the Comtesse de Mailly, was thrown in the King's way, and she became his first mistress. During her reign, two other sisters, Mademoiselle Pauline de Nesle and the Duchesse de Lauraguais, found their way to the royal couch. The first of these became pregnant, was married hurriedly to the Marquis de Vintimille, and bore a son, the Comte du Luc, whom Madame de Pompadour afterwards wished to marry to her daughter, Alexandrine d'Etioles. A fourth sister, the widow of the Marquis de Tournelle, followed ; but she insisted on the dismissal of Madame de Mailly, and acknowledgment as *maîtresse-en-titre*. She became the Duchesse de Châteauroux. The fifth sister, Madame de Flavacourt, resisted Louis's blandishments, though fear of her husband rather than virtue is said to have been her strength.

Louis XV, then, once awakened from the torpor into which his education at the hands of Cardinal de Fleury had thrown him, was lecherous. He was also what is called a moral coward,[1] and, under the fear of death—he was morbid—he could dismiss a

[1] Was he also a physical coward ? There is the episode of Damiens, and there is also the incident related on page 129, where he seems to have given a considerable sum to an unknown man out of sheer fright or out of relief after a fright.

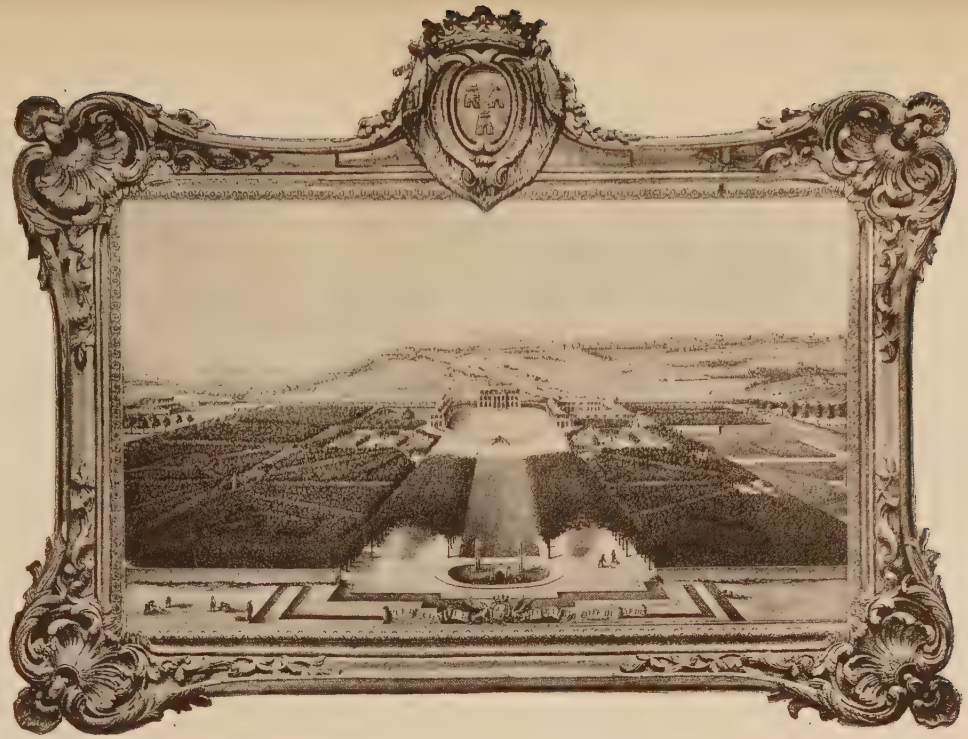
mistress, as he did Madame de Châteauroux at Metz where he was attacked by fever. But he recalled her on his recovery. He was mean with his privy purse, and prodigal with the public money. He had a keen sense of his responsibilities as King and absolute ruler of France; but clairvoyance and consequent scepticism robbed him of resolution. His passions were women and hunting, his distraction, travelling from one palace to another. He had hardly any appreciation of the arts. The business of his realm wearied him to death; and those ministers were his favourites who made things easiest for him. Maurepas owed all his credit to his amusing conversation; and, it may be added, his discredit to an itch for lampooning Madame de Pompadour. Louis XV had a good deal of the common-sense of Louis XIV; he was not actively cruel; he was even kindly in his way, except to his Queen,[1] liking to have around him the men and women to whom he was accustomed, but forgetting them easily if they were absent, and loath to admit new faces to his intimate circle.

But all his life Louis XV was pursued by an implacable boredom. The Duchesse de Châteauroux, who was also a brilliant and beautiful woman, had roused him out of his apathy, and, had she lived, he might have had some measure of greatness as a king thrust upon him, although the probability would have been that he would soon have tired of her energy. Madame de Pompadour sought mainly to amuse the

[1] Madame de Pompadour changed this to some extent. Her policy was to propitiate the Queen, and, under her influence, Louis was more considerate.

King, and succeeded. One of the accusations against her is that she encouraged him to neglect his State duties. It is an accusation that seems to lose sight of Louis's own responsibility in the matter. If he preferred the entertainment of her conversation to State business, she could hardly be blamed. She loved him, and was determined to maintain her position at Court. She chose the methods Louis himself offered to her. Her conversation and company delighted him. At her "little suppers," he could unbend with a few strictly chosen companions. When the charms of her physical attractions began to wane, she invented her theatre, *Le Théâtre des Petits Appartements*, on which she displayed her graces and talents as an actress, singer and dancer. The King was, in our modern parlance, proud of his accomplished mistress. The theatre cost a lot of money; but it achieved Madame de Pompadour's purpose so well that when, somewhere about 1752, all intimate relations had ceased between them, she became the King's indispensable friend, confidante, adviser, and assistant in the business of State.

It is doubtful, however, whether she ever had the paramount influence in State affairs attributed to her by mob hatred against "the King's trull"—*la gueuse du Roi*, inflamed by the libels of jealous rhymesters, like Maurepas, and of disappointed place-hunters, and by all the deluge of scurrilous lampoons known as the *Poissonades*. But some of this resentment is understandable. The people were suffering from the dilapidations of bad administration and



VIEW OF THE CHÂTEAU OF BELLEVUE

Drawing by Brouard. The frame is carved with the arms of Madame de Pompadour.

Musée du Versailles

[*face p. 16*

the cumulative burdens of a system of government that was outworn; and Madame de Pompadour was made to appear to them as the cause. It is true that a great deal of money was spent on her numerous houses and their furnishing. But these were built more for Louis's pleasure than for hers. Besides, if the statistics could be had of the total income of France at the time, the amount spent on Madame de Pompadour might prove to be very small compared with the sum wasted and extracted in other ways, and a large part of the money was expended on the creations of the finest artists of the time. It would have been an enormously profitable investment for France, if these had not been destroyed and scattered at the French Revolution. That was waste. Her Château de Bellevue was a veritable exhibition of French art. It is gone.

Besides giving work to artists, Madame de Pompadour protected writers. She befriended Voltaire, and lifted the elder Crébillon out of poverty. Crébillon owed to her his last days of glory and an edition of his works printed at the King's expense. She found Marmontel in obscurity, and put him on the way to fame. On her nomination, Duclos became King's Historiographer, after Voltaire's resignation. She encouraged Diderot and d'Alembert to go on with the Encyclopædia, and, in her enthusiasm for this fount of learning, tried to induce the King to lift the ban on it. Buffon and Rousseau, however, refused to be patronized. Rousseau, indeed, wrote a letter to her that is not without savour:

"Madame,

I thought for a moment that your messenger had made a mistake in offering me a hundred louis for copies (of music) that are paid for with twelve francs. He undeceived me; permit me to undeceive you in my turn. My savings have put me in possession of a clear income of 540 livres. My work brings me in annually an almost equal sum: I have therefore a considerable superfluity; I use it as best I can, although I am rarely able to give alms. If, against all likelihood, age or infirmity should one day render me impotent to help myself, I have a friend.

"J. J. Rousseau.

"Paris, 18th August, 1762."

This patronage of French writers proceeded far more from a genuine love of literature than from attention to the Abbé de Bernis's advice to cultivate men of letters, because they were the true indices of the greatness of the age; for, at her death, Madame de Pompadour possessed a well-read library of 3,561 volumes, consisting of works on history, political economy, civil and canon law, philosophy and theology, as well as poetry, fiction, and an extensive collection of French dramatic works from the earliest times to her own day.

It is as a *femme savante*, *philosophe*, *artiste*, and in no depreciatory sense, that it is pleasantest and most just to think of Madame de Pompadour, the woman who, for nearly twenty years, stood between Louis XV and heaven knows what descents into Avernus, the woman

who carved gems and dabbled in etching, who founded the national porcelain factory of Sèvres,[1] the friend of men of letters and the patroness of artists, the woman of La Tour's portrait, who sits turning over a piece of music at a table bearing Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, Voltaire's *Henriade*, the *Pastor Fido*, a globe, and volumes of the *Encyclopédie*, at her feet a portfolio. She did not know it, but she helped to prepare the way of her successor, Madame du Barry, through the Revolution to the guillotine.

F. S. Flint

[1] She was also responsible for the establishment of the *Ecole Militaire*, which produced Napoleon.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DU HAUSSET WAITING-WOMAN OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR

ONE of my friends of convent days, who made a good marriage and has the reputation of being a clever woman, has often begged me to write down what came to my knowledge each day; and, to please her, I did make short notes of two or three lines each, to recall to my mind interesting or remarkable events, such as: "Attempt on the King's life," "The King orders Madame[1] to leave," "Ingratitude of M. de Machault," etc. I had always promised my friend to make a narrative of these. She spoke to me of the *Mémoires* of Madame de Caylus[2], which had, however, not yet been printed, and she urged me so strongly to compose a similar work that, taking advantage of a few leisure moments, I have written this, which I intend to give to her to put into order and style.

[1] Madame de Pompadour is almost always referred to in these Memoirs as "Madame," because she was the mistress of the writer. (Note by Mr Craufurd.)

[2] Marthe-Marguérite de Villette, granddaughter of Artémise d'Aubigné, was brought up under the supervision of Madame de Maintenon. She had a brilliant career at Saint-Cyr. Racine wrote the Prologue of *Esther* for her, and gave her lessons in elocution. At thirteen, she married the Marquis de Caylus, gentleman-in-waiting to the Dauphin. She is the author of a charming book of Souvenirs. (B.)

I was with Madame de Pompadour for a long time, and, on account of my birth, I was treated with some distinction by her and by some persons of importance who took a liking to me. I soon became the friend of Dr. Quesnay,[1] who often used to come and spend an

[1] Quesnay was a man of rare genius, and still rarer for variety of knowledge. He was born at the village of Ecquevilly, in 1694, and was the son of a ploughman. He studied surgery, and afterwards practised this profession at Mantes. Chance having introduced him to the Duc de Villeroi, he followed him to Paris as his surgeon. One day the Comtesse d'Estrades, then a favourite of Madame de Pompadour, and mistress of the Comte d'Argenson, found herself suddenly indisposed and in an alarming state; the Duc de Villeroi, who was with her, offered the services of his surgeon whom he had left in his carriage. Quesnay saw at once that the Countess was subject to epilepsy and was suffering from an attack at the moment; but he also felt the importance of concealing such a frightful disease; so he reassured the Duc de Villeroi, and ordered some sedatives, saying that it was an attack of nerves. He insisted on the necessity of rest, turned everybody out, and remained alone with the invalid in order to prevent the onlookers from perceiving the symptoms of epilepsy. When she recovered consciousness, the Countess judged, by his conduct, of Quesnay's skill and discretion. She was not ungrateful, and spoke of his cleverness to Madame de Pompadour.

Profiting by the facilities for study available in the capital, he devoted himself to medicine, graduated as a doctor, and wrote some successful works. Madame de Pompadour took him as her doctor, gave him a lodging near hers in the Palace at Versailles and procured for him the position of physician-in-ordinary to the King. Quesnay used his leisure to study metaphysics, to which he brought the same sagacity as he had shown for all the forms of knowledge which he had taken up. It was he who wrote the article on *Evidence* for the Encyclopædia. Born in the country, he had early meditated on agriculture, the toil it exacted, on wages and products. Long afterwards, these early ideas attracted his attention afresh, and political economy became his principal study. He wrote a large work on this subject to which is added a table which requires very great attention to be understood. He was generally recognized as the chief of the economists; he was regarded as the discoverer of the "net product"; the economists called him "the master," and used to say, as of

LOUIS XV

Pastel by Maurice-Quentin de la Tour

Musée du Louvre

[*face p. 22*

hour or two with me. He used to receive persons of all parties, but few in number, all of whom had great confidence in him. There was nothing they did not discuss freely, and, greatly to their credit and his, nothing was ever repeated. The Comtesse Dxxx used to come to see me too ; she was a frank and lively person, of whom Madame was very fond. The Baschi[1] family also paid me attention. I had been of some service to M. de Marigny[2] in the frequent quarrels between the brother and sister, and he became friendly to me. The King was accustomed to seeing me, and an

[1] The Comte de Baschi was closely related on his wife's side to Madame de Pompadour, who was proud of the relationship. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

[2] Brother of Madame de Pompadour. (See Introduction.)

Pythagoras of old, "The Master said it." La Rivière, Commissioner of Martinique and a very well-informed man, was next in order to him. The Marquis de Mirabeau, the father of the Mirabeau who was so prominent in the Revolution, the Abbé Baudeau, the Abbé Roubaud, Turgot, etc., were also celebrated among the economists. Quesnay, whose mind needed nourishment, after having studied several sciences, took up geometry, and made some progress in it, although he was then over seventy. He died in December, 1774, at the age of eighty ; and the Marquis de Mirabeau pronounced his funeral oration, which is a masterpiece of absurdity and ridiculousness. It was given to an assembly of economists in deep mourning.

Quesnay had a fund of gaiety and *bonhomie* ; in conversation he liked to make apologues, which generally took for their principle some rural subject.

He discussed questions with great ardour, but without desire to shine. He was lodged in a little apartment quite near that of Madame de Pompadour, where he received men of letters and some members of the Court circle. The talk was very free, but of things rather than of persons. The King called him "his thinker" ; he granted him a patent of nobility, and, desiring to design his coat of arms himself, he put "pansies for thoughts" on his escutcheon. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

accident which I shall relate made me familiar to him : he used to go on talking when I came into Madame's room. During Madame's illnesses I scarcely left her room, and I spent the nights by her side.

Sometimes, though seldom, I travelled in her carriage with Dr. Quesnay, to whom she would not say four words, although he was a man of great intelligence. Madame, when I was alone with her, used to speak of various things which touched her, and would say :

" The King and I rely so much on you, that we look on you like a cat or a dog, and go on with our talk."

There was a little place near Madame's room, which has been changed since, where she knew I used to sit when I was alone, and from which you could hear what was being said, if the voice were raised ever so little. But when the King had to speak privately to her or to one of the ministers, he used to go into a study at the side of the room ; and she also used it for secret business with the ministers or other important personages, such as the Lieutenant of Police, the Postmaster, etc. All these circumstances put me in a position to know many things, a great number of which honour forbids me either to write or to tell. I have for the most part written without order of date, and one event may precede others that really preceded it.

Madame had a friendship for three ministers : the first was M. de Machault[1], to whom she was obliged for having her allowance settled and her debts paid. She

[1] Jean-Baptiste Machault d'Arnouville, Controller-General, then Minister for the Navy and Keeper of the Seals, retired on 1st February, 1757. He had the reputation of a honourable man and a good administrator. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

had the seals given to him, and he had the first place in her affections up to the time of the attempt on the King's life. Many people have claimed that his conduct on this occasion should not have been attributed to bad motives, that he believed that he must obey the King without considering his own feelings, and that his cold manners often made him open to suspicion of an indifference which he did not feel. Madame regarded him as an unfaithful friend, and it would be necessary to hear both. Perhaps M. de Machault would have remained had it not been for the Abbé de Bernis.[1]

The second minister Madame had an affection for was the Abbé de Bernis ; she tired of him very quickly when the Abbé seemed to have lost his head.

He gave a rather singular proof of this two days before his dismissal. He had invited several important persons to a big entertainment, which was to have taken place the very day on which he received his letter of exile : he had put on the invitation cards : " The Comte de Lusace will be one of us." As M. de Lusace was the brother of Her Royal Highness the Dauphiness, this phrase was justly thought impertinent. The King said very aptly on this occasion : " Lambert and Molière will be with us."

She scarcely ever spoke of the Cardinal after he left the Court. He was absurd, but he was a good man.

[1] François-Joachim de Pierre de Bernis was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs in June, 1757, an office from which he resigned in November, 1758, on receiving the cardinal's hat. When one of his friends congratulated him on this new honour, without knowing that he was on the point of losing favour, M. de Bernis said, alluding to the hat: " It is an umbrella the King wanted me to have to protect me against bad weather." (Note by Mr. Craufurd.) See also Historical Note F in the Appendix.

The Infanta[1] had died some time before, and, to digress, had been carried away by a combination of so many malign and foul diseases, that those who laid her out and the Capuchins who were sent for to carry her, could not endure the ſtench. The King thought her papers juſt as foul. He found that the Abbé de Bernis had been intriguing with her, and that he had been tricked over the Cardinal's cap, which she had obtained for the Abbé de Bernis by an unwarranted use of his name. The King had been so angry over this that he was on the point of refusing him the biretta; and he handed it to him as one throws a bone to a dog.

The Abbé de Bernis always had the attitude and look of a protégé in Madame's company. She had seen him in actual poverty. This was not the case with M. de Choiseul[2]: his birth, his ſtyle, his manners gave him preſtige, and he managed to win Madame's good graces to a greater extent than any other. She looked on him as one of the greateſt noblemen of the Court, the greateſt miniſter, and the moſt agreeable man.

[1] Marie-Louise Elizabeth, daughter of Louis XV, who was born on 14th August, 1727, married in 1739 Philip, the Infante of Spain and Duke of Parma, and died at Versailles on 6th December, 1759. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

[2] Etienne-François de Stainville, born in 1719. After being ambaſſador at Rome and Vienna, he became Miniſter of Foreign Affairs in 1758, was made a duke and peer in 1759, became Miniſter for War on 16th January, 1761, and for the Navy in the same year. He retained the laſt two offices, and had his cousin, the Duc de Praslin, appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs. In 1768, he again became Miniſter of Foreign Affairs and handed over the Navy to M. de Praslin. He was banished to his eſtate of Chanteloup in Touraine on 24th December, 1770, and died at Paris in 1785. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.) See also Hiſtorical Note C in the Appendix.

M. de Choiseul had a sister and a wife whom he introduced into Madame's circle, and who kept alive her kindly feeling for him. From the moment this minister took up office, she saw only through his eyes; he knew how to amuse Madame, and he had very agreeable manners with women.

There were two people who had a large share of Madame's confidence, the Lieutenant of Police and the Post-Master; but the latter had become less necessary, because the King had made M. de Choiseul free of the "secret of the post," that is to say, the extracts from the letters that were opened. M. d'Argenson had not had this, for all the favour he enjoyed. I have heard that M. de Choiseul abused his privilege, and used to relate to his friends the amusing stories and intrigues that were often contained in the letters that were opened. The method, by what I have heard, was very simple. Six or seven clerks of the Post Office would sort the letters which they were ordered to unseal, and take an impression of the seal with a ball of mercury; then the letter, seal-side downwards, was placed over a goblet of hot water, which melted the wax without doing any damage. The letter was opened and copied, and it was then resealed by means of the impression. That is how I have heard the thing described. The Post-Master used to bring the extracts to the King on Sundays. He was to be seen entering and passing like a minister on this dreadful work. Several times in my presence Doctor Quesnay worked himself into a fury over this *infamous* ministry, as he called it, to such a degree that he foamed at the mouth.

"I would no more dine with the Poſt-Maſter than with the hangman," he used to say.

It muſt be confeſſed that it was ſurprising to hear ſuch conversation in the apartments of the King's miſtress, and it went on for twenty years without being talked about. As M. de Marigny said: "It was the quick utterance of honeſty, and not the exhalations of ill-humour and spite."

The Duc de Gontaut was the brother-in-law and friend of M. de Choiseul, and he was always at Madame's side. The ſiſter of M. de Choiseul, Madame de Gramont,[1] and his wife, were equally attentive. You may judge by this of the influence of M. de Choiseul, whom no one would have dared to attack. However, chance led me to discover a secret correspondence between the King and a moſt obscure person. This man, who had a place in the tax farming office worth five or six thousand livres, was related to one of the young ladies of the Deer Park,[2] who had

[1] See Hiſtorical Note E in the Appendix.

[2] The *Parc aux Cerfs* took its name from a diſtant quarter of Versailles. Very few people knew the house; it was spoken of only very vaguely without any details. No adventure, no fact transpired that might draw attention to it. A Naval Commissioner of the name of Mercier, who had had a share in the education of the Abbé de Bourbon, knew more than anyone else about this eſtablishment, and this is what he said to one of his friends: "The house had a modeſt appearance; there was generally only one young woman there; the wife of a clerk in the War Office kept her company, played with her or worked at embroidery. This lady would say that the young woman was her niece, and during the King's travels she took her to the country. Sometimes the house and the quarter were changed, but the former house was not given up." Mercier adds: "Never had any intercourse less publicity; and do not private individuals have little houses where they keep women openly?" (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

recommended him to the King. He had also become acquainted with the Comte de Broglie[1] a confidant of the King ; but, tired of seeing that his correspondence brought him no advancement, he took the ſtep of writing to me and asking for an appointment. I consented, after informing Madame of the affair.

" Can you give me your word and that of Madame de Pompadour that nothing will be said to the King by her of what I am going to tell you ? " said this man to me in a frank manner, after many preambles and many polite and flattering remarks.

" I think I may assure you," I said, " that, if I make this condition, Madame will keep it, if it is not contrary to her duty to the King."

He gave me his word that there would be no difficulty, and then I heard what he had to say. He showed me certain memoranda directed againſt M. de Choiseul, which he agreed to entruſt to me, and he disclosed to me several circumſtances relating to the secret functions of the Comte de Broglie, which, however, were of a nature to enable one to guess at, rather than be sure of, the part that he played with the King. Finally, he showed me several letters in the King's hand.

[1] The Comte de Broglie, a brother of the Marshal, was entruſted when very young with an important mission to the Elector of Saxony, King of Poland. On his return to France, he rejoined the Reserve Corps commanded by his brother in the German Army. He was made a lieutenant-general in 1760, and diſtinguished himself by his defence of Cassel, etc., etc. He was an enlightened politician, and put forward many plans which were almoſt always rejected because they thwarted the views of a powerful miniſter. Louis XV, who liked him, banished him out of weakness. He died in 1781. (B.)

" I ask," he said, " that Madame la Marquise should procure for me a place as Receiver-General of Finances ; I will inſtruct her of what I communicate to the King. I will write according to her inſtructions, and hand over the replies to her."

Respecting what came from the King, I took over only the memoranda. Madame having given me her word, in accordance with the agreement I had made, I disclosed everything to her. She sent the memoranda to M. de Choiseul, who found them moſt maliciously and very cleverly written. Madame and the Duc de Choiseul conferred at length on what reply should be made to the person ; and this is what I was told to say : That a place as Receiver-General of Finances was for the moment too much, and would cause too great a sensation ; he muſt content himself with a place worth fifteen to twenty thousand livres. They did not wish to penetrate the secrets of the King, and this correspondence ought not to be shown to anyone. The same did not apply to the memoranda which might be sent to him, and they would be glad to be acquainted with these, in order to be able to ward off blows in the dark directed by hatred and impoſture.

The reply was honourable and respectful with regard to the King, but was designed to baffle the Comte de Broglie by informing M. de Choiseul of his attacks and of the weapons he used. It was the Comte who forwarded to him memoranda on War and the Navy, while he reserved Foreign Affairs for himself, and, according to report, dealt with them direct. M. de Choiseul, without appearing himself, recommended to the Controller-General the man who had spoken to me.

He had the place agreed on, hoped for a more important one, and entrusted to me the correspondence of the King, of which I told him I would not speak to Madame in accordance with her wishes. He sent to M. de Choiseul several memoranda addressed to the King against him, and this communication enabled him to refute them triumphantly.

The King liked to have little private correspondences, of which Madame was very often ignorant; but she knew that he had them: for he used to pass part of his mornings writing to his family, to the King of Spain, sometimes to Cardinal de Tencin,[1] to the Abbé de Broglie, and also to quite obscure people.

"It is doubtless among people like this," she said to me one day, "that the King learns some terms that utterly surprise me. For instance, he said to me yesterday on seeing a man pass who had on an old coat: *Il a là un habit bien examiné.*[2] He said to me once, to indicate that something was probable: *Il y a gros.* I am told that this is a popular phrase for *il y a gros à parier.*"[3]

"Is it not more likely that it is the young women who teach him these fine things?" I took the liberty of saying to Madame.

[1] Tencin became a cardinal in 1739 on the nomination of King James, and was appointed a Minister of State in 1742. He thought that he was going to succeed to the full power of Cardinal de Fleury, and, on becoming disabused of this idea, he retired to his diocese (he was Archbishop of Lyons). From the courtier-prelate that he had been, from the "humble servant of circumstances," as he was called at Court, he became a zealous, charitable and exemplary bishop, and died in 1758 regretted by the rich and lamented by the poor. (B.)

[2] Perhaps: "His coat is very seedy"?

[3] The odds are that . . .

"You are right. *Il y a gros*," she replied with a laugh.

It should be said that the King used these expressions intentionally and in jeſt.

The King knew many anecdotes, and he found plenty of people to tell him ſtories wounding to self-eſteem. One day at Choisy he came into a room where they were working at a piece of embroidered furniture, in order to see what progress had been made. He looked out of the window, and saw at the end of a long avenue two men in Choisy coats.[1]

"Who are those gentlemen ?" he asked.

Madame took the glass and replied : "It is the Duc d'Aumont and . . . ."

"Ah !" said the King, the grandfather of the Duc d'Aumont would be vaſtly aſtonished if he could see his grandson arm in arm with the grandson of the valet-de-chambre L . . ., in what one might call 'coats by royal letters patent.'"

Thereupon he told Madame a long ſtory which proved the truth of what he said.

The King went off with Madame to the fig-orchard, and soon afterwards Quesnay came in; M. de Marigny came a little later. I spoke contemptuously of someone who was very fond of money, and the Doctor laughed.

[1] Coats magnificently embroidered all over in gold and silver, which Louis XIV gave to certain courtiers, and which conferred on them the privilege of accompanying him on his travels ; a few of them were ſtill to be seen sixty years ago. Louis XV had had coats made for Choisy, Bellevue and Fontainebleau. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

"I had a queer dream laſt night," he said. "I was in the country of the ancient Germans; my house was vaſt, and I had ſtores of wheat and cattle, horses in great number and big barrels full of beer. But I suffered from rheumatism, and did not know how I was to manage to go fifty leagues to a fountain, the waters of which would cure me. I had to travel among a foreign people. An enchanter appeared and said to me: 'I am touched by your difficulty: see, here is a little packet of prelinpinpin powder. Everybody to whom you give some of it will lodge and feed you, and treat you with all manner of politeness.' I took the powder and thanked him very much."

"Oh!" said I, "how I should love prelinpinpin powder. I should like to have my cupboard full of it."

"Well," said the Doctor, "this powder is the money you despise. Tell me, of all the people who come here, who is it makes the greateſt impression?"

"I do not know," I replied.

"I'll tell you. It is M. de Montmartel[1], who comes four or five times a year. Why is he so eſteemed? Because he has cheſts full of prelinpinpin powder."

He took some louis from his pocket: "Everything that exiſts is concealed in these little pieces, which will take you comfortably to the ends of the world. All men obey those who have this powder, and haſten to

[1] M. de Montmartel was the youngeſt of four brothers named Pâris, sons of an innkeeper at Moras in Dauphiné, all of whom were favourites of fortune. The eldeſt was called Antoine, the second la Montagne and the third Duverney. Montmartel, who was Court banker, left an enormous fortune to his son, the Marquis de Brunoy. (See the *Hiſtoire de MM. Pâris* by Luchet.) (B.)

serve them. To despise money is to despise happiness, freedom and enjoyment of all kinds."

A Knight of the Holy Ghost passed by the window, and I said: "That gentleman is more content with his blue ribbon than with thousands and thousands of your pieces."

"When I ask the King for a pension," resumed Quesnay, "it is as if I said to him, 'Give me the means of having a better dinner, a warm coat, a carriage to protect me from the rain and to convey me without fatigue.' But the man who asks for this fine ribbon, if he dared to say what he thinks, would say: 'I am vain, and I should like, as I pass, to see the people looking at me with foolishly admiring eyes and making way for me; I should like to produce an effect when I come into a room, and attract the attention of people who perhaps will make fun of me when I go. I should like to be called "My Lord" by the multitude.' Is not all this mere emptiness? The ribbon will be of no use to him in most countries; it will give him no power. But my pieces will everywhere give me means to help the unfortunate. Long live the all-powerful prelinpinpin powder!"

At these last words, a burst of laughter was heard in the adjoining room, which was separated only by a curtain, the door being open, and the King entered with Madame and M. de Gontaut.

"Long live the prelinpinpin powder!" said the King. "Doctor, could you procure some for me?"

The King had returned and it had amused him to listen to what was being said. Madame was very

amiable to the Doctor, and the King went out laughing and talking in praise of the powder.

I left and so did the Doctor. I wrote down this conversation immediately. I was told afterwards that M. Quesnay was most learned in certain things which relate to finance, and that he was a great *economist*; but I am not very sure what that is. One thing is certain: he had plenty of wit, he was extremely gay and agreeable, and a very clever doctor.

The Court was for long absorbed in the illness of the little Duc de Bourgogne,[1] who was thought to be highly intelligent. The cause of his illness had not been discovered; and malice went so far as to suggest that his nurse, who was very well established at Versailles, had communicated a horrible disease to him. The King showed Madame the results of the investigations which he had had made into her conduct in her own province. A foolish bishop took it upon himself to say that she had been very dissolute in her youth; the poor nurse was informed of this, and demanded an explanation. The bishop replied that she had several times attended balls in her town, and that she had had her bosom uncovered. For this poor man that was the height of dissoluteness. The

[1] Quesnay died six or seven months after the Duc de Bourgogne, and death was for him the beginning of a fame which he never foresaw nor deserved beyond a certain point. He had this in common with Jansenius that he became the patron of a sect without suspecting it. The economic principles he had professed gave birth to those agrarian reasoners who received or arrogated to themselves the title "economists." A great personage once said, "When they talk of these economists: Turgot, Baudeau, Roubaud, Mirabeau, it sounds as though they are talking of hounds." (B.)

King, who had been anxious at first, could not help saying : " What an ass ! "

The Duke, after causing long anxiety to the Court, died. Nothing makes a greater impression on princes than the death of their equals. Everyone is taken up with them, but, the moment they are dead they are forgotten. The King used often to speak of death and also of funerals and cemeteries; a more melancholy man was never born.[1] Madame told me one day that he felt a painful sensation when he was forced to laugh, and that he often begged her to end an amusing story. He used to smile, and that was all. For the most part, the King had very gloomy ideas on most happenings. When a new minister arrived, he would say :

" He has spread his wares like the others, and promises the finest things in the world, none of which will be realized. He does not know this country. He will see . . ."

When plans for strengthening the Navy were spoken of, he would say : " I've heard it all a score of times. I believe that France will never have a Navy." It was M. de Marigny who told me this.

I have never seen Madame so happy as at the capture of Mahon. The King was glad about it, but he never could believe in the merits of his courtiers, and he looked on their successes as the result of chance. From what I have heard, Marshal de Saxe alone

[1] " Souvré," said Louis XIV one day to the commander of that name, " you are growing old : where do you wish to be buried ? "

" Sire, at the feet of Your Majesty."

This reply made the King gloomy and pensive. (B.)

inspired esteem in him ; and he had hardly ever seen him in his private rooms or figuring as a courtier. M. d'Argenson picked a quarrel with M. de Richelieu after his victory over his return to Paris, in order to prevent him from coming to enjoy his triumph. He wanted to throw the blame on Madame, who was enthusiastic about it, and who called him *the Minorcan.*

The Chevalier de Montaigu was a gentleman-in-waiting to the Dauphin, who was very fond of him because of his great devotion. He fell ill, and underwent an operation called *empyema*, which consists in making an opening between the ribs to let the pus flow away. The operation was apparently successful enough, but the patient became worse, and could not breathe. No one could conceive what could have caused this accident and retarded recovery. He died almost in the arms of the Dauphin, who went to see him every day. The strange nature of the illness made them decide to open him up, and in his chest there was found part of the lead syringe with which, as was customary, decoctions were injected into the part which had been suppurating. The surgeon did not boast of his negligence, and the patient was the victim.

This event was for long spoken of by the King, who related it perhaps thirty times, as was his way. But what made the Chevalier de Montaigu still more talked about was a box found by his bed containing hair shirts, hair cloths, and scourges stained with blood. One day at supper at Madame's, there was much talk of this last circumstance, but there was no

one among the guests who was tempted to imitate the Chevalier. Eight or ten days afterwards the following story was sent to the King, to Madame, to the Baschis, and to the Duc d'Ayen.[1] No one understood at first to what it could refer; and it was the Duc d'Ayen who was the first to say: "We are very stupid. It is a satire on the austere practices of the Chevalier de Montaigu."

This seemed clear, especially as copies were sent to the Dauphin, the Dauphiness, the Abbé de Saint-Cyr, and the Duc de la V.... The last of these was thought to be a religious hypocrite, and this was added: "You would not, my dear Duke, be so credulous as to be a fakir; but confess that you would be with pleasure one of those good monks who lead such a joyous life."

It was suspected that Maréchal de Richelieu had had the story composed by one of his toadies. The King was much scandalized, and ordered the Lieutenant of Police to find the author; but he did not succeed, or no one was willing to divulge the secret.

Japanese Tale

Three leagues from the capital of Japan, there is a temple famous for gatherings of people of all estates and both sexes, who crowd there to worship an idol

[1] Afterwards Duc and Maréchal de Noailles. He died in 1793. He was a man of wit whose conversation was enlivened with pungent remarks. He was noted especially for his repartees. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.) At Versailles, a speaking automaton was being shown. "Duc d'Ayen," said the King to him one day, "have you just been to see the automaton?" "Sire," he replied, "I have just left the Chancellor." It was M. Lamoignon de Blancmesnil. (B.)

which is supposed to work miracles. Monks to the number of three hundred, who are of proved ancient and illuſtrious descent, serve in this temple and present to the idol the offerings which are brought from all the provinces of the Empire. They live in a vaſt and splendid building, which is attached to the temple and surrounded by gardens in which art has combined with nature to make an enchanted abode.

I obtained permission to see the temple and to walk in the gardens. A monk of advanced age but ſtill full of vigour and vivacity accompanied me. We saw other monks of all ages walking there. But what surprised me was to see many of them abandoning themselves to pleasant and frolicsome sports with elegantly dressed young women, liſtening to their songs and dancing with them. The monk who accompanied me replied good-naturedly to the queſtions I asked him about his order; and this is exactly what he told me on various occasions and as I queſtioned him.

"The God Faraki, whom we worship, derives his name from a word which means 'maker'; it is he who made all that we see, the earth, the ſtars, the sun, etc. He gave to man senses that are so many sources of pleasure; and we believe that the only way of thanking him for his benefits is to make use of them. Such a belief will doubtless seem to you much more in conformity with reason than that of those Indian fakirs who spend their life thwarting nature, and vow themselves to the moſt severe privations and the moſt cruel sufferings. As soon as the sun appears, we repair to that mountain which you see, at

the base of which flows a river of cleareſt water, which wanders through that meadow enamelled with the faireſt flowers. We gather the moſt fragrant flowers to place on the altar together with divers fruits which we receive by the bounty of Faraki. Then we sing his praises, and dance various dances which express our gratitude and all the enjoyment we owe to this beneficent God. The chief of these is that given by love, and we express our eagerness to take advantage of the ineſtimable gift of Faraki.

"On leaving the temple we go to various groves, where we take a light meal; then each of us busies himself with light work; some embroider, others devote themselves to painting, others cultivate the flowers or the fruit trees, while others do little jobs at the lathe. The products of these occupations are sold to the people, who buy them eagerly. This is one of our sources of revenue, and a not unimportant one. Our mornings are thus consecrated to the worship of God and to the exercise of the sense of sight which begins with the firſt rays of the sun. Dinner is taken to satisfy taſte, and with that we combine the enjoyment of smell. The moſt savoury dishes are served to us in rooms ſtrewn with flowers. The table is decorated with them, and the fineſt wines are served to us in cryſtal goblets. When we have glorified God in this pleasant exercise of the palate and of the sense of smell, we enjoy a pleasant sleep of two hours in groves of orange trees, myrtles and roses. Full of new ſtrength and joy, we return to our occupations, in order to intermix work with pleasure, which, if unbroken, would blunt our senses.

" After this work, we return to the temple to thank God and to offer incense to Him ; thence we go to the moſt delightful part of the garden, where there are three hundred young women who join in lively dances with the youngeſt of our members. The others execute grave dances which call for neither ſtrength nor agility, the ſteps of which merely answer by their cadence to the sound of the inſtruments. We talk, we laugh with these amiable partners, who are dressed in light gauze, their hair adorned with flowers, and we offer them exquisite sherbets, mixed in various ways.

The supper hour having come, we repair to rooms glittering with the light of a thousand candles perfumed with ambergris. Around three immense galleries where we sup, are scattered musicians, whose inſtruments bring joy to the spirit and inspire the sweeteſt emotions. The young women sit at table with us, and, towards the end of the meal, they sing songs which are hymns in honour of the God who has given us those senses which shed so many charms on life, and which contain the promise of using them with an ardour that is ever fresh. When the meal is over, dancing is resumed ; and when the hour of reſt arrives, we draw a sort of lottery in which each of us is sure of a prize, a girl to pass the night with. They are thus diſtributed by chance, so as to avoid jealousy and prevent exclusive attachments. Thus the day ends only to give place to a night of delight, which we sanctify by enjoying the sweeteſt of pleasures, which Faraki has so wisely joined to the reproduction of his creatures. We admire in this the wisdom and goodness of Faraki, who, wishing to ensure the

population of the universe, has given the two sexes an invincible attraction for each other, which draws them together continually. Fecundity is the aim He set before Himself, and He intoxicates with delight all those who co-operate in these views. What would one say of the favourite of a king to whom he had given a fine house and proud lands, if he delighted in dishonouring the house and letting it fall into ruin, and if he abandoned the cultivation of his lands and let them become barren and covered with briars on his hands? Such is the conduct of the Indian fakirs, who condemn themselves to the most severe privations and the most cruel sufferings. Is this not insulting Faraki and saying to Him: 'I despise your benefits'? Is it not denying Him and saying: 'You are wicked and cruel, and I know that I can only please You by offering You the sight of my ills?' It is said," he added, "that you have in your countries fakirs who are equally mad and equally cruel to themselves."

I thought rightly that he referred to the Trappist Fathers. The monk's account gave me much food for reflection, and I marvelled at the way in which perverted reason gives birth to strange systems.

The Duc de la Val . . . was a great lord and very rich. He said one day at the King's supper table:

"His Majesty does me the honour of treating me with kindness; I should be inconsolable were I to lose his favour. But if this happened to me, I would occupy myself, for distraction, with the care of the very fine estates I have in such and such a province."

And thereupon he gave a description of two or three magnificent country houses.

About a month afterwards, speaking of the fall of a minister, he said in the King's presence: "I hope that your Majesty will keep your kindness for me; but, if I have the misfortune to lose it, I should be more to be pitied than another, for I have no refuge in which to lay my head."

All those who heard the description of the fine country houses looked at each other with a smile; and the King said to Madame, who was seated by him at table: "There is good reason for the saying that a liar must have a good memory."

An occurrence which made me tremble, and Madame too, won for me the familiarity of the King. In the very middle of the night, Madame came into my room, which was quite near hers, in her nightdress, in a state of despair. "Come," said she, "the King is dying."

You can imagine my terror. I put on a petticoat, and found the King in bed struggling for breath. What was to be done? It was an attack of indigestion. We threw water on him; he revived. I made him swallow some Hoffman's drops; and he said to me: "Make no noise, just go to Quesnay and say that your mistress is ill, and tell his people not to talk."

Quesnay lodged close by; he came immediately, and was greatly astonished to find the King in this state. He felt his pulse and said: "The crisis is over, but if the King had been sixty, this might have been serious."

He went to his room to fetch some medicine; he

returned soon afterwards and began to lave the King with scented water. I have forgotten the remedy which Doctor Quesnay made him take, but the effect of it was marvellous; I think it was General La Motte's Drops. I wakened a wardrobe maid to make tea as if it were for myself; the King drank three cups, put on his dressing-gown and stockings, and went back to his own apartments, leaning on the doctor. What a spectacle it must have been to see all three of us half naked! Madame put on a dress as soon as possible, and so did I, and the King changed behind his curtains, which were decently drawn. He spoke of his brief illness, and displayed great feeling for the attentions paid to him. More than an hour later, I was still in the greatest terror at the thought that the King might have died in our midst. Happily, he recovered immediately, and none of the servants noticed what had happened. I merely told the wardrobe maid to put everything in order again, and she believed that Madame had been ill. Next day, the King secretly handed Quesnay a little note for Madame, in which he said: "My darling must have been greatly alarmed; but let her be easy; I am quite well; the Doctor will certify this."

From that time, the King became accustomed to me; and, touched by the attachment I had displayed, he would often give me gracious looks, in his way, and make me little presents; and always, on New Year's Day, he used to give me porcelain worth about twenty louis. He said to Madame that he looked upon me in the apartments as you look upon a picture or a dumb statue, and he did not trouble about me. How often

did we say, Madame and I: "But if he had died, what an embarrassment! what a scandal!" However, we put ourselves right in any case by informing Quesnay. "For," said Madame, "he is not only my doctor, he is first physician-in-ordinary to the King. It is the second place in the faculty."

He received a pension of a thousand crowns for his services and his silence, and the promise of a place for his son. The King gave me a bill for four thousand francs on the Royal Treasury, and Madame had a very beautiful clock and his portrait on a snuff box.

The King was by habit very gloomy, and loved everything that recalled the idea of death, although he feared it extremely. This is an example. As Madame was returning to Crécy, one of the King's equerries made a sign to her coachman to stop. He told her that the King's carriage had broken down, and that the King, knowing that she was not far away, had sent him to ask her to wait for him. He arrived soon afterwards, and took his place in Madame's carriage, in which, I think, Madame de Château-Renaud and Madame de Mirepoix[1] were seated. The gentlemen in attendance distributed themselves in the other carriages. I was behind in a coach for two

[1] Madame de Mirepoix was the wife of the Maréchal de Mirepoix and sister of the Prince de Beauvau. The Prince de Ligne said of her in one of his letters: "She had that kind of bewitching mind which furnished something to please everybody. You would have sworn that she had never thought of anyone but you all her life." (B.)

She died in Brussels in 1791 at a great age, but preserving her faculties and her gaiety to the end. On the day of her death, after the last sacraments had been administered, her doctor told her that he found her greatly improved. "That's unpleasant news," she replied, "I have packed up and prefer to go." (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

with Gourbillon, Madame's valet-de-chambre. To our surprise, the King soon after stopped the carriage; those which followed stopped too. The King summoned an equerry, and said:

"You see that little hill? There are crosses there, and it must be a cemetery. Go and see if there is a newly-made grave."

The equerry put his horse to the gallop, and went to the spot; then he came back and said to the King: "There are three freshly-made graves."

Madame, according to her account to me, averted her head in horror at this statement; and little Madame de Mirepoix said gaily: "Really, it almost makes your mouth water."

That evening as she was undressing, Madame spoke of it to us.

"What a peculiar idea of pleasure it is to occupy your mind with things the very thought of which you ought to banish, especially if you are leading quite a happy life! But the King is like that: he loves to talk of death, and he said a day or two ago to M. de Fontanieu[1], who was seized with a bleeding of the nose at his levee: 'Take care! At your age that is a herald of apoplexy.' The poor man went home terrified and very ill."

Never have I seen the King so disturbed as at the time of the illness of the Dauphin.[2]

[1] Pierre-Elisabeth de Fontanieu took his father's place as Controller of the Furniture of the Crown. He died in 1784. In 1778 he published a work on the *Art of Making Coloured Crystals in imitation of Precious Stones*, and left the manuscript of a more useful book, entitled *On the Colours in Enamel*. (B.)

[2] In 1752. (B.)

The doctors were continually in Madame's rooms, where the King questioned them. One of them belonging to Paris and a most eccentric man, whose name was Pousse,[1] said to him one day :

" You are a good papa, and that pleases me. But you know that we are all your children and that we share your grief. For the rest, be of good courage, your son will be restored to you."

Everybody looked at the Duc d'Orléans, who was much embarassed. He would have been the heir to the Crown, the queen being past the age to have children. Madame de . . . said to me one day when I was expressing my surprise at the great sorrow of the King :

" He would be in despair if he had a prince of the blood as successor designate. He does not like them, and regards them as so far from him that he would be humiliated."

And in fact, when his son recovered, he said : " The King of Spain would have had it all his own way."

And it is claimed that he was right here ; but that, if the Duc d'Orléans had had a party, he might have pretended to the Crown. It was in order to destroy this idea that, when the Dauphin was completely restored to health, he gave a magnificent entertainment at

[1] Pousse was an enlightened man, but coarse and unpolished. In August, 1752, he was summoned to attend the Dauphin, who was suffering from smallpox. The Dauphiness stayed by her husband's bedside night and day. Pousse, who was unacquainted with the Court, took the princess for a servant, and said to her : " My faith, you are the best nurse I have ever seen. What is your name, my good woman ? " (B.)

Saint-Cloud. Madame, speaking of this entertainment, said to Madame de Brancas :

" He wants to make people forget the caſtles in Spain he has built ; but in Spain they were building more solid ones."

The people did not show such great joy over the recovery of the Dauphin. They regarded him as a pious person who did nothing but sing psalms ; and they loved the Duc d'Orléans, who lived in the middle of the capital, and was called the " King of Paris." These feelings were unjuſt, and the Dauphin had merely sung psalms to imitate the voice of a singer in the chapel. The people were not long in recanting their error, and they did juſtice to his virtue.[1]

The Duc d'Orléans was Madame's moſt assiduous courtier ; as for the Duchess she deteſted her. It may be that witticisms were ascribed to the Duchess of which she had never dreamed ; but she often made very cutting ones. The King would have banished her, if he had followed the dictates of his resentment ; but he feared the scandal, and she would only have become more malicious.

The Duc d'Orléans at this time was bitterly jealous of the Comte de Melfort ; and the Lieutenant of Police having said to the King that he had ſtrong reason to believe that the Duke was determined to get rid of this lover at any price, and that he thought the Count should be warned to be on his guard, the King said :

" He would not dare. But there is a better way : let

[1] See Hiſtorical Note D in the Appendix for the character of the Dauphin.

him surprise her, and he will find me quite disposed to have his accursed wife put in confinement. But when he is rid of this lover, there will be another to-morrow; in fact, she has others now, the Chevalier Colbert and the Comte de l'Aigle, for example."

Madame, however, told me that the last two were not proved.

An adventure happened at this time of which the Lieutenant of Police told the King. The Duchess d'Orléans had amused herself one day at eight o'clock in the evening at the Palais-Royal by making advances to a young Dutchman, whom she found a pretty fellow. The young man, taking her for a woman of the town, wanted to get to work at once, whereat she was vastly shocked. She called a porter, and made herself known. The stranger was arrested, and excused himself by saying that she had accosted him in very free language. He was released and the Duc d'Orléans reprimanded his wife severely.

The King said to Madame one day before me (for he hated the Duchess so much that he did not stand on ceremony in speaking of her):

"Her mother knew her well; for, before her marriage, she did not let her say anything but 'yes' or 'no.' Do you know the jest she made about the appointment of Moras? She sent someone to make him her compliments, and, two minutes afterwards, recalled the messenger, and said before everybody: 'Before speaking to him, ask the porter if he is still in office.'"

Madame was not malignant, and, in spite of the remarks of the Duchesse d'Orléans, she used to try

to excuse the faults of her conduct by saying : " Most women have lovers, and she has not all that are ascribed to her, but the freedom of her manners and conversation is absolutely unrestrained and discredits her all over France."

My colleague had come into my room in town a few days before quite delighted. She had been at M. de Chenevières's[1], chief clerk at the War Office and a great correspondent of Voltaire's, whom she regarded as a god. By the way, she was furious about this time at hearing a print-seller crying : " This is Voltaire, the famous Prussian ! See him with his big bearskin cap to keep out the cold. Six sous for the famous Prussian ! "

" What a profanation ! " she used to say.

But to return to my story. M. de Chenevières had shown her some of Voltaire's letters, and M. Marmontel had read an epistle " To his Library."[2] M. Quesnay looked in for a moment, and she repeated all this to him ; and as he did not appear to be greatly interested, she asked him if he did not admire great poets.

" As I do great players at cup and ball," he answered in the tone which made everything he said amusing. " I have, however, composed verses," said he, " and I will read you one of them. It is on a M. Rodot, a Naval Commissioner, who thought fit to abuse

[1] An amiable man and very good company, and not lacking in intelligence. In 1764 he published a collection of mediocre verse entitled *Loisirs de M. de Ch . . .* (B.)

[2] It is called " *Epître à mes Livres.*" It obtained the prize at the *Académie Française.* (Note by Mr Craufurd.)

medicine and doctors. I wrote these lines to avenge Æsculapius and Hippocrates :

Antoine se médecina
En décriant la médecine,
Et de ses propres mains mina
Les fondements de sa machine ;
Très-rarement il opina
Sans humeur bizarre ou chagrine,
Et l'esprit qui le domina
Etait affiché sur sa mine.[1]

" What do you think of them ? " asked the doctor. My friend found them very nice ; and the doctor gave them to me in his own handwriting begging me not to let any copy be made of them.

Madame used to tease my colleague about her fine mind, but she had confidence in her sometimes. Knowing that she often wrote, Madame said to her :

" You are writing a romance which will appear one day, or it may be the Age of Louis XV. I recommend myself to you."

I had nothing to complain of in her. It mattered little to me that she could speak better than I did about prose and verse. She did not tell me her real name but one day I played this trick on her.

" Someone," I said, " was maintaining yesterday that the family of Madame de Mar . . . was held in greater esteem than that of many noblemen. She is, they say, of the first rank at Cadiz, and has many honourable alliances ; yet she did not think she

[1] Antony doctored himself decrying medicine all the while, and with his own hands undermined the foundations of his machine. Very seldom did he speak except in a queer and peevish humour, and the spirit that dominated him was placarded on his face.

demeaned herself by being a governess to Madame. One day you will see her sons or her nephews as farmer-generals and giving their daughters to dukes."

I had noticed that Madame for some days had been having for breakfaſt chocolate flavoured with triple essence of vanilla and scented with ambergris, and that she was eating truffles and celery soup. Finding her very heated one day, I made some representations to her about her diet, which she did not appear to liſten to. Then I thought I ought to speak of it to her friend, the Duchesse de Brancas.[1] She said that she had noticed it too and was going to speak about it in front of me. And, in faſt, after her toilet, Madame de Brancas told Madame of her fears about her health. "I have juſt been discussing it with her," said the Duchess, pointing to me, "and she shares my views."

Madame showed a little ill-temper and then burſt into tears. I went at once to shut the door, and came back to liſten.

"My dear friend," said Madame to Madame de Brancas, "I am tormented by the fear of losing the King's heart and ceasing to please him. Men, as you know, set great ſtore on certain things; and I have the misfortune to be of a very cold temperament. My idea was to adopt a somewhat heating diet to remedy this defect, and for the laſt two days this elixir has done me some good, or at leaſt I think it has."

The Duchesse de Brancas took up the drug, which was on the toilet table, and having smelt it: "Faugh,"

[1] Madame de Brancas was a lady-in-waiting to the Dauphiness, and an intimate friend of Madame de Pompadour. (B.)

she said, and threw it in the fire. Madame scolded her and said : " I don't like to be treated like a child."

She wept again and said :

" You don't know what happened to me a week ago ? The King, on the pretext that it was warm, went to my sofa and spent half the night there. He will lose his liking for me and turn to someone else."

" You will not prevent that by following your diet," said the Duchess, " and it will kill you. Make your company more and more precious to the King, by your affability. Do not repulse him at other moments, and leave the rest to time ; the chains of habit will attach him to you for ever."

The ladies kissed each other. Madame asked Madame de Brancas to keep her secret, and the diet was given up.

Shortly afterwards she said to me :

" The Master is better pleased with me ; and it is since I spoke to Quesnay without telling him everything. He told me that to have what I desired, I must take care to keep well, and to digest well, and take exercise to ensure this. I believe that the Doctor is right and I feel quite different. I adore that man (the King) ; I long to please him. But, alas, sometimes he thinks I am like a *macreuse*.[1] I would sacrifice my life to please him."

One day the Master entered quite heated. I retired, but listened from my post.

" What is the matter with you ? " asked Madame.

" These lawyers and the clergy," he replied, " are always at daggers drawn ; they torment me with

[1] A water-bird, supposed to have cold blood.

their quarrels. But I detest the lawyers far the worse. My clergy are at bottom faithful and attached to me; the others would like to put me under tutelage."

"Firmness alone can reduce them," said Madame.

"Robert de Saint-Vincent[1] is a firebrand whom I wish I could banish; but it will cause a terrible outcry. The archbishop, again, is headstrong and on the lookout for a quarrel. Happily, there are some men in the Parliament on whom I can count; they make a show of being very disaffected, but they know how to relent at the right moment. It costs me a few abbeys and a few secret pensions. There is a certain V . . . who is useful to me, though he appears to be rabid."

"I have heard from him, Sire," said Madame. "He wrote to me yesterday claiming relationship with me and asked for an interview."

"Ah," said the King, "you see him and let him come. It will be a pretext for granting him something if he behaves well."

M. de Gontaut came in, and seeing that the talk was serious, he said nothing. The King walked about in a state of agitation; then all at once he said:

"The Regent was very wrong to give them the right to make remonstrances; they will end by ruining the State."

"Ah, Sire," said M. de Gontaut, "it is too strong to be shaken by a pack of lawyers."

"You do not know what they are doing and thinking," replied the King. "They are an assembly of

[1] A Parliamentary councillor and a great Jansenist. (B.)

republicans. But enough of that. Things as they are will last my time. Have some conversation on the subject, Madame, with M. Berryer on Sunday."

Madame d'Amblimont and Madame d'Esparbès came in. "Ah, here are my little kittens," said Madame. "Our interests are Greek to them; but their gaiety will restore my calm, and permit me to take up serious things again. You have your hunting, Sire; for me, they take the place of that."

The King began to speak of the day's hunting and of Lansmatte.[1] It was necessary to let the King talk on these subjects, and sometimes to listen to the same story three or four times, as fresh persons arrived. Madame never showed weariness; she sometimes even urged him to start again. One day I said to Madame:

"It seems to me that Madame feels an increase of friendship for the Comtesse d'Amblimont."

"Yes, she deserves it," she replied. "She is perhaps unique in her fidelity to her friends and in her honesty. Listen to this, and do not speak of it to anybody. Four days ago, the King, as he passed to go to table, went up to her, and, pretending to tickle her, tried to slip a little note into her hands. D'Amblimont, playing the fool, at once put both her hands behind her back, and the King was forced to pick up the letter, which had fallen on the floor. Gontaut was the only one to see this, and after supper he went up to the little woman and said: 'You are a good friend.' 'I did my duty,' said she, and with these words she put her finger on her lips to enjoin silence.

[1] The King's equerry, noted for his brusque manners. (B.)

He at once told me of this act of friendship on the little heroine's part ; she did not speak of it to me."

I admired the virtue of the little Countess, and Madame said :

" She is giddy, a feather-brained rogue, but she has more mind and soul than the prudes and puritans. D'Esparbès would not do as much ; she might even make the first advances. The Master appeared disconcerted ; but he was always trying to attract her."

" Madame will doubtless recognise such a noble act," said I.

" Have no fear of that," said she, " but I do not want her to think that I know of it."

The Master, either as a result of his own partiality, or on Madame's suggestion, visited Madame d'Amblimont at Choisy, and, I am told, himself fastened on her neck a necklace of emeralds and diamonds worth sixty thousand livres. This happened long after the incident I have related.

There was a big ottoman in a little room near Madame's room, where I often used to recline. One night, about midnight, a bat flew into the room where the company were.

" Where is General Crillon ? " the King said at once. (He had left the room for a moment.) " He is the General for bats."

That made everybody repeat : " *Where are you, Crillon* ? " and he came in at once and was told the enemy was there. He took off his coat, and sword in hand pursued the bat, which flew into the closet where I had fallen sound asleep. I awoke with a start at the noise, and saw the King close to me and all the

company. I moved quickly to the foot of the ottoman, and this provided amusement for the whole evening.

M. de Crillon was a most worthy and amiable man; but he was wrong to let himself play pranks, though these proceeded rather from natural gaiety than from a low character. The case was different with a very great lord, a Knight of the Golden Fleece, whom Madame saw one day shaking hands with Gourbillon, her valet de chambre. As he was the vainest man at Court, Madame could not resist telling the King, and, as he had neither place nor employment at Court, the King hardly ever afterwards invited him to his supper parties.

I had a relation at Saint-Cyr, who married. She was in despair at having one of her relations waiting woman to Madame, and she often made scenes about it, which was very mortifying to me. Madame knew of this through Colin,[1] her man of business, and spoke of it to the King.

"I am not surprised at it," said he. "That's what the prudes at Saint-Cyr are like. Madame de Maintenon, in spite of excellent intentions, made a great mistake. The girls are educated in such a way that they must all be made ladies of the palace; if they are not they are unhappy and impertinent."

Some time afterwards, this relation was in my rooms at the same time as Colin, who knew her though she did not know him.

[1] A procurator or attorney at the Châtelet, put in charge of the affairs of the favourite, who procured for him the Cross of Saint Louis. (B.). The Châtelet was formerly the name of a prison and a court of justice in Paris.

"Do you know," he said, "that the Prince de Chimay has made a scene with the Chevalier d'Hénin because he is the equerry of Madame la Marquise?"

At these words, my relation opened her eyes wide and said: "Was he not right?"

"I won't go into that," said Colin, "but this is what he said: 'If you were only a simple poor gentleman, I would not blame you; and five hundred other such would vie with you for the place, as young ladies do to be with your mistress. But remember that your relations are princes of the Empire, and that you bear their name.'"

"What! Sir," said my relative, "Madame la Marquise's equerry belongs to a princely house?"

"To the house of Chimay," said he, "and they take the name of Alsace, as witness the cardinal of that name."

Colin left, delighted with what he had said.

"I can't get over what I have just heard," said my relative.

"It is quite true, however, cousin," said I. "You may see the Chevalier d'Hénin (that is the name of the house of the Princes of Chimay) carrying Madame's cloak on his arm and following on foot by the door of her chair in order to be ready to put her cloak on her shoulders when she leaves her chair, and then awaiting her exit in the antechamber, if there is no other room."

After that my cousin left me in peace, and even had recourse to me to procure a company of cavalry for her husband, who took a deal of trouble to come to thank me. His wife wanted him to thank Madame;

but he was hindered by the fear that she might say that it was due to his cousin, the waiting-woman, that he commanded fifty horse.

But it was none the less a most surprising thing that a member of the house of Chimay should be in the service of any lady, no matter who she might be, and the Commandeur d'Alsace returned from Malta for the express purpose of taking him away from Madame. He got his family to grant him a pension of a hundred louis, and Madame procured him a company of cavalry.[1] The Chevalier d'Hénin had been page to the Maréchal de Luxembourg; and it was incredible that he could have placed in this position a man who was really his kinsman, because almost all the great houses are related. M. de Machault, Keeper of the Seals, had also at this time an equerry who was a noble and a Knight of Saint-Louis, the Chevalier de Puibusc, who carried his portfolio and walked by the side of his chair.

Either from ambition or fondness, Madame had for her daughter[2] an affection that seemed to spring from the depths of her heart. She was brought up in the style of a princess, and, like persons of that rank, was called by her baptismal name alone. The greatest persons at the Court were considering an alliance with her; but Madame had a plan, which was perhaps very sensible. The King had had by Madame de Vintimille a son who was very like him in face, gestures and

[1] This story of M. d'Hénin is incredible. (B.)

[2] Alexandrine, daughter of Madame de Pompadour and her husband, M. d'Etioles.

manners ; he was called the Comte du . . .[1] Madame had him brought to Bellevue, and it was Colin, her man of business, who was charged with finding some means of inducing his tutor to take him there. They had luncheon at the porter's ; and Madame, who was taking a walk, seemed to come upon them by chance. She asked the child's name, and admired his beauty. Her daughter came up at the same moment, and Madame led them to a fig-orchard, where she knew the King was to come. He arrived and asked the child's name. On being told, the King seemed embarrassed.

" They would make a fine couple," Madame said.

The King played with the young lady without seeming to pay any attention to the boy, who was eating figs and cake, which they had brought from the porter's. He assumed attitudes and made gestures so like the King's that Madame was kept in a state of utter surprise.

" Ah, do look, Sire ! " she said.

" What is it ? " said he.

" Nothing," said Madame, " except that you would almost think you were looking at his father."

" I did not know," said the King, smiling, " that you knew the Comte du L . . so well."

" You ought to kiss him," said she, " he is so pretty."

" Then I will begin with the young lady," said the King, and he kissed them coldly and with a constrained air.

I was present, having joined Mademoiselle's governess. In the evening, I said to Madame

[1] Comte du Luc.

that the Master had not seemed very eager in his embraces.

"He is like that," said she; "but do not these two children seem made for each other? If it were Louis XIV, he would make the boy a Duc du Maine; I do not ask so much as that. An office and a dukedom for his son is a very small matter, and it is because this boy is his son, my good creature, that I prefer him to all the little dukes at Court. My grandchildren would resemble their grandfather and grandmother; and this blend, which I hope to see, would make me happy in days to come."

Tears came into her eyes as she said these words. Alas! alas! six months passed, and her beloved daughter, the hope of her old age, the object of her fondest prayers, died almost suddenly. Madame was inconsolable, and, in justice to M. de Marigny, I must say that he was deeply affected. The young lady was beautiful as an angel and marked out for a great career; and I had always thought that he planned to marry his niece. A dukedom would have given him the rank, and that added to his office and the riches of her mother would have made a great lord of him. The difference in age was not so great as to be a serious obstacle. People did not hesitate to say that the young lady had been poisoned; but the unexpected deaths of persons on whom public attention is fixed always give rise to rumours. The King showed feeling, but rather because of Madame's grief than because of the loss in itself, although he had often caressed the child and had loaded her with gifts. I ought also to say, in justice to M. de Marigny, that,

although after this death he was the heir to the whole of Madame's fortune, he was always very much distressed whenever she was seriously ill.

Soon afterwards Madame began to make plans for establishing her brother. Young ladies of the highest birth were considered, and perhaps he would have been made a duke ; but he had a way of thinking that made him averse to marriage and ambition. Ten times he could have been a minister, and he never thought of it.

"He is a man who is very little known," said Quesnay to me one day ; "no one speaks of his mind and his knowledge, nor of what he is doing for the advancement of the arts. Since Colbert,[1] no one in his position has done so much. He is besides a very honourable man ; but people will regard him as merely the brother of the favourite ; and, because he is stout, they think he is heavy and dull in mind."

What he said was very true. M. de Marigny had travelled in Italy with clever artists, and he had acquired taste and far more learning than any of his predecessors had possessed. As to his heavy appearance, it was only latterly that he began to get too fat ; before that his face was charming. He had been as handsome as his sister was beautiful. He did not pay court to anyone, had no vanity, and limited himself to company in which he was at his ease. He became a little better known at court after the King had given him a place in his carriages, thinking then that it was part of his duty to show himself among the courtiers.

[1] M. de Marigny was Director-General of Buildings.

One day Madame called me and made me come into her room, where the King was walking about with a grave air.

"It is necessary," she said to me, "for you to go and spend some days at the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, in a house to which I shall have you taken. There you will find a young person about to be confined."

The King said nothing, and I was dumb with astonishment.

"You will be the mistress of the house, and you will preside, like a goddess of mythology, over the delivery. You are needed to see that everything is done in accordance with the King's wishes and with secrecy. You will be present at the baptism, and will give the names of the father and mother."

"The father is a very honest man," said the King, laughing.

"Loved by everybody and adored by all who know him," Madame added.

Madame went to a small cabinet and brought out a little box, which she opened. From it she took a diamond aigrette.

"I thought it best, of course," she said to the King, "that it should not be handsomer."

"It is handsomer than it need have been," and he kissed Madame saying: "How good you are."

She was moved to tears, and, putting her hand on the King's heart, said: "It is this that I grudge them."

Tears came into the King's eyes too, and I also began to weep without quite knowing why.

"Guimard will come every day," the King then said to me, "to help and advise you; and, at the *great*

moment, you will send him word to come to you. But we are forgetting the godfather and the godmother; you will announce that they are about to arrive, and, a moment after, you will pretend to receive a letter telling you that they cannot come. Then you will make a show of embarrassment, and Guimard will say: 'There is nothing to do but to take the first that come.' And you will take one of the women servants and a poor man or a chairman; and will give them only twelve francs so as not to attract attention."

"A louis," added Madame, "in order not to create an effect of another kind."

"It is you who are the cause of my economy in certain circumstances," said the King. "Do you remember the hackney coachman? I wanted to give him a louis, and the Duc d'Ayen said: 'You will make him recognise us.' And I had him given a crown of six francs."

He was going on to tell the story; Madame signed to him to be silent, which grieved him. Afterwards she told me that, at the time of the festivities for the marriage of the Dauphin, the king had come in a hackney coach to see her in Paris, at her mother's. The coachman refused to go on, and the King wanted to give him a louis. "The police will hear of it to-morrow," said the Duc d'Ayen, "and then spies will make inquiries, and perhaps discover who we are."

"Guimard," the King went on, "will tell you the names of the father and mother. He will be present at the ceremony, which will be in the evening, and will distribute the presents. It is only right that you should have yours."

THE MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR AS THE GODDESS OF FRIENDSHIP

By Pigalle

Wallace Collection

[*face p. 64*

And he took out fifty louis, which he gave to me with the gracious air which he could assume on occasion, and which had not its equal in his kingdon. I wept and kissed his hand.

"You will take care of the mother, will you not? She is a very good child, though she did not invent gunpowder,[1] and I rely on your discretion. My Chancellor will tell you the rest," he said, turning to Madame, and he left the room.

"Well, and what do you think of my part?" said she.

"It is that of a superior woman and a very good friend," said I.

"It is his heart I grudge them," said she, "and all these young women, who have no education, will not rob me of that. I should not be so calm if I saw some pretty woman of the Court or of the town laying siege to him."

I asked Madame if the young person knew that it was the King who was the father.

"I do not think so," she said, "but, as he seemed to love her, we feared that people would be only too anxious to inform her. Apart from that," said she shrugging her shoulders, "she and the others have been told that he is a Polish lord, a relation of the Queen, who has apartments at the Palace. The reason for this is the blue ribbon, which the King often has not time to take off, because he would have to change his coat, and in order to give a reason for his being lodged at the Palace so near the King."

There were two little rooms by the side of the

[1] As we should say: She will never set the Thames on fire.

chapel, to which the King used to go from his apartments, without being seen except by a sentinel, who had his orders and who did not know who passed that way. The King sometimes used to go to Deer Park, or sometimes received these young ladies in the rooms I have mentioned.

I stop to relate a singular adventure, which is known only to six or seven persons, be they masters or valets. At the time of the attempt on the King's life, a young girl, whom he had seen several times and to whom he had shown more tenderness than to any of the others, was in despair over this terrible event. The mother abbess (for so the woman who superintended the Deer Park may be styled) noticed the extraordinary grief she showed, and was so clever as to make her confess that she knew that the Polish lord was the King of France. She even confessed that she had searched his pockets and found two letters, one of which was from the King of Spain and the other from the Abbé de Broglie. This was learnt afterwards, for neither she nor the abbess knew the names. The young girl was scolded, and M. Lebel, the chief valet de chambre, who arranged everything, was called, and he took the letters to the King, who was too much embarrassed to wish ever to see again a person so well informed. The girl of whom I am speaking, noticing that the King was coming to see her companion secretly, while she was deserted, kept a watch for his arrival, and, at the moment he entered, preceded by the abbess, who would afterwards withdraw, she rushed furiously into the room where her rival was. She threw herself at the feet of the King.

"Yes," she cried, "you are the King of all the realm, but this would be nothing to me, if you were not also the king of my heart. Do not desert me, my dear lord. I thought I should go mad when they nearly killed you."

"You still are!" the abbess cried.

The King kissed her and that seemed to calm her. They managed to get her away, and a few days afterwards the unhappy girl was conveyed to a madhouse, where she was treated as mad for some days. But she knew quite well that she was not mad, and that the King had really been her lover. This lamentable incident was told to me by the abbess, when I had some dealings with her at the time of the lying-in in question; but I had no other connection with her either before or since.

To return to my story.

"Keep the patient company," said Madame to me, "to prevent any stranger or even the people of the house from speaking to her. You will continue to say that it is a very rich Polish lord, who has to conceal his actions for the sake of his relative, the Queen, who is very religious. You will find in the house a wet nurse, to whom the child will be given; and all the rest is Guimard's concern. You will go to the church as a witness, and things must be done as a good middle-class family would do them. It is believed that the young lady will be confined in five or six days; you will dine with her, and not leave her till the time when she is fit to return to Deer Park, which will, I suppose, be in a fortnight's time, if she is to run no risk."

I went that very evening to the Avenue de Saint-Cloud, where I found the abbess and Guimard, a servant belonging to the Palace, but without his blue coat. There were besides a nurse, a wet nurse, two old domeſtics and a girl, who was half a servant and half a lady's-maid.

The young woman had the prettieſt face, and was very elegantly but inconspicuously dressed. I supped with her and the abbess, whose name was Madame Bertrand. I presented Madame's aigrette before supper; it gave the young lady the greateſt pleasure and she was very gay. Madame Bertrand had been housekeeper to M. Lebel, chief valet-de-chambre to the King, who called him Dominique, and she was his confidante in chief. The young lady talked with us after supper; she seemed to me very simple.

Next day I had a private conversation with her.

"How is the Count?" she asked. (It was the King she spoke of in this way.) "He will be sorry not to be with me, but he was obliged to go on a long journey." I agreed with her. "He is a very handsome man," she said, "and loves me with all his heart. He has promised me a pension, but I love him disintereſtedly, and, if he wished, I would follow him to his Poland."

She then spoke to me of her parents and of M. Lebel, whom she knew by the name of Durand.

"My mother," she said, "was a grocer and dry-salter in a large way of business. And my father was not a nobody," she added, "he belonged to the Six Corporations, and that, as everybody knows, is very diſtinguished. Twice he nearly became an alderman."

After her father's death, her mother had been through some bankruptcies; but "the Count" had come to her aid, and had given her fifteen hundred livres a year and six thousand francs in cash.

Six days after that she was brought to bed, and she was told by my instructions that it was a girl, although it was a boy. Soon after, we had to tell her that her child was dead, in order that all trace of its existence might be lost for a certain period; then it would be returned to the mother. The King gave pensions to the value of ten or twelve thousand livres to each of his children. They inherited from each other as they died off, and already seven or eight had died.

I returned to Madame, to whom I had written every day by Guimard. Next day, the King sent for me to come in; he did not say a word of what I had done, but he gave me a very large gold snuff box, in which there were two rolls each containing twenty-five louis. I made my curtsey to him and withdrew. Madame put many questions to me about the young lady, and laughed heartily over her ingenuous sayings, and all she had said to me about the Polish lord.

"He is tired of the Princess, and I think that in two months' time he will return for ever to his Poland."

"And the young lady?" said I.

"She will be married off in the Provinces," said she, "with a dowry of forty thousand crowns at most, and some diamonds."

This little adventure, which put me in the King's confidence, far from making me the recipient of further marks of favour on his part, seemed to make him colder to me, because he was ashamed that I knew

about his secret amours. He was also embarrassed by the services Madame had rendered him.

Besides his little mistresses at Deer Park, the King sometimes had adventures with ladies of Paris or the Court, who wrote to him. There was a Madame de M. who, though she had a young and amiable husband, and an income of two hundred thousand livres, was absolutely determined to be his mistress. She succeeded in seeing him, and the King, who knew her fortune, was persuaded that she was really madly in love with him. No one knew what would have happened, if she had not died. Madame was much worried over it, and felt relieved of her anxieties when she died.

Something happened which redoubled Madame's friendship for me. A rich man, who was in the taxes, came to me in great secrecy one day, and told me that he had something very important to communicate to the Marquise, but that he would find it embarrassing to explain it to her, and would rather inform me. I assured him of my discretion.

"I have no doubt of it," he said. "That is what made me address myself to you."

Then he told me what I already knew, that he had a very beautiful wife, with whom he was passionately in love. Having seen her one day kissing a little portfolio, he had tried to get possession of it, being convinced that there was some mystery. He had spied on her, and one day when she went out hurriedly to see her sister, who had just been confined in an apartment above hers, he had time to discover the secret of the portfolio. He had opened it, and had been greatly astonished to find a portrait of the King, and, in the

other side of it, a very tender letter from the King. He had taken a copy of this and also of a letter which is wife had begun to write, and in which she asked the King urgently to give her the pleasure of seeing him. She had found a way, which was to come to Versailles and go masked to a ball in the town, to which the King could also come masked. I assured M. de . . . that I would undertake to inform Madame of the affair, and that she would be grateful for his confidence.

" Tell Madame," he added quickly, " that my wife is very clever and a born intriguer. I adore her, and I should be in despair if she were taken from me."

I did not lose a moment in informing Madame and handing her the letter, and I warned her of the assignation asked for. She seemed very grave and thoughtful; I learned afrerwards that she had consulted M. Berrier, the Lieutenant of Police, who found a very simple but very cleverly contrived means of removing the lady. He asked permission to speak to the King that very evening, which was a Sunday, the day on which the Lieutenant of Police was in the habit of coming to Versailles. He said to the King that he ought to warn him that there was a lady who was compromising him in Paris; that a copy had been sent to him of a letter supposed to have been written by the King. He handed it to the King, who read it blushing, and tore it to pieces in a rage. M. Berrier added that the rumour was that this lady was to have an interview with him at the ball at Versailles. At that very moment, as luck would have it, the letter from the lady containing this request was handed to

the King. M. Berrier thought this was so, because the King appeared surprised on reading it.

"It must be confessed that the Lieutenant of Police is very well informed," he said.

"I think," added M. Berrier, "that I ought to tell Your Majesty that this lady has a reputation for intrigue."

"I think," said the King, "that rumour speaks truly."

This adventure was thus nipped in the bud without Madame's appearing to have any part in it. The King feared nothing so much as gossip, and he believed that his letter was making the round of Paris. M. Berrier had a watch kept on the lady, who never went to Versailles at all. Madame told me of what had happened. The husband was made a Farmer-General two or three years afterwards, and she caused me to be given six thousand francs on his place on condition that I would never leave her.

Madame had many tribulations in the midst of all her greatness. She often received anonymous letters, in which there were threats of poison or assassination; but what affected her most was the fear of being supplanted by a rival. Never had I seen her in greater distress than one evening on her return from the drawing-room at Marly. When she came in, she angrily flung down her cloak and her muff, and undressed with extreme impatience. Then, sending away her other women, she said to me after they had gone:

"I don't believe there is anyone so insolent as that Madame de Coaslin. To-night, I was playing brag at the same table, and you cannot imagine what I suffered. Both men and women seemed to come in

relays to watch us. Madame de Coaslin said two or three times looking at me: *Va tout*, in the most insulting manner. I thought I should faint when she said in a triumphant tone: 'I hold a prial of kings.' I wish you could have seen her curtsey when she departed."

"And the King?" I asked. "Did he pay her great attention?"

"You do not know him, my good creature. If he were going to put her in my apartments this very night, he would treat *her* coldly in public, and would treat *me* with the greatest friendliness. It's the fault of his education; in himself he is good and open-hearted."

Madame's fears lasted for some months, till one day she said to me:

"That arrogant marquise has failed in her attempt; she has frightened the King with her grand airs. She has never stopped asking him for money; and, you know, the King would sign for a million without troubling about it, but would hate to give a hundred louis on his private treasury. Lebel, who prefers me to a newcomer, either by chance or design has brought a charming little sultana to Deer Park, who, by absorbing the King's attention, has made him cool somewhat towards the haughty Vashti. She has been given diamonds, a hundred thousand francs and an estate. Jannette[1] did me a great service on this occasion by showing the King extracts from the post on the talk caused by his favours to Madame de Coaslin. The King was struck by a letter from an old Parliamentary Councillor belonging to the King's party, who wrote to one of his friends: 'It is right

[1] The Post-Master.

that the Master should have a mistress, a confidante, like the rest of us when it suits us. But it is desirable that he should keep the one he has; she is agreeable, does no harm to anyone, and her fortune is made. The one who is being spoken of now will have all the arrogance that high birth can give. She will have to be given a million a year, as she is, according to report, very extravagant, and her relations will have to be made dukes, provincial governors and marshals, who will end by surrounding the King and making his ministers tremble.' "

Madame had the extract from this letter, which M. Jannette, the Post-Master, who had the King's complete confidence, had sent to her. He had not failed to watch carefully the air of the King in reading this letter, and he saw that he had felt the truth of the argument of the Councillor, who was by no means disaffected.

" The proud Marquise," Madame said to me some time after, " behaved like Mademoiselle Deschamps[1], and she has been shown the door."

Madame had had other alarms. A relation of Madame d'Estrades,[2] who had married the Marquis

[1] A courtesan celebrated for her charms and also for a stroke of patriotism. Once when the public treasury was exhausted, Mademoiselle Deschamps sent all her plate to the Mint. Louis XV vaunted this devotion. (B.)

[2] The Comtesse d'Estrades, a relation of M. le Normand and toady of Madame de Pompadour, who had brought her to Court, had sold herself secretly to the Comte d'Argenson. This minister, who did not despise *the wench*, because he got useful information from her, knew through her all that happened at the court of the favourite and paid her liberally for her ingratitude and treachery. See Marmontel's *Mémoires*. Book V, page 30. (B.)

de C . . ., made very marked advances to the King, and it did not need all that with a man who rightly thought himself the handsomeſt man in the kingdom, and who was the King. He was convinced that every woman would yield to the slighteſt desire he condescended to show. He thus found it quite natural that women should love him. M. de Stainville[1] helped to prevent the success of this intrigué; and soon afterwards the Marquise de C . . ., whom her relations kept shut up in her apartments at Marly, escaped by the aid of a wardrobe-maid for an assignation, and was surprised with a young man in a corridor at Marly. It was the Spanish Ambassador, as he left his room with torches, who witnessed this assignation.

Madame d'Eſtrades pretended to have no knowledge of this intrigue, and continued to live with Madame, whom she had betrayed, as if she loved her dearly. She was the spy of M. d'Argenson in the boudoirs and in Madame's apartments, and when she could not discover anything, she invented, to enhance her value to her lover. This Madame d'Eſtrades owed her very exiſtence to Madame's favour, and, ugly though she was, she had tried to ſteal the King from her. One day at Choisy, when he was a little tipsy—the only time, I believe, that this ever happened to him—he went for a trip in a fine large barque, in which Madame could not accompany him, as she had an attack of indigestion. Madame d'Eſtrades was on the watch for this opportunity. She went on board the barque, and, on the return journey, as it was night, she followed the King into a private closet, where he was believed

[1] Afterwards Duc de Choiseul.

to be resting, and made more than advances to him. That evening she told Madame that she had gone into the closet on her own concerns, and the King had followed and tried to ravish her. She could say what she liked, for the King did not know what he had done or said.

I shall finish this part with a brief history of a young lady. One day I had been to the theatre of the town of Compiègne; Madame questioned me closely about the play, and asked me if there had been many people there, and if I had not seen a beautiful young lady. I replied that it was true that in the box near mine there had been a young person who was surrounded by all the young men of the Court. She smiled and said:

"That was Mademoiselle Dorothy; she was at supper to-night with the King,[1] and is to go to the Hunt to-morrow. You are surprised to find me so well informed; and I know more still. She was brought here by a Gascon, called Dubarré or Dubarri, who is the greatest rascal in France. He is building his hopes on Mademoiselle Dorothy's charms, which he thinks the King cannot resist. She is really very beautiful. I was enabled to see her in my little garden, where she was brought on the pretext of taking a walk. She is the daughter of a water-carrier at Strasbourg, and her lover, as a beginning, asks to be minister at Cologne."

"Could Madame be uneasy on the score of a creature like that?"

[1] At the *grand convert*, the public were admitted to see the Royal Family at supper.

"Everything is possible," said she," "But I think the King would not dare to cause such a scandal; and, fortunately, Lebel for conscience' sake, told the King that the beautiful Dorothy's lover was eaten up with a horrible disease. And he added: 'Your Majesty cannot cure that as you can the King's evil.' No more was needed to get rid of the young lady."

"I pity you greatly, Madame," I said to her one day, "while all the world envies you."

"Ah!" she replied, "my life is like that of the Christian, a perpetual combat; it was not so with those who managed to win the favours of Louis XIV. Madame de la Vallière let herself be deceived by Madame de Montespan, but it was her own fault, or rather the effect of her good heart. She was unsuspicious at first, because she could not believe her friend to be a traitress. Madame de Montespan was unsettled by Madame de Fontanges, and supplanted by Madame de Maintenon; but her haughtiness and caprices had already estranged the King. But she had no rivals like mine. Still their inferiority is my safety, and generally I have only infidelities to fear, and the difficulty of finding opportunities to make them only passing ones. The King loves change, but he is also restrained by habit; he fears scandal, and hates intriguing women. Little Madame de Mirepoix said to me one day: 'It is your staircase that the King loves: he is accustomed to go up and down it. But if he were to find another woman to whom he could speak of hunting and his other interests, it would be all the same to him at the end of three days.'"

I write haphazard, just as things come into my head ; and I will tell you about the Abbé de Bernis, whom I liked very much, because he was kind and treated me as a friend. One day, when Madame was finishing dressing, the Comte de Noailles asked to speak to her privately. I left the room. The Comte entered with a scared air, and I heard the conversation, as there was only a curtain between us.

" Something has just happened, Madame," he said, " of which I must not neglect to inform the King, but of which I thought I ought to warn you, as it concerns one of your friends, whom I like and have an infinite regard for. The Abbé de Bernis took it into his head to go shooting this morning, and went out with three or four of his people carrying guns. He went to shoot in the Little Park, a spot where even His Highness the Dauphin would not go without asking the King's permission. The keepers, surprised at hearing shots, ran up and were amazed to see M. de Bernis. They respectfully asked to see his permit, and, astonished to find he had none, they begged him to stop, saying that, if they did their duty, they ought to arrest him ; but that they would report to me immediately, as Captain of the Hunt at Versailles. They added that the King must have heard the firing and begged him to withdraw. The Abbé excused himself on the plea of ignorance, and assured them that I had given him permission. ' His Lordship,' they said, ' could only have given permission for places much farther away, in the Great Park.' "

The Comte de Noailles gave himself great credit for his promptness in warning Madame, who asked

him to leave the task of informing the Master to her, and begged him not to speak of it. M. de Marigny, who did not like the Abbé, came to see me in the evening, and I pretended to hear the story for the first time from him.

"He must have lost his head," he said, "to shoot under the King's windows," and he expatiated to me on the airs the Abbé gave himself.

Madame arranged matters as best she could, but the King was greatly shocked; and a score of times after the dismissal of the Abbé de Bernis, he said, when he was in that neighbourhood: 'This is the scene of the Abbé's pleasures." The King had never liked him much, and, after his dismissal, Madame said to me one night when she was ill and I was nursing her, that she had seen at the end of a week of his Ministry that he was not fitted for the position.

"If that hypocrite of a bishop," she added, alluding to the Bishop of Mirepoix, "had not stopped the King from giving him a pension of two thousand crowns, as he promised me, he would never have been ambassador; I could have procured for him later an income of twenty thousand livres, and perhaps the position of master of the Chapel. He would have been happier, and I should not have had to regret his loss."

I ventured to say that I did not think so. He had some good pickings left, which would not be taken from him, and his exile would come to an end, and there he would be, a cardinal with an income of two hundred thousand livres.

"That is true," she said, "but I am thinking of

what he has suffered, of the ambition that gnaws him, and, finally, I am thinking of myself, who would have enjoyed his society, and grown old with an old and amiable friend, if he had not become a Minister."

The King dismissed him in anger, and was tempted not to give him the hat. M. Quesnay said to me, some months after, that he had wanted to make himself Prime Minister, and had written a memorandum to show that in difficult times, it was necessary for the good of affairs that there should be a central point (that was his phrase) to which everything should converge. Madame had refused to be responsible for the memorandum: he insisted in spite of her saying to him: 'You are ruining yourself.' The King cast a glance at it.

"Central point!" he exclaimed. "That is to say he wants to be Prime Minister."

Madame excused him, and said that this might apply to Maréchal de Belle-Isle.

"Is he not going to be a Cardinal?" said the King. "It's a pretty trick. He knows quite well that his position will force the Ministers to meet at his house, and M. l'Abbé will be the 'central point.' Whenever there is a cardinal at the council board, he ends by being leader. It was for this very reason that Louis XIV refused to admit Cardinal de Janson, although he had a high regard for him. Cardinal de Fleury said the same thing to me. He had had a wish to have Cardinal de Tencin as his successor, but his sister was such an intriguer that Cardinal de Fleury advised me not to do it. I acted in such a way as to deprive him of all hope, and to disabuse others

of any such idea. M. d'Argenson understood me, and ended by depriving him of all consideration."

That is what the King said, so my friend Quesnay confided to me, who was, by the way, a great genius according to everyone, and a very lively man. He liked to talk with me about the country; I had been brought up there, and he used to make me tell him about the pasture lands of Normandy and Poitou, of the riches of the farmers and the methods of cultivation. He was the best man in the world, and disliked any form of intrigue. At Court, he was much more interested in the best methods of cultivating land than in anything that took place at Court. The man for whom he had the greatest regard was M. de la Rivière, a counsellor at Parliament, who had been Commissioner of Martinique; he looked on him as a man of the greatest genius, and believed that he was the only man fit to administer the finances of the country.

The Comtesse d'Estrades, who owed all that she was to Madame, made it her sole business to cause her annoyance; she was clever enough to hide the proofs of this, but she could not prevent suspicion. Her intimate relations with M. d'Argenson offended Madame, and for some time she had been more reserved with her; but she did something which most justly irritated Madame and the King. The King, who wrote a great deal, sent Madame a somewhat long letter, in which he spoke of an assembly of Chambers at Parliament, and enclosed a letter from M. Berrier. Madame was ill and put these letters on a little table by her bed. M. de Gontaut came in,

and made some trifling remarks as was his custom. Madame d'Amblimot came in too, and remained a very short time. As I was about to resume my reading which had been interrupted, Madame d'Estrades came in, and seated herself by Madame's bed; she spoke to her for a little and then went away. Madame called me, asked me what time it was and said: "The King is coming soon; have my door shut."

I came back, and Madame told me to give her the King's letter, which was on the table with some papers. I handed them to her, and told her there was nothing else. She was very uneasy at not finding the King's letter.

"It was certainly not the little Countess or Gontaut who took the King's letter," she said, having gone over the people who had come in. "It can only have been the Comtesse d'Estrades, and this is going too far."

The King arrived, and was furious, so Madame told me. Two days later, he banished Madame d'Estrades, who had certainly taken the letter, doubtless because the King's writing had roused her curiosity. This event caused great grief to M. d'Argenson, who was attached to her by his love of intrigue, Madam said. This doubled the hatred this Minister felt for her, and Madame credited him with having encouraged the publication of a lampoon in which she was represented as an old mistress reduced to the ugly part of providing new objects for her lover. She was depicted as the superintendent of Deer Park, which was said to cost millions. Madame had tried

to screen certain weaknesses of the King, but had never known any of the sultanas of this seraglio. There were, as a matter of fact, generally only two, and very often only one. When they married they were given some jewels and a hundred thousand francs. Sometimes Deer Park was empty for five or six months at a time.

I had been for some time surprised to see that the Duchesse de Luynes, a lady of honour to the Queen, was coming secretly to visit Madame. Later on she came openly, and one evening Madame, who was in bed, called me.

"My dear good creature," she said, "you will be very pleased; the Queen is giving me a place as Lady of the Palace. I am to be presented to-morrow. I must make myself very beautiful."

I learned that the King was not so pleased as she was; he was afraid of scandal, and that people would think that he had forced this appointment on the Queen. But this was not so. It was represented to this Princess that it would be a heroic act on her part to forget the past; that all scandal would be blotted out, if Madame were seen to hold an honourable place at Court; and that this would be the best proof that there was no longer anything but friendship between the King and his favourite. The Queen received her very well. The pious party flattered themselves that they were protected by Madame, and for some time they sang her praises. Several friends of the Dauphin came privately to see Madame, but not the Chevalier de Muy; and some of them got promotion. The King had the greatest contempt for

them, and never granted them anything but with an ill grace. One day he said of a man of great name who wanted to be a Captain of the Guards: "He is a double spy, who would be paid by both sides."

At this time Madame was more contented than I have ever known her. The pious ladies came to visit her without scruples, and did not forget themselves in the event; Madame de Lu . . . had set the example. The doctor laughed at this change of decoration, and enjoyed himself at the expense of the strait-laced ladies.

"Nevertheless," I said to him, "they are consistent, and may be honest."

"Yes," he said, "but they must not ask for anything."

One day I was at the Doctor's while Madame was at the play. The Marquis de Mirabeau[1] came in, and for some time the conversation was very tiresome to me, being all about the *net product*. But at last it turned to other things.

[1] The author of *L'Ami des Hommes*, one of the leaders of the economic sect and father of the famous Mirabeau.

After the death of Quesnay, "that Grand Master of the Order," everyone gave their vote to Mirabeau as his successor. Mirabeau did not lack a certain breadth of mind, knowledge or even patriotism; but he wrote as an enthusiast, a visionary, rather than as a man of enlightenment. His style is marked by fustian, neologisms, bizarre tricks; and when the subject appeared to require a tone more elevated than that of a mere document, Mirabeau rose to the most pompous twaddle. (See *L'Éloge de Quesnay* in the *Ephémérides du Citoyen* (January, 1775).)

The "friend of man" was the enemy of his family. He beat his servants and did not pay them. The evidence in the suit which he brought against his wife in 1775 proves that this philosopher possessed in a high degree all the anti-conjugal qualities. (B.)

"I think the King looks ill," Mirabeau said; "he is ageing."

"So much the worse, a thousand times so much the worse," said Quesnay; "it would be the greatest loss to France if he were to die." And he raised his eyes to heaven, sighing deeply.

"I have no doubt that you love the King, and with just cause," said Mirabeau, "and I love him too. But I have never seen you so impassioned."

"Ah," said Quesnay, "I am thinking of what would follow."

"Well, the Dauphin is virtuous."

"Yes, and full of good intentions, and he is intelligent; but the bigots will have absolute sway over a prince who regards them as oracles. The Jesuits will govern the State, as at the end of the reign of Louis XIV, and you will see the fanatical bishop of Verdun Prime Minister, and the Vauguyon woman all-powerful under some other title. The Parliaments will have to mind their p's and q's; they will be no better treated than my friends the philosophers."

"But they go too far too," said Mirabeau. "Why openly attack religion?"

"I agree," said the Doctor; "but how can you help being indignant at the fanaticism of the others, or remembering all the blood that has flowed in the last two hundred years?"

"We should not irritate them afresh, and introduce in France the times of Mary of England."

"But what is done is done, and I often exhort them to moderation. I wish they would follow the example of my friend Duclos."

"You are right," said Mirabeau. "He said to me a few days ago: 'These philosophers will go to such lengths that they will force me to attend Vespers and High Mass.' But at any rate the Dauphin is virtuous, well-educated and intelligent."

"It is the first years of his reign that I am afraid of," said Quesnay, "when the imprudent acts of our friends will be presented to him with the greatest force, when the Jansenists and the Molinists will make common cause and will be strongly supported by the Dauphiness. I thought that M. de Muy was moderate, and would temper the zeal of the others; but I heard him say that Voltaire deserved the extremest penalties. Believe me, Sir, the times of John Huss and Jerome of Prague will return; but I hope I shall be dead. I heartily approve of Voltaire's hunting the Pompignans; had it not been for the ridicule with which Voltaire covered him, this bourgeois Marquis would have been the tutor of the children of France, and, with the help of his brother George, would have gone so far that there would have been stake-fires burning."[1]

"One thing should reassure you about the Dauphin," said Mirabeau, "and that is the fact that, in spite of Pompignan's piety, he makes fun of him. Some time ago he met him, and, seeing that he seemed puffed up with pride, he said to someone,[2] who told me: 'Our friend Pompignan thinks he is somebody.'"

[1] Nothing could be more unjust than this. M. de Pompignan, a man virtuous, charitable and inspired by the true spirit of religion. was incapable of any kind of persecution. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

[2] President Hénault, who was near the Dauphin when he said it. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

I made a point of writing down this conversation when I returned home.

One day I found Quesnay in despair.

"Mirabeau is at Vincennes for his work on the taxes," he said. "The farmers-general have given information against him, and had him arrested. His wife is to go to-day and throw herself at the feet of Madame de Pompadour."

A few minutes afterwards I went in to Madame to dress her, and the Doctor appeared.

"You must be distressed at the disgrace of your friend Mirabeau," Madame said to him, "and I am sorry too, as I like his brother?"

"Madame," Quesnay replied, "I am far from believing that his intentions are bad. He loves the King and the people."

"Yes," said she, "his *Ami des Hommes* did him great honour."

At this moment, the Lieutenant of Police entered, and Madame said to him: "Have you seen M. de Mirabeau's book?"

"Yes, Madame, but it was not I who informed against him."

"What do you think of it?" said Madame.

"I think that he might have put a great deal of what he does say in a more tactful way. Among other things, there are two phrases at the beginning: 'Your Majesty has twenty million men more or less; you cannot obtain their services except for money, and you have no money to pay for their services.'"

"What! those words occur in it, Doctor?" said Madame.

"Yes, they are the opening lines, and I agree that they are imprudent, but, reading the book, one sees that he is complaining that patriotism is extinct in people's hearts, and that he wants to revive it."

The King came in; we left, and I wrote down at Quesnay's table what I had just heard. Afterwards I returned to finish Madame's toilet.

"The King is very angry with Mirabeau," she said to me, "but I tried to appease him, and the Lieutenant of the Police did the same. This is going to increase Quesnay's fears. Do you know what he said to me one day? The King had been speaking to him in my rooms, and the Doctor looked troubled. After the King left, I said to him: 'You wore an embarrassed air in the King's presence, and yet he is so good.' 'Madame,' he replied, 'I left my village when I was forty, and I have very little experience of the world, and have difficulty in accustoming myself to it. When I am in a room with the King, I say to myself: "That is a man who could have my head cut off," and the idea disturbs me.' 'But should not the justice and goodness of the King reassure you?' 'That is good enough for reason, but feeling is more hasty[1]; and he inspires me with fear before I can say to myself all that is proper to banish fear.'"

I wrote all this down in order not to forget it, and had the words repeated to me.

An anonymous letter was sent to the King and to

[1] This lively and hasty feeling might be met with towards Asiatic princes, who are masters of the life and property of their subjects; but not with a king of France, who could not deprive anyone of life except by judicial process. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

Madame ; as the writer did not want it to fail to reach its address, he sent one copy to the Lieutenant of Police, sealed and addressed "For the King," another with the words " To Madame de Pompadour," and another to M. de Marigny. This letter affected Madame and the King greatly, and still more, I believe, M. de Choiseul, who received a similar one. I went on my knees to M. de Marigny for permission to copy it in order to show it to the Doctor. Here it is :

" Sire, it is a zealous servant who writes to your Majesty. Truth is always bitter, but above all to kings. Accustomed to flattery, they only see things invested in colours such as will please them. I have reflected and read much ; and this is what my reflections lead me to lay before your Majesty. You have become accustomed to being invisible ; you have been inspired with a timidity which prevents you from speaking ; and thus all direct communication between master and subjects has been cut off. Shut up in your palace, you are becoming every day more like the Emperors of the East ; but, Sire, consider their fate. ' I have troops,' your Majesty will say ; but that is what they too depend on. But when a king relies on troops, when he is in some sort only the king of the soldiers, they come to know their strength and abuse it. Your finances are in the greatest disorder, and most states have perished through this cause. The spirit of patriotism sustained the states of former times, and united all classes to save the country. Money has taken its place in these times ; it has become the universal motive force ; and you

lack money. The spirit of finance affects all parties and is dominant at Court; everyone is becoming venal, and all ranks are mixed and confused. Since the dismissal of MM. d'Argenson and de Machault, your ministers have been without genius and without capacity. You alone are to some extent unable to judge of their incapacity, since they bring you the work of clever clerks, for which they take the credit. The administration goes on from hand to mouth, but the spirit of government is wholly absent. The changes made on the military side disgust the troops, and cause excellent officers to retire; a seditious fire is being kindled in the bosom of the Parliaments; you decide to corrupt them, and the remedy is worse than the disease. It is introducing vice and bringing canker on the noble parts of the State. Would a corrupt Parliament have faced the fury of the League in order to preserve the crown for the legitimate monarch? Forgetting the maxims of Louis XIV, who knew the dangers of entrusting the ministry to great lords, you have raised M. de Choiseul to that position. But that is a light matter: you have given him three ministries, which is a greater burden than the position of Prime Minister, because the latter merely supervises, while the secretaries of State have to attend to all the details. The public has seen through this dazzling minister. He is only a coxcomb, without talents or education, who has a little phosphorous in his mind.

"There is another matter, Sire, which is still more noteworthy: that is the open war that is being waged on religion. There can no longer be new sects,

because belief in general is too shaken for people to trouble about differences of opinion on any of the articles of belief. But the Encyclopædists, on the plea of enlightening mankind, are sapping the foundations of religion. All the forms of liberty are akin; the philosophers and the Protestants tend towards republicanism; as also do the Jansenists. The philosophers are attacking the trunk of the tree, and, the others certain of its branches; but their efforts though not concerted, will one day bring it to the ground. Add to these the economists, who aim at political freedom as the others aim at freedom of religion, and the Government in twenty or thirty years may find itself undermined in all its parts, and will fall crushing to the ground. If your Majesty, impressed by this too true picture, ask me for the cure, I would say that the Government must be brought back to its principles, and hasten especially to remedy the state of the finances, because the embarrassments of a state which is in debt involve new taxes, and these, by oppressing the people, make them disaffected and drive them to revolt. I would say that your Majesty must make yourself more popular, must show your satisfaction with services and your displeasure at mistakes and prevarications, and forgetfulness of duty; and finally let it be known that rewards and punishments, appointments and dismissals, have their source in you. People will then feel indebted to you for favours and fear your reproaches; they will have a personal feeling for you, instead of ascribing both the good and evil to your ministers. The exclamation, 'Oh, if the King only

knew!' is a proof of the natural confidence of the people in the King. They love to think that he would find a remedy for everything if he knew of it. But, on the other hand, what sort of an idea do they form of kings who, intended to be informed of everything and to supervise all that happens, nevertheless are ignorant of what it concerns them most to know, if they wish to fulfil their functions? *Rex*, *roi*, king; *regere*, *régir*, rule, guide: these words show what their duties are. What would be said of a father who relieved himself of the care of his children, as of a burden? A time will come, Sire, when the people will be enlightened, and this time, it may be, is near . . . Resume the reins of State, hold them with a firm hand, and act in such a way that no one may say of you: *Feminas et scorta volvit animo, et haec principatus praemia putat*: he thinks only of women and the company of libertines, and believes that these are the most precious things that his sovereignty affords.

"I will proceed, Sire, if I see that my sincere advice produces any change. I will go into greater detail; otherwise I will be silent."

I have just spoken of an anonymous letter to the King: it may be imagined how common such letters were. People were eager to communicate either harsh truths or alarming falsehoods, in short, to injure others. The following is an example which concerns Voltaire, who was assiduous in his attentions to Madame when he was in France. Here is the letter about him, which is much later in date than the preceding one:

" Madame,

" M. de Voltaire has just dedicated to you his tragedy *Tancrède*. This is ostensibly an act of homage inspired by gratitude and respect, but in reality it is an insult, and your verdict will agree with that of the public, if you read it carefully. You will see that this great writer clearly feels that the object of his praise is not worthy of it, and is trying to excuse himself in the eyes of the public. These are his words: ' From your childhood I have watched the development of your graces and talents. I have at all times received from you proofs of a kindness which has always been the same. *Any censor who could disapprove of the homage I pay to you, must have been born with an ungrateful heart.* I owe you much, Madame, and I owe it to you to say so.'

" What do these phrases mean at bottom, but that Voltaire feels that people must find it extraordinary that he should dedicate his work to a woman whom the public consider of little worth, but that the feeling of gratitude must serve as an excuse ? Why suppose that this homage will find censors when dedicatory epistles are appearing every day addressed to the gossips of Paris, creatures without name or position, or to women of reprehensible conduct, and no one pays any attention ? "

M. de Marigny, Colin, Madame's man of business, and Quesnay considered that the anonymous writer was most malicious, that he wished to wound Madame and to injure Voltaire ; but that in fact he was right. From that moment Voltaire was lost in the eyes of Madame and the King ; and he was certainly never

able to guess the reason.[1] The King, who admired everything connected with the century of Louis the Fourteenth, recalling that Boileau and Racine had been received by him, and that part of the brilliance of his reign was attributed to them, was flattered at having a Voltaire in his ; but he feared and did not like him.

[1] The charming verses in which Voltaire, speaking of Louis XV says to Madame de Pompadour :

" Soyez tous deux sans ennemis ;
Et tous deux gardez vos conquêtes : "

are well known.

Could Voltaire have been ignorant of the fact that these verses had been considered unfitting and even insulting to the King's Majesty and that the princesses, Louis XV's daughters, had caused their father to take offence at them ? Did Madame du Hausset not know that, if Madame de Pompadour did not plead for the exile, it was because she herself was angry with Voltaire for a slight temerity which he allowed himself. The story is as follows. Voltaire was surrounded by men who were jealous of the friendship which the favourite showed him. Not only did he not humour them, he even took pleasure in annoying them. So they did not fail to repeat in his absence bold or familiar sayings of his. The great poet was present one day at the dinner of the Marquise. She was eating a quail which she found " plump " (*grassouillette*), that was her expression. Voltaire came up to her and said loud enough to be heard :

Grassouillette, entre nous, me semble un peu caillette ;
Je vous le dis tout bas, belle Pompadourette.*

This rather free remark was represented by the courtiers as an impertinence ; and Voltaire noticed a marked coldness, from the next day.

Laujon was present. The writer of this note had it from him. (Note to the French edition.)

[*The imputation in this couplet is that *grassouillette* is the language of a Paris gossip (*caillette*, diminutive of *caille*, quail). It was both a blunder and an impertinence, since Madame de Pompadour must have known that her enemies at Court called her the *caillette de Paris*. *Pompadourette* was, of course, under the circumstances, an additional impertinence. The couplet can be translated as follows :

Grassouillette, between ourselves, seems to me a little *caillette*,
Let me tell you quietly, lovely Pompadourette.]

"After all," he could not help saying, "I have treated him as well as Louis the Fourteenth treated Racine and Boileau; I gave him a post as First Gentleman and pensions, just as Louis the Fourteenth did to Racine. It is not my fault if he has committed follies, if he aspires to be a chamberlain, to be given a cross, and to sup with a King. Such things are not done in France; and as there are rather more wits and great lords in France than in Prussia, I should require a very large table to seat them all."

And then he counted on his fingers: "Maupertuis, Fontenelle, la Mothe, Voltaire, Piron, Destouches, Montesquieu, the Cardinal de Polignac."

"Your Majesty forgets d'Alembert and Clairault," someone said.

"And Crébillon," said he, "and la Chaussée."

"And Crébillon junior," said another, "He must be more amiable than his father. And there are besides the Abbé Prévost, the Abbé d'Olivet——"

"Well," said the King, "for the last twenty-five years all that lot would have dined or supped with me."

Madame related this conversation to me, and I wrote it down in the evening. M. de Marigny also spoke to me of it, and said:

"Voltaire's fancy," he said, "has always been to be an ambassador, and he did everything he could think of to make people believe that he was entrusted with political affairs the first time he went to Prussia."

The people heard of the attempt on the King's life with transports of fury and the greatest despair; their cries could be heard under the windows from

Madame's apartments. There were mobs, and Madame feared she would share the fate of Madame de Châteauroux. Her friends came every minute to give her news. Her apartments were in any case like a church, to which everyone thought he had the right of entry. They came to see how she looked, on the plea of interest; and Madame did nothing but weep and faint. Doctor Quesnay never left her and neither did I. M. de Saint-Florentin came to see her several times and also the Controller-General and M. Rouillé; but M. de Machault did not come at all. The Duchesse de Brancas was also very often with us. The Abbé de Bernis left only in order to visit the King, and he had tears in his eyes when he looked at Madame. Doctor Quesnay saw the King five or six times a day.

"There is nothing to fear," he would say to Madame "If it were anyone else, he might go to the ball."

My son went next day, as he had done the day before, to see what was happening at the Palace, and he came to tell us that the Keeper of the Seals was with the King. I sent him to wait to see what he would do when he came out. He came back running half an hour later to say that the Keeper of the Seals had returned home, followed by a crowd of the people.

"And that—that is a friend!" cried Madame, bursting into tears, when I told her this.

"One must not judge him hastily in a moment like this," the Abbé de Bernis said to her.

I returned to the drawing-room an hour later as the Keeper of the Seals came in. I saw him pass with his cold and severe look.

"How is Madame de Pompadour?" he said to me.

" Alas," I said, " as you can imagine," and he went into Madame's closet.

Everyone left, and he remained for half an hour. The Abbé came back, and Madame rang. I went in and he followed. She was in tears.

" I am to go, my dear Abbé," she said.

I made her take some orange flower water in a silver goblet, as her teeth were chattering. Then she told me to call her equerry. He came in, and she quietly gave him orders to take steps to have her house prepared in Paris, and to tell all her people to be ready to leave and her coachman to remain at hand. She then shut herself in to consult with the Abbé de Bernis, who later left for the Council. Her door was then shut except to ladies of her intimate circle, M. de Soubise, M. de Gontaut, the ministers and a few others. Several ladies came to talk in my room and were in despair ; they compared the conduct of M. de Machault with that of M. de Richelieu at Metz. Madame had given them details which were an eulogy of the duke and a satire on the conduct of the Keeper of the Seals.

" He believes, or pretends to believe," she said, " that the priests will demand that I be sent away with a public scandal ; but Quesnay and all the doctors say that there is not the slightest danger."

Madame sent for me, and Madame de Mirepoix entered.

" What is all this, Madame ? " she cried from the door. " Why all these trunks ? Your people say that you are going."

" Alas, my dear, the Master wishes it, so M. de Machault says."

"And what is his opinion?" asked the Maréchale.

"That I should go without delay."

Meanwhile I was undressing Madame, who wanted to be more at her ease on her day bed. No one else was there.

"He wants to be master, your Keeper of the Seals," said the Maréchale; "he is playing you false. Who leaves the table loses the game."

I went out; M. de Soubise entered, then the Abbé and M. de Marigny. The last, who was always very kind to me, came to my room an hour later; I was alone.

"She is remaining," he said, "but *motus*[1]; there will be a pretence that she is going, so as to keep her enemies quiet. It was the little Maréchale who persuaded her; but her Keeper (so she designated M. de Machault) will pay for it."

Quesnay came in, and, having heard what was said, recited with an apish air a fable about a fox who, while feeding with other animals, persuaded one of them that his enemies were after him, in order to get his share in his absence.

I did not see Madame again till very late, as she was going to bed. She was calmer. Things went better and better every day, and Machault, the unfaithful friend, was dismissed. The King resumed his usual ways with Madame. I learned from M. de Marigny that the Abbé had gone to M. d'Argenson one day to persuade him to live on amicable terms with Madame, and that he had been received very coldly.

[1] A Latin word vulgarly used to enjoin silence, as "*tacet*" is also used. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

" He is haughty," he told me, " over the dismissal of Machault, which leaves the field clear for the one who has had the most experience and intelligence ; and I fear that this will involve a struggle to the death."

Next day, Madame called for her chair, and I was curious to know where she was going, because she went out very little, except to go to church or to visit the Ministers. Someone told me that she had gone to M. d'Argenson's. She returned an hour at the most later in a very bad humour. Then she leaned against the chimney piece, her eyes fixed on the fireplace. M. de Bernis came in. I waited for her to take off her cloak and her gloves as she had her hands in her muff. The Abbé stood looking at her for a minute or two.

" You look like a dreaming sheep," he said.

She came out of her dream.

" It is the wolf who is making the sheep dream," she said, throwing her muff on an easy chair.

I went out ; the Master came in a little later, and I heard Madame sobbing. The Abbé came to my room and told me to bring some Hoffman's Drops ; the King himself mixed the potion with sugar and presented it to her with the most gracious air. She ended by smiling and kissing the King's hands. I went out, and, two days afterwards, I heard very early in the morning of the exile of M. d'Argenson. It was all his own fault, and it was the greatest personal victory ever achieved by Madame. The King was attached to M. d'Argenson, and the war on land and sea demanded that these two ministers should not have been dismissed. That was what everyone said at the time.

Many people talked of the letter written by the Comte d'Argenson to Madame d'Esparbès; this is the most accurate version: "The undecided is decided at last. The Keeper of the Seals has been dismissed. You will come back, my dear Countess, and we shall be cocks of the roost."

A fact known to very few is that it is said to have been d'Arboulin, whom Madame called "Bou-bou," who, on the very day of the dismissal of the Keeper of the Seals, gave money to the confidential messenger of the Comte, who gave him this letter. Is this really true? I would not swear it; but it is said that it is the Comte's style; and, in any case, who would have immediately invented this letter? One thing is certain, and that is that the King seemed too angry to have no other reason for dissatisfaction than the refusal of the Comte to be reconciled with Madame. No one dared to show any attachment to the Minister now out of favour. I asked the ladies what they knew, and my friends; they knew nothing, and I could imagine why Madame did not confide in them at that moment; but in time she would be less reserved. All this disturbed me but little, because she was well and seemed content.

His remark to a nobleman whose name Madame did not tell me does the King honour. He was rubbing his hands with an air of rejoicing as he said: "I have just seen M. d'Argenson's luggage sent off." This nobleman had been an assiduous hanger-on of the Comte, and the King, overhearing, went up to Madame shrugging his shoulders, and said: "And the cock crew." That comes, I believe, in the Gospel when

St. Peter denies our Lord. I confess that it gave me great pleasure to hear this about the King; it shows clearly that he was not the dupe of those about him and that he hated treachery, for this was treachery.

Madame sent for me yesterday at seven o'clock to read something to her; the ladies were in Paris and M. Gontaut was ill.

"The King," she said to me, "will be a long time at the Council to-night; they are still discussing the business of the Parliament."

She stopped my reading and I was about to leave, but she said: "Stay." She rose; a letter was brought to her, and she replied with a look of impatience and ill-humour. Finally, after a little time, she opened her mind, which never happened to her except when she was vexed; and, as none of her usual confidants was there, she said to me:

"The letter is from my brother, who would not have dared to say it to me; he writes it. I had arranged a marriage for him with the daughter of a man of title; he seemed to lend himself to the plan, and I pledged myself. To-day, he writes to me that he has made enquiries: that the father and the mother are intolerably proud, that the daughter is very ill-brought up; and that he knows beyond any doubt that she, having got word of the marriage in question, expressed herself with the utmost contempt; he says he is sure of this, and that I was spared even less than he; in short, he begs me to break off the marriage. But he has allowed me to go too far, and now he has made irreconcilable enemies for me. It is some of his toadies who have put this into his head, because

they do not want him to change his way of life, and because some of them would not be admitted to his wife's house."

I tried to appease Madame, and I was of opinion, though I did not say so, that her brother was right. She persisted in saying that it was all lies, and the following Sunday she treated her brother very coldly. He did not say anything to me then, and it would have embarrassed me greatly had he done so. Madame patched up everything, furthering by her favours the marriage of the young lady with a man of the Court. The way she behaved two months after her marriage made Madame say that her brother was indeed right.

I saw Madame du Chiron, a friend of mine.

"Why is the Marquise so opposed to the Jesuits?" she said to me. "I assure you that she is wrong, and, all-powerful though she is, she may find herself in difficulties on account of it."

I replied that I knew nothing about it.

"It is certain, and she does not perceive that a word more or less may decide her fate."

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Listen. I am going to speak freely," she replied. "You know what happened at the time of the attempt on the King's life; they tried to have her turned out of the Palace immediately The Jesuits have in view only the salvation of their penitents; but they are men, and, without their knowing it, hatred may work in their hearts and inspire a severity not positively called for by the circumstances A favourable disposition, on the other hand, may incline the confessor to show great consideration, and the briefest

interval is enough to save a favourite, especially when some honourable pretext can be found for her remaining at the Court."

I agreed with all she said, but I said that I would not dare to touch upon this string. I pondered over it afterwards, and it showed me what intriguers the Jesuits were; which I knew already. I thought, nevertheless, in spite of the reply I had made, that it was my duty to inform Madame without comment, to clear my conscience.

"Your friend, Madame du Chiron," she said, "is in my opinion affiliated to the Jesuits; and does not speak on her own account; she is the mouthpiece of some reverend father, and I shall find out which."

Spies were set on her tracks, I imagine, and it was learned, I believe, that it was a Father de Saci, and chiefly a Father Frey, who directed this lady.

"What a pity," said Madame to me, "that the Abbé Chauvelin cannot know of this!"

He was the most redoubtable foe of the reverend fathers. Madame du Chiron always regarded me as a Jansenist, because I refused to espouse the interests of the reverend fathers as she did.[1]

Madame is interested only in the Abbé de Bernis, whom she believed adequate for everything; she speaks of him continually. With regard to this Abbé I must relate a funny thing which would almost make one believe in soothsayers. A year or fifteen months before his dismissal, Madame was at Fontainebleau, and sat down to write at a little desk, on the top of which

[1] See Historical Note B in the Appendix for details of the suppression of the Jesuits.

there was a portrait of the King. As she shut the desk on finishing writing, the portrait fell and struck her head rather violently. The persons who witnessed this became alarmed, and sent for M. Quesnay. The matter was explained to him, and he ordered soothing medicines and bleeding. Just as this had been done, Madame de Brancas came in, and saw the trouble and commotion and Madame on her couch. She asked what was the matter and was told. After having expressed her regrets to Madame and reassured her, she said :

" I ask Madame and the King "—who had just entered—" as a favour to send a courier immediately to the Abbé de Bernis ; and would your ladyship be good enough to write him a letter merely asking him what his sorceress said to him, telling him not to be afraid of alarming you."

This was done, and then Madame de Brancas said that the Bontemps woman had predicted to him from the dregs of the coffee in which she saw everything, that the head of his best woman friend was threatened, but that nothing distressing would result. Next day, the Abbé wrote that Madame Bontemps had also said to him : " You were almost black when you came into the world," and that this was true. This colour which lasted for some time, was attributed to a picture which faced his mother's bed ; she used often to look at this picture, that presented Cleopatra killing herself by means of the bite of an aspic which a Moor brought her among some flowers. He said also that she had told him : " You have a lot of money with you, but it does not belong to you," and he had in fact, two hundred louis to remit to the Duc de la Vallière.

Finally, he told how she had said, looking into the cup : "I see one of your women friends, the best, a great lady, threatened with an accident." He had to confess that he had grown pale, in spite of his philosophy ; that she noticed this and looked again and said : "Her head will be threatened a little, but the trouble will disappear in half an hour." There was no possibility of doubting the facts, and it seemed very astonishing to the King, who had inquiries made about the sorceress ; but Madame prevented her from being prosecuted by the police.

There used often to come to visit Madame a man who was truly as amazing as a sorcerer. This was the Comte de Saint-Germain[1], who wanted the world to believe that he had lived for several centuries. One day Madame said to him at her toilette in front of me :

"What sort of a man was François the First ? That's a King I should have loved."

[1] Saint-Germain was an adept, a worthy predecessor of Cagliostro. The latter promised himself a life of five hundred years. Saint-Germain, by his own account, had already lived for two thousand; and according to him this was only a little on account. He also claimed the faculty of transmitting the gift of long life. One day he called his servant as witness to a fact which dated very far back, and the latter replied : "I have no knowledge of it. Your lordship forgets that I have had the honour to serve him for only five hundred years."

Saint-Germain, like all charlatans of this kind, surrounded himself with theatrical magnificence and with a science still more delusive. Fantasmagoria was his best weapon ; and as he evoked, by reflected lights, the shades demanded and almost always recognised, his communication with the other world was a thing attested by many people. He played the same part in London, Venice and Holland, but he continually regretted Paris where his miracles were never disputed.

He passed his last days at the Court of the Prince of Hesse-Cassel, and died at Plewig in 1784, in the midst of enthusiastic disciples, who were amazed to find him subject to the common law. (B.)

"He was indeed very amiable," said Saint-Germain, and he then described his face and his whole person, as one might a man whom one had examined attentively. "It is a pity that he was too ardent. I would have given him very good advice which would have secured him against all his misfortunes . . . but he would not have followed it, for there seems to be a fatality which shuts the ears of princes, that is to say, the ears of the mind, to the wisest counsels, above all in critical moments."

"And the Constable," said Madame, "what is your verdict on him?"

"I cannot say too much good or too much ill of him," he replied.

"Was the court of François the First very fine?"

"Very fine; but that of his grandson surpassed it infinitely; and, in the time of Mary Stuart and Marguérite de Valois, it was an enchanted country, a temple of pleasure, the pleasures of the mind included. The two queens were learned, and wrote verses; it was a pleasure to hear them."

"It seems," Madame said laughingly, "as though you have seen all that."

"I have a good memory, and I have read deeply in the history of France. Sometimes I amuse myself not by making people believe, but by letting them believe, that I have lived in the most ancient times."

"But you do not say what your age is, and you make yourself out to be very old. The Comtesse de Gergy, who was ambassadress at Venice about fifty years ago, I think, says that when she knew you there you were just as you are to-day."

"It is true, Madame, that I knew Madame de Gergy a long time ago."

"But from what she said, you would be more than a hundred now."

"It's not impossible," said he, laughing, "but I think that it is still more possible that the lady, whom I respect, is talking nonsense."

"She says you gave her an elixir which was marvellous in its effects; she claims that for a long time she looked only twenty-four. Why should you not give one to the King?"

"Ah, Madame," said he with a sort of terror, "to think of my giving the King an unknown drug! I should be mad."

I went to my own room to write down this conversation. A few days later, there was a discussion between the King, Madame, some lords and the Comte de Saint-Germain about the secret the Comte possessed of making flaws in diamonds disappear. The King sent for a diamond of moderate size which had a flaw in it. It was weighed.

"It's value is estimated at six thousand livres," the King said to the Count, "but it would be worth ten without the flaw. Will you undertake to enable me to make a profit of four thousand francs?"

He examined it carefully.

"I may be able to," he said. "I shall return it to your Majesty in a month's time."

A month later the Comte returned the diamond to the King without a flaw; it was wrapped up in a piece of asbestos cloth, which he removed. The King had it weighed, and it was almost as heavy as before.

The King, without telling the Comte, sent it to his jeweller by M. de Gontaut, and he brought back nine thousand six hundred livres, but the King reclaimed the diamond to keep it as a curiosity. He never got over his astonishment, and used to say that M. de Saint-Germain must be a millionaire, especially if he had the secret of making big diamonds from little ones. M. de Saint-Germain did not say either yes or no; but he assured him most positively that he could enlarge pearls and give them the most beautiful lustre. The King treated him with consideration and Madame also. It was she who told me what I have just related.

"They are a disease of the oyster," M. Quesnay said to me with regard to the pearls, "and it is possible to know the principle. Thus M. de Saint-Germain may be able to increase the size of pearls; but he is none the less a charlatan, since he possesses an elixir of long life, and lets it be understood that he is several centuries old: the Master, however, is infatuated with him, and sometimes speaks of him as a man of illustrious birth."

I saw him several times: he seemed to be about fifty; he was neither fat nor thin; he had a refined, intellectual appearance, and dressed very simply, but with taste. He had some very fine diamonds on his fingers, and also on his snuff-box and watch. He came to see Madame one day when the Court was in full dress, with shoe-buckles and garters of fine diamonds so beautiful that Madame said that she did not believe that the King possessed any so magnificent. He went into the anteroom to take them off,

and bring them to be seen at closer hand; and, in comparing the ſtones with others, M. de Gontaut, who was there, said they were worth at leaſt two hundred thousand francs. That same day he had a snuff-box of enormous value, and sleeve buttons of dazzling rubies. No one knew how this man came to be so rich and so extraordinary, and the King would not allow him to be spoken of with contempt or raillery. He was said to be the baſtard son of a King of Portugal.

I heard through M. de Marigny that the relations of the good little Maréchale[1] had made a great deal of unpleasantness over the alleged vulgarity of her conduct with Madame: it was said that she used to receive the ſtones of the cherries which Madame sometimes ate in her carriage in her beautiful little hands, and that she sat in the front of the carriage, Madame being alone in the back. The real fact is that, one terribly hot day when they were going to Crécy, both ladies wished to have a side of the carriage to themselves so as to be cooler; and, as for the cherries, some villagers brought these to the ladies, who ate them to refresh themselves while the horses were being changed. The Maréchale, who had lent her handkerchief which did duty for both, threw out of the carriage window the ſtones which they had put in the handkerchief as they ate the cherries. The people who were changing the horses had at the same time made up this little ſtory.

I had, as you know, a very nice apartment at the town house, where I used to go almoſt always at meal times. I had received two or three persons

[1] Madame de Mirepoix.

belonging to Paris who had given me some news; and Madame, having sent for me, I went to her room and found her with M. de Gontaut.

"Madame should be well pleased with the fine action of the Marquis de . . ," I could not resist saying as I went in.

"Hold your tongue," Madame said to me sharply, "and listen to what I have to say to you."

On my return to my little room, I received a visit from the Comtesse d'Amblimont, and I told her of Madame's bad reception of me.

"I see what it is," she said, "and it has nothing to do with you; I will explain the affair. The Marquis de . . . told all Paris that a few days ago, as he was returning home at night alone and on foot, he heard cries in a dark and half-vaulted street called the Rue Férou; he drew his sword and entered this street, where he saw by the light of the lantern a very beautiful and well-dressed woman who was being violently attacked. He approached, and the woman said to him: 'Be my deliverer.' He rushed at the assassins, two of them fought with him sword in hand, while another held the woman, whose mouth he endeavoured to close. He wounded one in the arm, and, as they heard people passing at the end of the street and were afraid they would enter it, they fled. He then approached the lady, who told him that they were not thieves, but great scoundrels, one of whom was madly in love with her. The lady was lost in expressions of gratitude; she asked him not to follow her after he had escorted her to a carriage. She did not wish to tell her name, but she made him accept a

little ring as a memento, and promised to see him and tell him everything, if he would give her his address. He obeyed the lady, who was charming and who kissed him several times in the effusion of her gratitude. All of which is very fine," said the Countess d'Amblimont, " but listen to the rest.

" The Marquis de . . . appeared everywhere next day with black taffetas on his wrist, where he said he had received a cut. He told the story to everybody, and each one made his comments. He was at the dinner of the Dauphin, who spoke to him of his gallantry and of the fair unknown, and told him that he had expressed his admiration to the Duc de C . . .

" I forgot to say," went on Madame d'Amblimont, " that that same evening he visited Madame d'Estillac, an old gambler, where no one goes to bed till four o'clock in the morning. Everybody was surprised at the disorder he was in, his purse was gone, the skirt of his coat was slit, and his right hand was bleeding. A compress was hastily applied, and he was made to take some Rota wine. Four days ago the Duc de C . . . supped with the King, and was next to M. de Saint-Florentin. He spoke to him of the adventure of his relative, and asked if he had made any inquiries about the lady. M. de Saint-Florentin coldly answered, ' No,' and M. de C . . . , having put some further questions to him, noticed that he kept his eyes on his plate and replied with an embarrassed air and in monosyllables. He asked the reason, and M. de Saint-Florentin said that he was distressed to see him deceived in this way. ' How do you know I am ? ' asked M. de C . . . ' Nothing is easier to

prove,' said M. de Saint-Florentin. 'You must know that, as soon as I heard of the Marquis's encounter I ordered inquiries to be made; and it was found that, on the night when this event was supposed to have taken place, there was in this little street a squad of the watch in ambush, waiting for a thief who was expected to come out of a gaming house. The squad, remained there till nearly four o'clock, and did not hear the slightest noise.'

"M. de C . . . was furious at hearing this account, which M. de Saint-Florentin had had to give the King. He is going to tell, or has already told, his relation to return to his department. After that, my dear creature, consider whether you could have been well received when you arrived full of confidence to pay your compliments to the Marquise!

"This adventure," she went on, "has given the King occasion to relate that about fifteen years ago the Comte d'E. . . . , who was what was styled a 'Child of honour' to the Dauphin and about fourteen years old, returned one evening to the Dauphin's with his purse torn off and his ruffles in tatters, and said that he had gone for a walk somewhat late by the pond of the *Suisses*, and had been attacked by two robbers. He had refused to give them anything, and had stood on guard sword in hand. One of them had a sword, the other a thick stick several blows from which he received; but he wounded one in the arm, and at this instant they heard a noise and fled. But, unfortunately for the Comte, it was known that there were people at the spot at the time of which he spoke, and they had

heard nothing. The Comte was forgiven on account of his age, His Highness having made him confess the truth; and the incident was regarded as a child's desire to have himself talked about."

The King did not like the King of Prussia, who, he knew, made jokes on the life he led and on his mistress. This Prince, from what I have heard, had had it in his power to have the King of France as his firmest ally and his friend, so far as sovereigns can be so to each other; but Frederick's jests had embittered him, and were the reason of the Treaty of Versailles.[1] One day, he came into Madame's room with a paper in his hand.

"The King of Prussia," he said to her, "is certainly a great man, he loves men of talent, and, like Louis the Fourteenth, he wants to make Europe ring with his favours to the scholars of foreign countries."

Madame and M. de Marigny, who was present, waited.

"Here is a letter for him," he went on, "addressed to the Earl Marischal[2], ordering him to

[1] May, 1758.

[2] George Keith, better known by the name of the Earl Marischal (*Milord Maréchal*) was the eldest son of William Keith, Earl Marischal of Scotland. He was an open partisan of the Stuarts and did not cease to fight for them till their cause was desperate and involved its defenders in useless dangers. Exiled from their country, which was no longer his, the Earl Marischal lived in turn in France, Prussia, Spain and Italy, preferring to all countries the delightful fields and sky of Valencia.

He knew J. J. Rousseau, showed him affection and tried to win his liking, but could the philosopher, at once too sensitive and too prone to take offence, like for long a man who threatened him with favours?

The Earl Marischal died in May, 1778.

It was he who said to Madame Geoffrin, speaking of his brother,

inform a *superior* man of my realm of a pension he is granting to him"; and casting his eye over the letter, he read these words:

"You will know that there is in Paris a man of the greatest merit who does not enjoy the advantage of a fortune proportionate to his talents and character. I might be able to serve as eyes to the blind goddess, and repair at least some of her misdeeds; and I beg you to offer on this account . . . I flatter myself that he will accept this pension for the sake of the pleasure I shall have in having obliged a man who unites beauty of character with the *sublimest* talents of the mind."

The King stopped, and at that moment M. de Gontaut and M. d'Ayen arrived, for whose benefit he read the letter again, adding:

"It was sent to me by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, to whom it was entrusted by the Earl Marischal, in order that I may permit the *sublime genius* to accept this benefit.

"But how much do you think this benefit amounts to," said the King.

They said *six*, *eight*, *ten* thousand livres.

"You cannot guess," said the King, "it is *twelve hundred livres*."

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field-marshal of the Prussian Army, who died on the field of honour: "My brother leaves me the finest inheritance (he had just placed all Bohemia under contribution), and his estate does not amount to seventy ducats."

A eulogy of *Milord Maréchal* by d'Alambert exists; it is of all his works the one which Linguet maltreated most cruelly. (See *Ann. Politiques*, 1778.) (B.)

"For sublime talents," said the Duc d'Ayen, "that is not much. But the wits will make this letter resound through the whole of Europe, and the King of Prussia will have the pleasure of being talked about for next to nothing."

The Chevalier de Courten,[1] who had been in Prussia, came in.

"I have seen something better than that," he said, on hearing the story. "As I was passing through some village or other in Prussia, I alighted at the post-house while I waited for horses, and the post-master, who was a Prussian captain, showed me several letters in Frederick's hand, addressed to his uncle, a man of birth, whom he treated as a friend and whose nephews he had promised to look after; and what he had granted to the elder, who had been terribly wounded, was the job of post-master which he was occupying."

M. de Marigny told this story at Quesnay's, and he added that the man of genius was d'Alembert, and that the King had allowed him to accept the pension. He said his sister had suggested to the King that he should give twice as much to d'Alembert, and forbid him to accept the pension. But he had refused because he regarded d'Alembert as an impious man. M. de Marigny took a copy of the letter which he left with me.

A certain nobleman seemed for a time to be casting languishing eyes on Madame Adélaïde, who did not perceive it; but, as there are Arguses at the Court, it did not fail to be reported to the King,

[1] A Swiss officer and an intelligent man. (B.)

who thought he noticed it. I learned that one day he came in to Madame's rooms in a fury.

"Would you believe," he said to her, "that there is at my Court a man insolent enough to lift his eyes to my daughters?"

Madame had never seen him so angry, and this great nobleman was advised to pretend that he had occasion to go to his estates, where he remained for two months. Madame said long afterwards that she thought there was no punishment to which the King would not have condemned a man who had seduced one of his daughters. Madame Adélaïde at that time was charming, and, with the most loveable face, she had infinite grace and much talent.

A messenger brought a letter to Madame, and she burst into tears; it was the news of Rossbach, of which M. de Soubise sent her word with details.

"M. de Soubise is inconsolable"; I heard Madame say to the Maréchal de Belle-Isle, as she wiped her eyes; "he does not try to excuse himself; he sees only the disaster which overwhelms him."

"Nevertheless," said M. de Belle-Isle, "there is much to be said in favour of M. de Soubise, and I have said so to the King."

"It is very good of you, Marshal, not to let an unfortunate man be crushed; the public is incensed against him; what has he done to them."

"There does not exist," said M. de Belle-Isle, "a more honest and obliging man. I am only performing my duty in doing justice to truth, and to a man for whom I have the profoundest regard. The King will explain to you, Madame, that M. de

Soubise was forced to give battle by the Prince of Saxe-Hildburgshausen[1], whose troops were the first to flee and carry the French away with them."

Madame would have kissed the old Marshal, if she had dared, so pleased was she.

M. de Soubise having won a battle[2] was made a Marshal of France; Madame was overjoyed at her friend's success. But whether it was because it was unimportant, or whether it was due to the resentment of the public, no one spoke of it, except Madame's friends. This lack of favour was concealed from her; but one day at her toilette, she said to Colin, her man of business, "Are you not very glad about M. de Soubise's victory? What does the public say of it? He has taken a fine revenge."

Colin was embarrassed and did not know what to answer. Finally she pressed him, and he said he had been ill and had not seen anybody for a week.

M. de Marigny came into my room one day in a bad humour. I asked what was the reason of it.

"I am come," said he, "to make representations to my sister to prevent her putting M. le Normand de Mezi at the Admiralty."

"It is heaping more coals of fire on her head," I said; "a favourite should never add to her vulnerable points."

The Doctor came in, and M. de Marigny repeated to him what he had said.

"You are worth your weight in gold," said the Doctor to M. de Marigny, "for sense and ability

[1] Field Marshal of the Army of the Empire, November, 1757. (B.)

[2] That of Lutzelberg in October, 1758. (B).

in your position, and for your moderation; but you will never have justice done you. . . . Your advice is excellent. Not a vessel will be taken but Madame will be held responsible by the public, and you are very wise not to dream of a ministry for yourself."

One day when I was in Paris, I went to dine with the Doctor, who was also in town. Contrary to his usual custom, there were a fair number of people present, and among others a young Master of Requests with a very handsome face. He had a territorial name which I do not remember, but he was the son of the Provost of the Merchants, Turgot. The conversation was largely on administration, which at first did not interest me; but afterwards they spoke of the love of the French for their King. M. Turgot started the subject.

"Their love is not blind," he said, "it is a deep feeling and a confused remembrance of great benefits. The nation—and I may say further—Europe and humanity, owe liberty to a King of France"—I have forgotten the name[1];—"he established the communes and gave a civic existence to an immense mass of men. I know that it may be said quite rightly that he served his own interest in enfranchising them, that they paid him quit-rents, and finally that he desired by his act to weaken the power of the great and the nobility. But what is the result? That this act was at once useful, politic and humane."

From Kings in general, the conversation passed to Louis the Fifteenth, and this same M. Turgot

[1] Philip the Tall. (B.)

said that his reign would always be renowned for the advancement of science, the progress of enlightenment and philosophy. He added that Louis the Fifteenth lacked what Louis the Fourteenth had in excess—a good opinion of himself; he was well informed, no one was better acquainted than he with the topography of France; at the Council his advice was always the wisest. He was sorry that the King had not more confidence in himself, or would not put his confidence in a Prime Minister approved by the nation. Everybody shared his opinion. I begged M. Quesnay to write down what young Turgot said, and I showed it to Madame. She praised the Master of Requests for it, and spoke of it to the King, who said: "They are a fine stock."

One day when I had been out walking, I saw on my return, many people coming and going and speaking to each other privately, and it was easy to see that something extraordinary had happened. I asked an acquaintance what it was.

"Alas!" he said to me with tears in her eyes, "some assassins who made a plot to kill the King have wounded in several places a bodyguard, who heard them in a dark corridor. He has been taken to the infirmary, and, as he named the colour of the coats the two men were wearing, they are being searched for everywhere, and some people garbed in this colour have been arrested."

I saw Madame with M. de Gontaut, and I hastened to go in. She found her door besieged by a multitude of people and was terrified; but on going in she found the Comte de Noailles in her rooms.

"What is the matter then, Comte?" she said to him.

He told her that he had come to speak to her, and they went into her closet. The conference was not long; I had waited in the drawing room with Madame's equerry, the Chevalier de Sosent, Gourbillon, her valet-de-chambre, and some strangers. Many incidents were related, but, as the wounds were mere scratches, contradictory statements which had escaped the bodyguard led to the belief that he was an impostor who had made up a tale in order to obtain favour. The evening was not over before proof of this appeared, through his own confession, I believe. The King came to see Madame in the evening and spoke of the occurrence, with great coolness.

"That gentleman who wished to kill me was a mad scoundrel," he said; "this one is a low rogue."

He never spoke of Damiens, which he did only for a short time, while the case was being tried, except as "that gentleman," I have heard it said that he had proposed to confine him in a dungeon, but that their horror of the crime had caused the judges to insist on his undergoing all the tortures applied to such criminals. Many people, women even, had the barbarous curiosity to be present at this execution, among others Madame de P . . . the wife of a Farmer-General and a very beautiful woman. She had hired a window or two for twelve louis, and they gambled in the room to pass the time. This was told to the King, who covered his eyes with his hands and said: "Faugh! the wretch!" I was told that she and others thought by this to pay their court and show their attachment to the person of the King.

Two things were related to me by M. Duclos, at the time of the attempt on the King's life: the first was the peculiar manner of the arrival of the Comte de Sponheim, who was the Duc de Deux-Ponts, and heir to the Palatinate and Bavaria. He was regarded as a friend of the King, and he paid long visits to France. He came to see Madame very often; the King treated him with great consideration and showed him friendship. M. Duclos told us how the Duc de Deux-Ponts, on learning at Deux-Ponts of the attempt on the King, immediately started in his carriage for Versailles.

"But," said M. Duclos, "admire the spirit of *courtiership* in a prince who to-morrow may become Elector of Bavaria and of the Palatinate. He does not think this enough, and ten leagues from Paris he puts on riding boots, mounts a post-horse and arrives, cracking his whip, in the court of the Palace. If this had not been charlatanry but real impatience, he would have mounted his horse twenty leagues from here."

"I do not agree with you," said a gentleman I did not know. "Impatience often appears at the end of an undertaking, and we use the quickest means in our power. Besides, it may be that the Duc de Deux-Ponts, by thus appearing on horseback, wished to serve the King whom he loves, by letting the French see how much the King is loved and honoured in foreign countries."

"And M. de C . . . ," continued Duclos, "do you know his story? The first day that the King received company, he pushed so that he was

one of the first to enter, wearing a rather shabby black coat. The King, on seeing him, burst out laughing and said: 'Look at C . . . there; he has half the skirt of his coat torn off'? M. de C . . . looked as if he knew nothing of this, and said: 'Sire, there are so many people anxious to see your Majesty that one has to use one's fists to get in, and no doubt tore my coat in the crush.' 'It is lucky that it was not worth much,' said the Marquis de Souvré. 'You could not have chosen a worse one to sacrifice.'"

A piece of very good advice had been given to Madame: to have M. le Normand, her husband, sent to Constantinople as Ambassador. This would have lessened some of the scandal caused by the presence of Madame at the Court with the title of Marquise, and her husband as Farmer-General in Paris. But he was so attached to Parisian life and to his Opera habits that he could never be persuaded to go. Madame entrusted a M. d'Arboulin, who had been in her circle before she came to Court, with the conduct of the affair. He addressed himself to a Mademoiselle Rem, who had been a dancer at the Opera and who was M. le Normand's mistress.[1]

[1] M. le Normand married this Mlle Rem, if we are to believe an epigram current at the time:

Pour réparer *miseriam*
Que Pompadour fit à la France,
Le Normand, plein de conscience,
Vient d'épouser *rempublicam*. (B.)
To make amends for *miseriam*
That with La Pompadour began,
Le Normand, conscientious man
Has just espoused *rempublicam*.

PERFORMANCE OF *ACIS ET GALATÉE* BY MADAME DE POMPADOUR'S COMPANY

Wash drawing by Cochin

[*face p. 122*

M. d'Arboulin made very fine promises to her; but she, like him, preferred life at Paris. She refused to intervene in the matter.

At the time when they used to play comedies[1] in the Private Apartments, I obtained a lieutenancy for a relation of mine in a curious way; it proves clearly the value that the greatest place on the slightest access to the Court. Madame disliked asking anything of M. d'Argenson; so urged by my family, who could not conceive that it could be difficult for me, in my position, to obtain an unimportant command for a good soldier, I made up my mind to seek out the Comte d'Argenson. I explained my request, and submitted a memorial to him. He received me coldly and made a few vague remarks. I went out, and the Marquis de V . . .[2], who was in the room and had heard my request, followed me.

"You want a command," he said to me; "there is one vacant, which has been promised to me for one of my protégés; but if you are willing to effect an exchange of favours, and to obtain one for me, I will give it up to you. I want to be a police officer, and you are in a position to obtain this place for me."

I said that I did not understand the joke.

"It is like this," he said; "*Tartuffe* is to be played in the Private Apartments, and there is a part of police officer consisting of a very few lines. Get Madame la Marquise to have me cast for this part, and the command is yours."

[1] See Historical Note A in the Appendix.

[2] Marquis de Voyer.

I did not promise anything, but I told the ſtory to Madame, who promised to see to it. The thing was done ; I obtained my command, and M. de V . . . thanked Madame, as if she had had him made a duke.

The King was often worried by the Parliaments, and he made a very ſtrange remark about them, which M. de Gontaut repeated to Dr. Quesnay in my presence.

" Yeſterday," said he, " the King was walking about the drawing-room with a gloomy air. Madame de Pompadour asked him if he felt any anxiety about his health, because he has been a little indisposed for some time. He replied : ' No, but I am much annoyed at all these remonſtrances.' ' What can happen,' said Madame, ' which could cause your Majeſty serious uneasiness ? Are you not maſter of the Parliaments as of your whole kingdom ? ' ' That is true,' said the King, ' but if it had not been for these councillors and these presidents, I should not have been ſtruck by *that gentleman*.' (He always alluded to his assassin in this way.) ' Ah ! Sire ! ' cried Madame Pompadour. ' Read the case,' said he, ' it is the talk of these gentlemen, whom he names, that turned his head.' ' But,' said Madame, ' I have often thought that if the Archbishop[1] could be sent to Rome . . .' ' Find someone to arrange that business,' said he, ' and I will give him whatever he wants.' "

Quesnay said that the King was right in all he said. The Archbishop was exiled a little later, and the King was seriously diſtressed at having been reduced to taking this course.

[1] M. de Beaumont. (B.)

"What a pity that such an honeſt man should be so obſtinate," he used often to say.

"And so limited," said someone one day.

"Silence," said the King sharply.

The Archbishop was very charitable and extremely generous but he often granted pensions without judgment.[1] He had granted one of a hundred louis to a very poor and pretty woman, who bore a fine name which did not belong to her. It was fear leſt she should plunge into vice which caused him to give her such a considerable sum in alms, and the woman played the hypocrite to a marvel. After she left the Archbishop's palace in a big coif, she would amuse herself with more than one lover.

The great have a bad habit of speaking moſt indiscreetly before their servants.

"They have laid their plans so well that they will succeed in persuading the Archbishop to go to Rome with a cardinal's hat, and if he wishes, he will be given a coadjutor," M. de Gontaut one day said to the Duc de . . . , ambiguously he thought.

[1] The following is an amusing example of the advantage taken of his natural kindness. Madame la Caille, who played duennas' parts at the Opéra-Comique, was sent to him as the mother of a family who deserved his protection. The prelate asked what he could do for her. "My Lord," said the actress, "a word in your handwriting to the Maréchal de Richelieu would induce him to give me a *demi-part*." M. de Beaumont, being unfamiliar with theatrical language, thought that *demi-part* meant a more generous share of the Maréchal's charity, and the letter was written in moſt urgent terms. The Marshal replied "that he thanked his Grace for his intereſt in the *Théâtre Italien* and in Madame la Caille, who was quite useful to the performance, but had, however, a voice that was not true; but the voice of His Grace was a greater recommendation than great talent, and the *demi-part* had been given to her." (B.)

A very plausible pretext had been found for presenting this plan and making it flattering to the Archbishop and agreeable to his feelings. The matter had been cleverly broached and success seemed certain. The King appeared to know nothing concerning the Archbishop. The negotiator acted as if it were his own idea, devised for the public good. He was a friend of the Archbishop, and sure of being well rewarded. A valet-de-chambre of the Duc de Gontaut, a handsome youth, perfectly understood the meaning of the Duke's mysterious remarks. He was one of the lovers of the lady of the hundred louis, whom he sometimes heard speaking of the Archbishop. She said she was a relation. He thought well to warn her that the Archbishop was being worked upon to induce him to live in Rome for the sole purpose of removing him from Paris. The lady did not fail to warn the Archbishop, as she feared she would lose her pension if he left. This warning tallied so closely with the negotiations which had been set on foot that the Archbishop had no doubt of its truth. He became gradually cooler in his conversations with the negotiator, whom he regarded as a traitor, and ended by breaking with him. These details did not become known till long after. The lady's lover having been sent to Bicêtre, among his papers were found her letters, which put people on the track, and he was made to confess the rest. In order not to compromise the Duc de Gontaut, the King was told that the valet-de-chambre had learned of the affair from a letter which he took from his master's coat. The King gave himself the pleasure of humiliating

the Archbishop over what he had learned about the conduct of the lady under his protection. She was found guilty, in conjunction with her precious lover, of swindling; but, before punishing her, the Lieutenant of Police was instructed to see His Grace, and inform him of the conduct of his relation and pensioner. The Archbishop had no objection to make after the proofs shown to him; he said, without concern, that she was not related to him.

"She is a wretch," he continued, "who, by her imposture, has stolen from me the goods of the poor. But God knows that in giving her so large a pension, I did not act lightly. I had at the time the example of a young woman who asked me for eighteen hundred francs, promising to live a good life as she had done up to then. I refused, and as she left she said: 'I shall turn to the left, your Grace, since the road to the right is closed.' The unhappy woman kept her word only too well: she found means of setting up a gaming house, which is tolerated, and, to the baseſt of conduct, she has added the infamous trade of a corrupter of youth; her house is the haunt of all the vices. Consider in the light of that, sir, whether it was not prudent of me to give to the woman in queſtion a pension suitable to the position to which I thought she had been born, in order to prevent her, who was young, pretty and witty, from abusing these gifts, ruining herself and dragging others to ruin."

The Lieutenant of Police told the King that he was touched by the candour and noble simplicity of the prelate.

"I have never had any doubt about his virtues," said the King, "but I wish that he would keep quiet."

This same archbishop gave a pension of twelve hundred livres to the worst man in Paris. He was a poet[1] who had written abominable poems. The pension was granted on condition that the poems should never be printed. I learned this fact from M. de Marigny, to whom he recited the poems one day when he was supping with him and some persons of the Court, in order to retail to them his horrible poem.

"This comes from my good archbishop," said he, clinking some gold in his pocket, "I am keeping my word; my poem will never be printed in my lifetime, but I read it . . . ." Then he began to laugh: "What would the good prelate say if he knew that I had shared my quarter's allowance with a charming little dancer at the *Italiens*? 'It is the Archbishop who is keeping me then?' she said to me. 'How funny!'"

The King heard of this and was scandalised.

"It is very difficult to do good," he said.

The King came into Madame's room one day as she was finishing dressing; I was alone with her.

"A peculiar thing has just happened to me," he

[1] Robbé de Beauveset, famed or at least known for impious and licentious verse. His dissolute life was on a par with the cynicism of his writings. He reformed towards the middle of his life, touched by the representations of the Comte d'Autré, a very religious person, who ceased to be so after he had converted Robbé. He said: "I have done for my salvation what one does in military service, secured a substitute."

Robbé died at Saint-Germain in 1794. His poems defile many anthologies, but have never been collected. (B.)

said. "Would you believe that on returning to my bedroom, after leaving my wardrobe, I found a man ſtanding before me?"

"Heavens! Sire," said Madame, terrified.

"It is nothing," he went on; "but I confeſs that I was greatly ſurpriſed. The man ſeemed ſtupefied. 'What are you doing here?' I ſaid to him quite politely. He threw himſelf on his knees, saying 'Pardon me, Sire, and above all have me ſearched.' He haſtily emptied his pockets himſelf, took off his coat, diſtreſſed and bewildered. Finally he told me that he was . . . . .'s cook and a friend of Beccari, whom he had come to ſee. He had taken the wrong ſtaircaſe, and, all the doors being open, he had arrived at the room where he now was and which he would have left at once. I rang and Guimard appeared and was much aſtoniſhed at my tête-à-tête with a man in his ſhirt-ſleeves. He begged Guimard to go with him into another room and to ſearch him even in the moſt ſecret places. Finally the poor devil came back and put his coat on again. Guimard ſaid to me: 'He is certainly an honeſt man who is telling the truth, and in any caſe it will be eaſy to find out about him.' Another of my Palace ſervants came in and was found to know the fellow. 'I can anſwer for this worthy man,' ſaid he, 'who beſides makes *bœuf à l'écarlate* better than anybody.' Seeing that the man was ſo mazed that he could neither find the door nor keep ſtill, I took fifty louis from my deſk, and ſaid, 'Take this, Sir, to calm your fears.' He went out bowing to the ground."

Madame marvelled that the King's room could be entered in this way. He spoke calmly of this strange apparition, but it could be seen that he was putting a restraint on himself, and that he had been frightened, and no wonder. Madame greatly approved of the gratuity, and she had the more reason, as this was by no means the King's custom. M. de Marigny, in commenting on this adventure, which I related to him, said that he would have bet a thousand louis against the gift of the fifty louis, if anyone else but me had told him of this touch.

"It is a peculiar thing," he added, "that the whole race of the Valois were liberal to excess, while the same is by no means true of the Bourbons, who are accused of being a little miserly. Henri IV passed for a miser. He gave to his mistresses because he was weak with them, and he gambled with the eagerness of a man whose fortune depends on the game. Louis XIV gave out of ostentation. It is extraordinary," went on M. de Marigny, "to think what a terrible thing might have happened. The King might have been assassinated in his room without anyone knowing, and without its being possible to find out who did it."

Madame was affected by this for more than a fortnight. She had a quarrel with her brother about this time, and both were in the right. Madame was offered for him the daughter of one of the greatest noblemen at Court, and the King agreed to make him a Duke by letters patent or even an hereditary Duke. She was right in wishing to raise her brother; but she said that he loved his liberty above everything,

and that he would not make the sacrifice except for someone he loved. He was a real epicurean philosopher, very capable, according to impartial judges who knew him well, and who judged him without envy. He could, if he had wished it, have succeeded M. de Saint-Florentin, and have had the Admiralty when M. de Machault retired.

"I am sparing you many troubles," he said to his sister at this time, "in thus depriving you of a light satisfaction; the public would be unjust to me, however well I did in my post. As to that of M. de Saint-Florentin, he may live for twentyfive years, and that would not advance me at all; the mistresses are quite enough hated for themselves, without bringing upon themselves the hatred that is felt for ministers."

It was M. Quesnay who related this conversation to me.

The King had another mistress who made Madame uneasy; she was a woman of quality whose husband was one of the most assiduous of courtiers. He had been born without property, and his wife was not rich. A man attached to the King, who had the opportunity to examine his coats as he took them off, asked me for an appointment one day. He told me that he was greatly attached to Madame, because she was good and useful to the King; that, as he was putting away a coat that the King had taken off, a letter fell from it. He had had the curiosity to read it. It was from the Comtesse de . . . . who had already yielded to the King's desires. He then told me the terms in which she demanded the

dismissal of Madame within a fortnight, fifty thousand crowns in cash, a regiment for one relation, a bishopric for another, etc. I replied to this person that I would inform Madame, who behaved with singular magnanimity.

"I ought," she said to me, "to tell the King of the treachery of his servant, who could take advantage of his position to pry into and abuse important secrets; but I am reluctant to be the cause of a man's ruin. However, I cannot leave him near the King, and this is what I am going to do. Tell him that there is an employment worth ten thousand livres a year vacant in the provinces. He must ask the Minister of Finance for this vacancy, and make use of whatever interest he has. It will be granted to him, but, if he speaks, the King will be informed of his conduct. In this way, I think I shall have done all that attachment and duty bid me; I am ridding the King of an unfaithful servant without ruining him. I consider it a happy chance that I learnt this morning that the position would be vacant, and I shall compensate the person who applied to me for it."

I carried out Madame's orders, and admired her delicacy and skill. She was not uneasy about the lady when she knew her claims. "She is going too fast," she told me, "and she will have a fall." The lady died.

"That is what the Court is. Everyone, high and low, is corrupt," I said one day to Madame, who was speaking of certain facts with which I was acquainted.

"I might tell you many others," she replied, "but the little room where you sit, teaches you enough."

This was a little retreat near Madame's room, where I received no one and from which could be heard part of what was said. The Lieutenant of Police sometimes entered privately by this room and waited there. Three or four important persons also used to pass through it in the greatest secrecy, and several pious persons who really belonged to the party opposed to Madame. But they were not content with small requests: one demanded a governorship, another admittance to the Council, another the post of captain of the guards. The last would have secured it, too, if the Maréchale de Mirepoix had not asked for it for her brother, the Prince de Beauvau. The Chevalier de Muy was not one of these faithless persons; the position of Constable itself would not have caused him to make an advance to Madame, still less to betray his master, the Dauphin. This Prince was utterly weary of his part; importuned incessantly by ambitious men who played the Cato or feigned righteousness, he sometimes out of prejudice took action against a minister, but he soon relapsed into inaction and weariness.

"My son," the King would say sometimes, "is lazy, and his character is Polish, lively and changeable. He has no tastes: hunting, women, good living, all mean nothing to him. Perhaps he believes that if he were in my place, he would be happy. At the beginning, he would change everything, would seem to be creating everything afresh; but soon perhaps he would be wearied of the state of King, as he is now of his present state. He was born to live as a philosopher with men of intellect." The King added:

"He loves the good, he is really virtuous and enlightened."

"In order to esteem men," M. de Saint-Germain[1] said one day to the King, "you must not be a confessor, a minister, or a lieutenant of police."

"Or a king," said the King.

"Ah, Sire," he replied, "you remember the fog there was a few days ago; you could not see a few feet ahead. Kings—I speak generally—are surrounded by still thicker fogs, which are formed round them by intriguers and unfaithful ministers; and everyone in all classes conspires to make them see things in a light different from the true one."

I heard this from the mouth of the famous Comte de Saint-Germain, while in attendance on Madame, who was indisposed and in bed. The King arrived; and the Count, who was very welcome, had been received. M. de Gontaut, Madame de Brancas and the Abbé de Bernis were there. I remember that on the same day, after the Count had left, the King made a remark which troubled Madame. They were discussing the King of Prussia.

"He is a madman," the King said, "who will risk all on one throw, and who may win the game, although without religion, morals or principles. He wants to be talked about, and he will be; Julian the Apostate was."

"I have never seen him so animated," Madame said, after he had gone, "but really the comparison with Julian the Apostate is not bad, considering the irreligiousness of the King of Prussia. If he wins

[1] The charlatan who took this name. (B.)

through with all the enemies he has, he will be one of the great men in history."

"Madame is just in her judgments," M. de Bernis said; "for she has no more reason to be pleased with him than I have who approve her."

Madame never enjoyed such credit as when M. de Choiseul entered the Ministry. During the time of the Abbé de Bernis, she made it her business to support him, and he dealt only with foreign affairs, on which he was not very well informed, according to rumour. Madame had made the Treaty of Vienna, of which, in fact, the Abbé had given her the first idea. The King often talked to Madame about this, so several people told me; but I myself never heard anything on the subject, except that Madame praised very highly the Empress and the Prince de Kaunitz, whom she had known well. She used to say that he had a sound head, the head of a minister; and one day, when she was expressing herself thus, someone attempted to ridicule the Prince over his style of hairdressing and the four valets-de-chambres who made the powder fly with sprays so that Kaunitz, as he ran, received only the superfine part.

"It is like Alcibiades," Madame said, "who had his dog's tail cut off to give the Athenians something to talk about, and to take their attention off the things he wanted to conceal from them."

The public was never more incensed against Madame than after the news of the battle of Rosbach. Every day there were anonymous letters full of the coarsest insults, offensive verses, threats of poison

and assassination. For long she was plunged in the deepest grief and could not sleep except with sedatives. The protection she afforded to the Prince de Soubise excited the utmost displeasure, and the Lieutenant of Police had great difficulty in calming people's minds on this score. The King claimed that it was not his fault. M. du Verney[1] was Madame's confidential adviser in military matters, and it is said that he understood them perfectly, although he was not a soldier. Old Maréchal de Noailles contemptuously called him the Flour General; Maréchal de Saxe said one day to Madame that du Verney knew more about it than this old Marshal. Du Verney came to see Madame one day when the King, the Minister for War, and two Marshals were present; he outlined a plan of campaign which was generally applauded. It was he who secured the appointment of M. de Richelieu to command the army, in place of the Maréchal d'Estrées. He came to see Quesnay two days later, when I was there. The doctor began to talk of military matters.

"Soldiers," I remember he said, "make a great mystery of their art; but why have young princes all such great success? Because they are active and bold. Why do sovereigns who command their troops do great things? Because they are master, and can take risks."

This speech made an impression on me.

The King's physician-in-chief came to see Madame one day; he spoke of madmen and madness. The King was there, and anything to do with diseases of all

[1] Brother of M. de Montmartel, and a man of great talents. (B.)

kinds interested him. The doctor said that he recognised the symptoms of madness six months ahead.

"Are there any people at court who are likely to go mad?" the King asked.

"I know one who will be an imbecile in three months," said he.

The King urged him to tell the name. He refused for some time, but finally said: "It is M. de Séchelles, the Controller-General."

"You have a grudge against him," said Madame, "because he did not grant what you asked."

"That is true," said he, "but that could only make me tell an unpleasant truth, not invent one. He is weakening; he wants at his age to play the gallant, and I see that he is losing the thread of his ideas."

The King burst out laughing, but three months after he came to Madame and said: "Séchelles has been drivelling in full Council; we must appoint a successor."

Madame told me this story going to Choisy. Some time after the physician-in-chief came to see Madame and spoke to her privately.

"You like M. Berryer," said he, "and I am sorry to be obliged to warn your Ladyship that he will shortly either go mad or become paralysed. This morning I saw him at chapel, where he was seated on one of those very low chairs which are used only for kneeling on. His knees were touching his chin. I went to his house after Mass; his eyes were wild, and, on his secretary's saying something to him, he said in the most emphatically ridiculous tones:

'Be quiet, pen. A pen is made for writing and not for speaking.'"[1]

Madame, who liked the Keeper of the Seals, was much distressed, and begged the physician-in-chief not to speak of his discoveries. Four days later, M. Berryer, fell into a catalepsy after wandering in his mind. It is a disease of which I did not even know the name, which I got written down for me. The patient remains in the position in which he was at the time of the attack—a leg in the air, if that was the position, eyes open, etc. This last story, on the death of the Minister, became known to all the Court.

When the son of Maréchal de Belle-Isle was killed at the army, Madame urged the King to go to see the Marshal. He had some difficulty in making up his mind, and Madame said to him, with a kind of anger mixed with sweetness, and as if in joke :—

"Barbare, dont l'orgueil
Croit le sang d'un sujet trop payé d'un coup d'œil."[2]

The King laughed.

"Whose are those fine verses ?" he asked.

"Voltaire's," said Madame.

"I am the barbarian," said the King, "who gave him a post as Gentleman-in-Ordinary and a pension."

The King went to visit the Marshal, attended by all his Court ; and it seemed only too true that this

[1] The doctor might have been wrong and the Minister right, for the word "pen" applied to a secretary who never leaves his pen, is often said in joke. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

[2] Barbarian whose pride thinks the blood of a subject well rewarded by a glance.

ceremonial visit consoled the Marshal for the loss of his son, the sole heir to his name.[1] When the Marshal died, he was carried to his town house on a wretched litter, covered with a wretched covering. I met it; the bearers were laughing and singing. I thought it was some servant, and, on asking who it was, I was extremely surprised to learn that it was a man loaded with honours and riches. Such is the Court. The dead are wrong, and they disappear none too soon.

"Well, Fouquet is dead," said the King.

"He was not Fouquet any longer," the Duke d'Ayen replied; "your Majesty had given him leave to abandon the name, although it was the best part of his nose."[2]

The King shrugged his shoulders. M. Fouquet had in fact obtained registered letters patent, entitling him, when minister, not to sign himself Fouquet, I learned that on this occasion.

M. de Choiseul got the War Office on his death; his credit increased daily. Madame had a greater esteem for him than for any other minister, and his way with her was most amiable, respectful and gallant. He did not let a day pass without seeing her. M. de Marigny could not endure M. de Choiseul; but he spoke of this only to his intimate friends. One day he was with Quesnay when I visited him; they were speaking of M. de Choiseul.

"He is only a coxcomb," said the doctor, "and, if he were handsomer, a born favourite for Henri III."

[1] The Marshal made the King heir to part of his property. (B.)

[2] Fouquet, a tern, a sea-swallow, a squirrel. (?T.)

The Marquis de Mirabeau came in and M. de la Rivière.[1]

"This realm," said Mirabeau, "is in evil case; there is no energy in it, and no money to make up for the lack of it."

"It can be regenerated," said la Rivière, "only by conquest, like China, or by some great internal upheaval; but woe to those alive then! There are no half measures about the French."

These words made me tremble and I hastened to leave. M. de Marigny did the same, without appearing to be affected by what was being said.

"You heard," he said to me, "but do not be afraid; nothing of what is said at the Doctor's is repeated. They are honourable men, though somewhat fantastic. They do not know when to stop. Still they are, I believe, on the right road. The worst of it is that they shoot past the goal."

I wrote this down when I got home.

The Comte de Saint-Germain came to see Madame, when she was indisposed and lying on her couch, and showed her a little box containing topazes, rubies and emeralds. It seems that they were worth vast sums. Madame had called me in to see all these beautiful things. I looked at them in wonder; but I made signs secretly to Madame that I did not believe they were real. The Comte searched for something in a pocket book twice as big as a spectacle case, and drew out two or three little papers, which he unfolded and

[1] Mercier de la Rivière, Parliamentary Councillor, a former Commissioner for Martinique, and author of a huge book which made a great stir when it appeared, called *De l'ordre naturel et essentiel des sociétés politiques.* (B.)

displayed a superb ruby; he threw contempuously aside on to the table a little cross of white and green stones. I looked at it, and said, "This is not so contemptible." I tried it on, and made a show of thinking it very pretty. The Comte at once begged me to accept it; I refused, he insisted. Madame also refused on my behalf. Finally, he pressed me so much that Madame, who saw that it could scarcely be worth more than forty louis, signed to me to accept it. I took the cross, much pleased with the Comte's fine manners; Madame, a few days later, made him a present of an enamel box on which was a picture of I forget which Greek philosopher, as a comparison with himself. I had the cross examined and it was worth fifteen hundred francs. He proposed to show Madame some portraits in enamel by Petitot; and Madame told him to return after dinner, during the hunt. He showed his portraits.

"People are talking of a charming story," Madame said to him; "which you told two days ago at supper at M. le Premier's, and of which you were a witness fifty or sixty years ago."

He smiled and said: "It is rather long."

"All the better," said Madame, and she appeared delighted.

M. de Gontaut and the ladies arrived, and the door was shut. Then Madame signed to me to sit behind a screen. The Count made many apologies, because his story might perhaps be tedious. He said that sometimes one told a story passably well, while another time it sounded quite different.

"The Marquis de Saint-Gilles, at the beginning of

this century, was Spanish ambassador at the Hague, and in his youth he had known intimately the Comte de Moncade, a grandee of Spain and one of the richeſt noblemen of that country. A few months after his arrival at the Hague, he received a letter from the Count, who appealed to his friendship and begged him to do him the greateſt of services. 'You knew, my dear Marquis,' he said, 'my grief at not being able to perpetuate the name of Moncade; it pleased Heaven soon after I left you to liſten to my prayers and to grant me a son. He early showed inclinations worthy of a man of his birth, but ill luck has caused him to fall in love at Toledo with the moſt famous actress belonging to the troup of comedians of that town. I shut my eyes to this wildness of a young man who up till then had given nothing but satisfaction. But, after I learned that passion had carried him to the point of wishing to marry this wench, and that he had made her a promise of marriage in writing, I petitioned the King to have her shut up. My son, learning of my proceedings, anticipated them, and fled with the object of his passion. For more than six months I have been ignorant whither his ſteps had led him, but I have reason to believe that he is at the Hague.'

"The Count then conjured the Marquis, in the name of friendship, to make the moſt thorough search in order to discover the son and urge him to return home. 'It will be only fair,' said the Count, 'to provide a position for the wench, if she consents to give up the letter promising marriage which she secured; and I leave you free to bargain in her

interests, as well as to fix the sum that my son will require in order to return to Madrid in a fitting state. I do not know if you are a father,' said the Count in conclusion, 'but if you are, you will have an idea of my anxieties.'

"The Count added an exact description of his son and his mistress. The Marquis no sooner received this letter than he sent to all the inns in Amsterdam, Rotterdam and the Hague; but in vain; he could not discover anything. He was beginning to despair of his search, when he had the idea of employing a very wideawake young French page. He promised him a reward if he succeeded in discovering the person who interested him so keenly, and gave him his description. The page searched all public places for several days without success; at last one evening, at the play, he noticed a young man and a woman in a box. He examined them carefully, and seeing that the young man and the woman, struck by his attention, retired to the back of the box, the page did not doubt but that he had been successful in his search. He did not lose sight of the box, and carefully watched all the movements in it. The moment the piece was over, he went to the passage which led from the boxes to the door, and he noticed that the young man, passing him and doubtless remarking the livery he wore, tried to hide himself by putting his handkerchief over his mouth. He followed him unostentatiously to an inn called *The Viscount of Turenne*, and saw him enter it with the woman. Then sure that he had found what he was looking for, he ran quickly to tell the Ambassador. The Marquis de Saint-Gilles

repaired at once to *The Viscount of Turenne*, clad in a cloak, and followed by his page and two servants. On arriving at the inn, he asked the master of the house which was the room of a young man and a woman who had been lodging with him for some time. The master of the inn at first made some difficulties about giving him the information, since he did not ask for the young people by their name. The page told him to remember that he was talking to the Spanish Ambassador, who had reasons for speaking to these persons. The inn-keeper said that they did not wish to be known, and had forbidden him to admit people who, on asking for them, did not do so by their name. But, out of regard for the Ambassador, he pointed out the room, and led him to the top of the house to one of the poorest rooms. He knocked at the door, but there was delay in answering; finally, after he had knocked again somewhat loudly, the door was half opened, and, at the sight of the Ambassador and his following, the man who had half opened the door tried to close it again, saying that it was a mistake. The Ambassador firmly pushed the door open, went in and signed to his people to wait outside. He saw a young man of very handsome face whose features corresponded exactly to those specified in the description. With him was a young woman, beautiful and well made, also closely resembling, in the colour of her hair, her figure and the contour of her face, the woman described by his friend, the Comte de Moncade. The young man was the first to speak; he complained of the violence used to enter the room of a stranger who was in a free country and who lived there under the

protection of its laws. The Ambassador replied, going towards him to kiss him :

" ' There is no question of pretending here, my dear Count ; I know you and I have not come to trouble you nor this young lady, who seems to me most attractive.'

" The young man replied that it was a mistake, that he was not a Count, but the son of a merchant of Cadiz, that the young lady was his wife, and that they were travelling for pleasure. The Ambassador cast his eyes over the room, which was very badly furnished and contained only one bed, and on the very shabby baggage scattered about.

" ' Is this the sort of place, my dear child—allow me to use this form of address authorised by my tender friendship for your father—is this the sort of place where the son of the Comte de Moncade should be living ? '

" The young man kept protesting that he understood none of this talk. But at last, overcome by the entreaties of the Ambassador, he confessed with tears that he was the son of Moncade, but that he would never return to his father, if he had to give up a young woman whom he adored. The woman, bursting into tears, threw herself at the Ambassador's feet, declaring that she did not wish to be the cause of the ruin of the Comte de Moncade ; and her generosity, or rather her love, triumphing over her own interests, she consented, for his happiness, she said, to separate from him. The Ambassador admired such noble disinterestedness. The young man was in despair, reproached his mistress, and refused to abandon her,

to turn againſt herself, againſt so eſtimable a person, the sublime generosity of her heart.

" The Ambassador said that the intention of the Comte de Moncade was by no means to make her unhappy, and announced that he was inſtructed to give her a sum suitable to enable her to return to Spain or to live in any place she wished. The nobility of her sentiments and the reality of her tenderness inspired, he said, the greateſt intereſt in him, and urged him to make as high as possible, for the moment, the sum that he was authorised to give her; and, consequently, he promised her ten thousand florins, about thirty thousand francs, which would be paid the moment she handed over the engagement of marriage made to her, and the Comte de Moncade had taken a lodging at the Ambassador's and promised to return to Spain.

" The young woman seemed to pay no attention to the sum, and thought only of her lover and her grief at leaving him, of the cruel sacrifice to which reason and her own love obliged her to subscribe. Then taking from a little portfolio the promise of marriage signed by the Count, she said: 'I know it too well by heart to need it.' She kissed it several times with a kind of rapture, and handed it to the Ambassador, who remained surprised at such magnanimity. He promised the young woman always to intereſt himself in her fate, and assured the Count that his father would forgive him.

" 'He will receive with open arms,' he said, 'the prodigal son returning to the bosom of his sorrowful family; the heart of a father is an inexhauſtible mine

of tenderness. How great will be the happiness of my friend, who has so long been afflicted, when he learns this news! and how happy I am to be the instrument of his felicity!'

"Such was part of the speech of the Ambassador, by which the young man seemed deeply touched. The Ambassador, fearing that love would resume its full sway during the night, and would triumph over the generous resolution of the lady, urged the young man to follow him to his house. The tears, the cries of grief that this cruel separation called forth, are difficult to describe and touched the heart of the Ambassador keenly. He promised the young lady his protection. The Count's small amount of luggage was not difficult to carry, and that evening found him installed in the finest room of the Ambassador, who was overjoyed at having restored to the illustrious house of Moncade the heir of its greatness and of the many magnificent domains of which it was possessed.

"On the morrow of this happy day, the young Count on rising saw arrive tailors, merchants of cloth, lace, etc., and he had only to choose. There were two valets-de-chambre and three lackeys in his ante-chamber, chosen by the Ambassador from among the most intelligent and honest of their class; they introduced themselves as at his service. The Ambassador showed the young Count the letter he had just written to his father; in it he congratulated him on having a son whose sentiments and qualities were worthy of the nobility of his blood, and announced his immediate return. The young lady was not forgotten;

he confessed that he owed the submission of her lover partly to her generosity, and doubted not that the Count would approve the gift of ten thousand florins which he had made to her. The sum was handed over that very day to this noble and interesting person, who left without delay. Preparations were made for the Count's journey: a magnificent wardrobe and an excellent carriage were embarked at Rotterdam on a vessel setting sail for France, on which it was decided that the Count should travel; from that country he was to proceed to Spain. A large sum of money was handed to the young Count on his departure, together with bills of exchange on Paris for a considerable sum. The farewells between the Ambassador and the young nobleman were most touching.

"The Ambassador awaited with impatience the reply of the Comte de Moncade, and, putting himself in the Count's place, he enjoyed his friend's pleasure. At last, after four months, he received the eagerly awaited reply; and it would be a vain effort to try to describe the surprise of the Ambassador when he read the following words:

"'Heaven has never granted me, my dear Marquis, the satisfaction of being a father; and, loaded as I am with wealth and honours, the sorrow of having no heir and of seeing an illustrious race die with me, has cast the greatest bitterness over my life. I learn with extreme distress that you have been deceived by a young adventurer who has abused the knowledge he possessed of our old friendship. But your Excellency must not be his dupe. It was indeed the Comte de Moncade that you wished to oblige; he must repay

what your generous friendship hastened to advance in order to secure him a happiness which he would have felt very keenly. I hope then, Marquis, that Your Excellency will make no difficulty about accepting the return, enclosed in this letter, of the three thousand French louis of which you sent me a note.' "

The way in which the Comte de Saint-Germain reproduced the talk of the young adventurer, his mistress and the Ambassador made us weep and laugh by turns. The story is true in every particular, and, so those who heard the story said, the adventurer excelled Gusman d'Alfarache in cleverness. Madame had an idea of having a comedy made of it, and the Count sent her a written version of it, which I have copied here.

M. Duclos used to visit the Doctor and harangue them with his usual vehemence.

" The world is unjust," I heard him say to two or three people, " to the great ministers and princes: for example, nothing is more usual than to speak ill of their intelligence. A few days ago I greatly surprised one of the little gentlemen of the infallible brigade by telling him that I would prove that there had been more persons of intellect in the last hundred years among the Bourbons than in any other race."

" You proved that ? " said somebody with a sneer.

" Yes," said Duclos, " and I will repeat it to you. The great Condé was no fool, you will agree, and the Duchesse de Longueville is quoted as one of the wittiest of women. The Regent was a man who had few equals in all branches of intellect and knowledge; the Prince de Conti, who was elected King of Poland,

was renowned for his wit, and his verses are equal to those of la Fare and Saint-Aulaire; the Duc de Bourgogne was well informed and enlightened. Her Grace, the Duchess, daughter of Louis XIV, had infinite wit, and wrote epigrams and couplets. The Duc du Maine is known generally only for his weakness but no one had more charm of mind. His wife was a mad woman, but she loved literature, was a good judge of poetry, and her imagination was brilliant and inexhaustible. That will suffice, I think, and, as I am no flatterer and dread anything which has the appearance of flattery, I will not speak of those still alive."

The company was surprised at this list and everyone agreed on the truth of what had been said.

"We hear every day of d'Argenson the stupid,"[1] Duclos added, "because he has a good-natured air and a bourgeois tone. But I do not think there have been many ministers so well informed and so enlightened."

I took a pen from the Doctor's table and asked M. Duclos to dictate to me all the names he had quoted and the little eulogy he had pronounced on them.

"If you show that to the Marquise," said Duclos, "tell her clearly how it arose, and that I did not say it in order that it might reach her and perhaps go

[1] The reference is to René-Louis d'Argenson who was Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was the author of *Considérations sur le gouvernement* and several other writings from which publicists are always borrowing things they imagine they have thought out themselves. This man, who was full of ideas and knew how to express them, was none the less called "d'Argenson the stupid." Some thought that this simple and even foolish look was put on. "It is not always stupid to look stupid," says Walter Scott in *Old Mortality*. (B.)

further. I am a historiographer, and I will do justice, but often I shall also condemn."[1]

"I'll warrant that," said the Doctor, "and our master will be painted as he is. Louis XIV loved poetry and protected poets; that was perhaps good enough for his time because one must begin with something; but this century will be much greater; and it must be agreed that Louis XV, by sending astronomers to Mexico and Peru to measure the earth, offers something more important than ordering the production of operas. He has opened the barrier to philosophy, in spite of the squalling of the pious, and the Encyclopædia will be the honour of his reign."

Duclos meanwhile was nodding his head. I went away and tried to write down all I had heard while it was still fresh. I had a valet-de-chambre, who has a good hand, copy the part that related to the Princes and gave it to Madame.

"What!" she said to me, however; "are you seeing Duclos? Do you aspire to be a wit, my dear good creature? It does not suit you."

"Far from it," I said; and I told her how I had met him by chance at the Doctor's, where he used to pass an hour when he came to Versailles.

"The King knows that he is an honest man," she said.

Madame was ill, and the King came to see her several times every day; I went out when he entered, but, remaining a few minutes to give her a glass of chicory water, I heard the King speaking of Madame d'Egmont.

[1] He found occasion to condemn Madame de Pompadour.

"That name," said Madame, raising her eyes to heaven, "always recalls to me a most sad and barbarous thing, but it was not my fault."

These words and, above all, the tone in which they were uttered, remained in my mind.

As I stayed by Madame until three hours after midnight to read to her for part of the time, it was easy for me to try to satisfy my curiosity. I seized a moment when the reading had been interrupted.

"Madame seemed dismayed," I said, "when the King pronounced the name of d'Egmont."

At these words she raised her eyes to heaven.

"You would think like me if you knew what it was about," she said.

"It must be something very touching," I replied, "for I do not think it concerns Madame."

"No," she said, "but after all, as I am not the only one acquainted with the story, and as I know you to be discreet, I will tell it to you. The last Comte d'Egmont married the daughter of the Duc de Villars; but the Duchess had never lived with her husband, and the Comtesse d'Egmont was the daughter of the Chevalier d'Orléans.[1] On the death of her husband, the Comtesse, who was young, beautiful and amiable, and heiress to an immense fortune, was the object of the vows of the most distinguished men at Court. The spiritual director of the mother of the Comtesse d'Egmont called on her one day, and asked for a private conversation; then he revealed to her that she was the fruit of an adulterous union, for which her mother had been doing penance for twenty-five years. 'She

[1] Legitimate son of the Regent, Grand Prior of France. (B.)

could not,' said the director, 'oppose your first marriage, although she lamented it. God has not permitted you to have children, but if you remarry, Madame, you run the risk of allowing to pass to a strange family immense wealth which does not belong to you, and which is the proceeds of crime.'

"Madame d'Egmont listened with horror to this account. Her mother came in at the same moment, bathed in tears, and on her knees asked her daughter to prevent her eternal damnation.

"Madame d'Egmont tried to reassure her mother and herself, and said to her: 'What am I to do?' The director replied: 'Consecrate yourself wholly to God and thus wipe out your mother's sin.' The Comtesse, who was quite terrified, promised what was demanded of her and made up her mind to join the Carmelites.

"I heard of it, and spoke to the King of the barbarous cruelty which the Duchess and the director were practising upon this unhappy woman; but we did not know how to stop it. The King, full of kindness, urged the Queen to offer her a post as Lady of the Palace, and, through her friends, tried to persuade the Duchess to stop her daughter from joining the Carmelites. It was in vain, and the unhappy victim was sacrificed."

Madame had the whim to consult a sorceress, called Madame Bontemps, who had told the fortune of the Abbé de Bernis, as I have already described, and who had said surprising things to him. M. de Choiseul, to whom she spoke of the matter, said that she had also foretold fine things for him.

"I know," said Madame, "and you have in return promised her a carriage; but she still goes on foot, the poor sorceress."

Madame told me this, asking me at the same time how she could disguise herself so as to see the fortune-teller without being recognised. I did not dare to make any proposal in case it did not succeed; but two days later I spoke to her surgeon about the art the poor possess of raising ulcers and changing their features. He told me that this was easy. I let the matter drop.

"If one could change one's features," I said a few minutes later," one could have great diversion at the Opera Ball. What would have to be changed in me to make me unrecognisable?"

"First of all," he replied, "the colour of your hair, then your nose. Then you would have to put a spot on some part of your face, or a little wart with a few hairs."

"Arrange all this for me for the next ball," I said, laughing; "it is twenty years since I have been to one; but I am dying with desire to embarrass someone and to say to him things which only I can say to him. A quarter of an hour afterwards I shall return and go to bed."

"It is necessary to have the measure of your nose taken, or take it yourself with wax, and I will have the nose made; and you have time to have a little blonde or brown wig made."

I informed Madame of what the surgeon had said to me, and she was delighted. I took the measure of her nose and mine, and gave them to the surgeon, who,

two days later, gave me the two noses, together with a wart for Madame to put under her left eye, and the wherewithal to paint her eyebrows. The noses were very delicately made, of a bladder, I think, and with the other things, made the face unrecognisable without any startling effect. This done, it remained only to apprise the sorceress, and we awaited a short visit to Paris that Madame was to pay in order to see her house. Then I sent word, by a person with whom I had no connection, to a maid of the Duchesse de Ruffec, asking her to obtain an appointment with the sorceress. She made difficulties on account of the police; but secrecy was promised, and she was told where to come to. Nothing was less in keeping with Madame's character than things like this, for she was very timid. But her curiosity was roused to extreme pitch, and, besides, everything had been so arranged that there was not the slightest risk. Madame had taken M. de Gontaut into her confidence and also his valet-de-chambre. This man took two rooms near his town house for his niece then ill at Versailles. We set out in the evening on foot escorted by the valet-de-chambre, a trustworthy man, and the Duke; there was only at the most two hundred paces to go. When we arrived, we found two little rooms, in which there was a fire; the two men took one and we the other. Madame lay on a couch, wearing a nightcap wh ch unostentatiously concealed half her face; I stayed near the fire, leaning on a table on which were two candles. Near-by, on chairs, were some clothes of little value.

The sorceress rang, and a little servant girl opened

the door to her, and went to wait with the gentlemen. Coffee cups and a coffee pot had been set ready, and I had taken care to have some biscuits and Malaga wine placed on a little sideboard, because I knew that Madame Bontemps was used to help herself. Besides her face showed it.

"This lady is ill then?" she said, on seeing Madame lying languidly on the couch. I said that it was not serious, but that she had been keeping her room for a week. She heated the coffee a little, and prepared the two cups which she wiped carefully, saying that nothing impure must mingle in her operations. I appeared to be very glad to drink a drop, in order to give our oracle an excuse to quench her thirst, which she did without much pressing. When she had drunk two or three little glasses (for I had taken care not to have any big ones), she poured her coffee into one of the two big cups.

"This is yours," she said, "and that is your friend's. Let them be awhile.

Then she glanced at our hands, and looked us in the face; she next took a mirror from her pocket, made us look in it and looked at us in it. After that she took a glass of wine; then, looking at my cup and all the outlines made by the grounds of the coffee which she had poured out, she went into ecstasy.

"This is good: welfare . . . but here is black; sorrows . . . A man becomes a great consoler . . . Look in that corner, friends who give you support . . . Ah! who is the man who pursues them? But justice prevails . . . After rain sunshine . . . Long happy voyage. Stay! do

you see what looks like little bags ? That is money that has been paid ; and here is some which will also be paid, to you, of course . . . Good good . . . Do you see that arm ? Yes, it is a ſtrong arm which supports something : a veiled woman, I see her, it is you . . . I know all this, I do ; it is, as it were, a language I underſtand . . . You are not being attacked any more . . . I see it, because there are no more clouds there," she said, pointing to a clearer spot . . . " But, but, I see little lines which ſtart from the principal point. They are sons, daughters, nephews, and that's so so." She seemed overwhelmed by her effort and said : " That is all ; you have had good fortune at firſt, then evil. You have had a friend who rescued you from it. You have had lawsuits ; finally fortune made it up with you, and that will not change."

She drank a draught. " You now, madame," she said, and performed the same ceremony with the cup. Then she said : " Neither beautiful nor ugly. I catch a glimpse there of a serene sky ; and then all those things that seem to mount, those lines that rise ; they are applause . . . Here is a grave man who holds out his arms : do you see ? Look well."

" That's true," said Madame surprised (because it did look like that).

" He is pointing to a square there ; that is a great ſtrong box open . . . Fine weather . . . But here are clouds, gilt with azure surrounding you. Do you see that ship in the open sea ? What a favourable wind ! You are on it and you are arriving in a splendid country whose queen you become . . .

Ah! what do I see? Look at the ugly man, twisted and hunch-backed, who is pursuing you . . . ; but he will be made a laughing-stock . . . I see a very great man who supports you in his arms . . . Stay, look, it is a kind of giant . . . Here is much gold, silver, some clouds here and there . . . But you have nothing to fear . . . The vessel will be storm-tossed sometimes but will not be lost . . . *Dixi.*"

"When shall I die, and of what disease?" Madame asked.

"I never speak of that," she said, "fate does not wish it . . . and I am going to show you that fate confuses all," pointing to several confused heaps of coffee grounds.

"Let the date pass then," said Madame, "but what of the kind of death?"

The sorceress looked and said: "You will have time to acknowledge your errors."

I gave her only two louis in order not to attract attention. The sorceress left, after having recommended us to silence, and we rejoined M. de Gontaut, to whom we told everything. He laughed heartily and said: "It's like the clouds, you may read what you like in it."

There was something very impressive for me in my horoscope: that was "the consoler," because one of my uncles had taken charge of me, and done us the greatest services. After that, I had had a great lawsuit, and finally the money which came to me through Madame's protection and favours. As to Madame, her husband was sufficiently well described with the

strong box; then the country of which she became the queen seemed to indicate her position at court; but the most remarkable thing was the twisted and hunch-backed man in whom Madame thought she recognised the Duc de la . . . , who was very ill-made. Madame was charmed with her excursion and her horoscope, which she thought very accurate. Two days after, she sent for M. de Saint-Florentin, and recommended the sorceress to him, so that he should not do her any ill. He replied that he knew why she made this recommendation, and laughed. Madame, having asked the reason, he told her of her journey with extraordinary exactness,[1] but he knew nothing of what had been said, or at least he pretended he did not. He promised Madame that, provided that the sorceress did nothing of which anyone had to complain, he would not prosecute her on account of her trade, especially if she practised it with the utmost secrecy.

"I know her," he added, "and like others I have been curious enough to consult her. She is the wife of a soldier in the guards, who has a certain wit and the defect of getting drunk. Four or five years ago, she won an ascendency over the mind of the Duchess de Ruffec, and made her believe that she would procure for her an elixir of beauty which would restore her to what she was at twenty-five. The Duchess had to pay highly for the drugs necessary to make it up; and sometimes they are badly chosen; sometimes the sun to which they are exposed is not strong enough, and sometimes a certain constellation which

[1] He was Minister for Paris and the Lieutenant for Police reported to him. (B.)

is not in the heavens is necessary. Sometimes, too, she tries to prove to the Duchess that she has become more beautiful, and she is willing to believe it. But the most singular part is the story of the sorceress's daughter, who was as beautiful as an angel and whom the Duchess brought up in her own house. The Bontemps woman predicted to her daughter in the Duchess's presence, that she would marry a man with an income of sixty thousand livres. This was scarcely probable for a daughter of a soldier in the guards, but it happened. She married a madman called President Beaudouin ; but the tragic thing is that she had added that she would die in childbirth with her first child, and that she actually did die in childbirth at nineteen, being no doubt greatly impressed by her mother's prediction, which the extraordinary event of her marriage had made her believe in."

Madame told the King of the curiosity she had had, and he laughed, saying that he wished the police had stopped her ; but he added a very sensible remark : " In order to judge of the truth or falsity of such predictions, you would have to collect about fifty ; you would find that they consist almost always of the same phrases, some of which have no application and some of which apply to the person in question ; but that while the former are not mentioned, the latter are mentioned frequently."

I have heard, and it is certain, that M. de Bridge was an intimate friend of Madame when she was Madame d'Etioles. He rode with her, and as he was such a handsome man that he has kept the name of " *bel homme*," it was quite natural for people to think

he was the lover of a very beautiful woman. I have heard something even ſtronger; namely that the King said to M. de Bridge: "Agree with me that you were her lover, she has confeſſed to me, and I demand this proof of your ſincerity."

M. de Bridge replied that the Marquiſe was at liberty to amuſe herſelf doubtleſs or from ſome other motive, to ſay what ſhe pleaſed; but that he could not lie: he had been her friend; ſhe was charming and talented; he enjoyed her ſociety, but that there was nothing except friendſhip in his intercourſe with her. He added that her huſband was preſent at all their excurſions, that he had the keen eyes of a jealous man, and that he would never have allowed him to be with her ſo often if he had had any ſuſpicion. The King perſiſted, and told him that he was wrong to hide a thing of which he was certain.

It was alſo ſaid that the Abbé de Bernis had been the favoured lover. He was ſomething of a fop, the ſaid Abbé; he had a handſome face and was a poet; Madame was the ſubject of his gallant verſes, and the Abbé ſometimes received the compliments of his friends on his good fortune with a ſmile which implied their truth though he denied it.[1] It was ſaid for ſome time at Court that ſhe loved the Prince de Beauvau. He was a very gallant man, with a grand air, who played for high ſtakes in the drawing room; he was the brother of the little Maréchale;

[1] See *Hiſtorical Note* F for a biographical article on Cardinal de Bernis. This unpublished passage is all the more intereſting in that it was written by M. Loménie de Brienne, Archbiſhop of Toulouſe and a Miniſter under Louis XVI. (B.)

all this made Madame treat him well, but not noticeably so. Besides, she knew that he loved a very amiable woman.

It was a matter of course for people to talk of M. de Choiseul. Madame liked him better than any of those whom I have just named, but he was certainly not her lover. A lady whom I know well, and whom I did not wish to denounce to Madame, made up a completely false story about this. She pretended—or at least I have reason to believe so—that one day, hearing the King arrive, I ran to the door of Madame's study and coughed in a certain way, and that, the King being luckily entertained by talking to some ladies for a moment, there was time to readjust things; and that Madame came out with me and M. de Choiseul, as if we had been all three together. It is quite true that I went in to hand something to Madame without knowing of the King's arrival; that she came out with M. de Choiseul who had a paper in his hand, and that I came out some moments later. The King asked M. de Choiseul what the paper he was holdng was, and he said that it was a remonstrance from Parliament. Three or four ladies saw what I had described, and as, with the exception of one who was very malicious, the other two or three were honest and devoted to Madame, my suspicion could fall only on the one I have indicated, whom I do not wish to name because her brother always treated me well. Madame had a lively head and a feeling heart, but she was excessively cold in matters of love. Besides, it would have been very difficult for her, owing to the way she was surrounded, to have intimate intercourse

with anyone. It is true that it was less difficult with an all-powerful Minister who had to talk secretly with her at all times. But I shall mention something more decisive : M. de Choiseul had a charming mistress, the Princess de R——, and Madame used often to speak of her to him. Besides, he still had a liking for the Princesse de Kinski, who followed him from Vienna. It is true that soon after he thought her ridiculous. All this was well adapted to disincline Madame from amorous intercourse with the Duke ; but his talents as well as his amiability allured her. He was not handsome, but had manners of his own, a pleasing liveliness and a charming gaiety ; it is thus that people generally described him. He liked Madame very much ; at first this may have been from interested motives, but very soon he gained sufficient strength to stand alone, but he was none the less devoted to Madame or less attentive. He knew Madame's friendship for me, and he said to me one day, with the most feeling air : " I'm afraid, dear lady, that she is letting melancholy gain on her, and that she will die of grief. Try to distract her." I said to myself : " What a sad fate for the favourite of the greatest King."

One day after Madame had gone into her study with M. Berryer, Madame d'Amblimont stayed with Madame de Gontaut, who called me to talk of my son. A moment later, M. de Gontaut who had just come in, said : " D'Amblimont, whom do you give the Swiss to ? "

" Wait a minute," said she, " while I collect my wits. To M. de Choiseul."

"That is not so stupid," said M. de Gontaut, "but I assure you that you are the first to think of it."

He left us immediately, and Madame d'Ablimont said to me: "I wager that he has gone to communicate my idea to M. de Choiseul."

He came back soon after, and M. Berryer having gone, he said to Madame: "An extraordinary notion has come to d'Amblimont."

"What madness is this?" said Madame.

"Not such madness," said he. "She thinks that the Swiss should be given to M. de Choiseul; and if the King's engagements to M. de Soubise are not too definite, I can see nothing better."

"The King has made no promise," said Madame. "It was I who gave him hopes rather more than vague by saying that it might be. But although I like M. de Soubise, I do not think he can be compared for merit to M. de Choiseul."

The King having come in, Madame doubtless communicated the idea to him; and a quarter of an hour later, having come to speak to Madame, I heard the King say: "You will see that, because the Duc du Maine and his sons had the place, he thinks he should obtain it because he is a prince (Soubise); but Maréchal de Bassompierre was not a prince; and do you know that M. de Choiseul is his grand nephew?"

"Your Majesty knows the history of France better than anyone," replied Madame.

Two days later Madame de . . . said to me in my room: "I have two great causes for rejoicing: M. de Soubise will not have the Swiss, and Madame de Marsan will burst with rage over it; that is the

first ; and M. de Choiseul will have them, that is the greater."

Everybody was talking of a young lady with whom the King was as in love as he could be.[1] Her name was Romans and she was charming. Madame knew that the King was seeing her, and her confidants gave her alarming reports about it. Madame de Mirepoix alone, the best head on her council, gave her courage.

" I will not say that he loves you better than her," she said, " and if, by the waving of a wand, she could be transported here, and she could give him supper to-night, and knew his tastes, perhaps there would be some cause for you to tremble. But princes are above all creatures of habit ; the friendship of the King for you is the same as for your apartments, your surroundings ; you are used to his ways, his stories ; he is at his ease, and is not afaid of wearying you. Do you imagine that he has the courage to uproot all this in a day, to form another establishment, and to make himself a spectacle to the public by so great a change of scene ? "

The young lady became pregnant. The talk of the public, of the Court even, alarmed Madame exceedingly. It was said that the King would legitimise his son, and give the mother a rank.

" All that," said the Maréchale, " is of the time of Lousi XIV ; that is the grand manner which is not our Master's."

The indiscretions and boasts of Mademoiselle Romans ruined her in the King's mind. There were

[1] These paragraphs are entirely in another handwriting. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

even acts of violence practised against her of which Madame was completely innocent. Searches were made in her house and papers were taken, but the most important, those which recorded the King's paternity, had been removed. Finally, the young lady was brought to bed, and had her son baptised under the name of *Bourbon*, son of Charles de Bourbon, captain of cavalry. The mother believed that the eyes of all France were fixed on her, and saw in her son a Duc du Maine.

She nursed him herself, and used to go to the Bois de Boulogne, herself and the child both decked with the most beautiful lace ; she carried him in a sort of basket. She would sit on the grass in a lonely spot, but which was soon well known, and suckle her royal offspring. Madame was curious to see her, and went one day to the manufactory at Sèvres without telling me what her intentions were.

" I must go for a walk in the Bois de Boulogne," she said to me after she had bought some cups, and gave the order to stop at the place where she wished to alight. She was very well informed, and when she drew near the place, she gave me her arm, pulled her bonnet well down, and put her handkerchief over the lower part of her face. She walked for a few moments along a path from which she could see the lady nursing her child. Her jet back hair was drawn back with a comb studded with diamonds. She looked at us fixedly, and Madame greeted her, and, pushing me with her elbow, said, " Speak to her."

I advanced and said to her : " What a beautiful child."

"Yes," she said, "I agree, though I am his mother."

Madame, who was holding my arm, was trembling and I was not too assured. Mademoiselle Romans said: "Do you belong to the neighbourhood?"

"Yes, Madame," I said, "I live at Auteuil with this lady, who is at present suffering from a cruel tooth-ache."

"I pity her very much, for I know that ache, which often torments me acutely."

I looked round everywhere fearing that someone might come and recognise us. I made so bold as to ask if the father was a handsome man.

"Very handsome," she said, "and, if I told you his name, you would say the same."

"I have the honour of knowing him then, Madame?"

"It is very probable."

Madame, being afraid, like myself of meeting someone, stammered some words of excuse for having interrupted her, and we took our leave. We looked round several times to see that no one was following us, and we reached the carriage again without being seen.

"It must be confessed that the mother and the child are beautiful creatures," said Madame, "not to speak of the father; the child has his eyes. If the King had come while we were there, do you think he would have recognised us?"

"I do not doubt it, Madame; and how embarrassed I should have been, and what a scene for the onlookers to see us both! and what a surprise for her!"

That evening Madame gave the King the cups she had bought, but did not say that she had taken a

walk, fearing that the King, when he saw Mademoiselle Romans, might tell her that some ladies of his acquaintance had been there on such and such a day.

"Believe me, the King troubles very little about children," Madame de Mirepoix said to Madame; "he has plenty and would not desire to burden himself with the mother and the son. Consider how little he concerns himself with the Comte du L——, who is strikingly like him. He never speaks of him and I am sure he will do nothing for him. Once more I repeat: we are not under Louis XIV." That is how the English talk; she had been ambassadress in London.

Changes had been made in the apartments, and I no longer had a kind of nook where I was allowed to sit to hear Caffarelli and later Mademoiselle Fel and Jeliotte. I used, therefore, to go more often to my lodging in town, and it was there that I most frequently received visitors. I used to go there chiefly when Madame went to her little hermitage, to which M. de Gontaut usually accompanied her. Madame du Chiron, the wife of a chief clerk in the War Office came to see me.

"I am greatly embarrassed," she said, "at having to speak to you of something which will perhaps embarrass you also. Here are the facts. A very poor woman whom I sometimes oblige claims to be related to the Marquise. She is aware that I know you, and pesters me to speak to you about her so that you may speak of it to the Marquise. Here is her petition."

I read it, and said that the best thing would be for

her to write directly to Madame, that I knew her kindness of heart, and was sure that she would be satisfied if she were speaking the truth. She followed my advice. The woman wrote. She was in the most abject poverty and I learned that Madame began by giving her six louis until she received further information. Colin was entrusted with getting this, and he applied to M. de Malvoisin, a relation of Madame and a respected officer. The facts were true. Madame then sent her a hundred louis and assured her a pension of fifteen hundred francs. All this was done very promptly, and Madame received the thanks of her relation, when she had been able to dress herself decently. On the day when she came to thank Madame, the King, who did not usually come at this time, saw the lady leaving and asked who she was.

"It is one of my relations who is very poor," said Madame.

"She came then to ask for something."

"No," said she.

"Why, then?"

"To thank me for a slight service I have done her," said Madame, blushing for fear of seeming to boast.

"Well, then," said the King, "since she is your relation, allow me to oblige her too. I grant her fifty louis from my privy purse, and you know that she can draw the first annuity to-morrow."

Madame burst into tears and kissed the King's hand several times. It was she who told me this three days later, one night when she had a slight fever. I also wept at the King's kindness. I went to see Madame du Chiron next day, and told her of her

protégée's good fortune. I forgot to say that, after Madame told me this story, I informed Madame of my knowledge of the affair. She approved of my conduct, and allowed me to acquaint the lady of the kindness of the King, whose impulse, so creditable and sympathetic, touched her more than if the King had granted her a pension of fifty thousand livres.

Madame had terrible palpitations of the heart; it seemed as if her heart leapt. She consulted many doctors; I remember that one of them made her walk about in her room, lift a weight and forced her to walk quickly. She was astonished.

"This is the way to find out whether it is due to the organ," he said, "because, if so, movement will accelerate the palpitations; if it does not, it is due to nerves."

I quoted this doctor, who was not well known, to my oracle, Quesnay, and he said that this was the action of a clever man. The doctor's name was Renard, and he was hardly known except in the Marais. Madame had difficulty in breathing and used to sigh often; and one day I pretended to hand a petition to M. de Choiseul as he was leaving, saying in a low voice that I should be glad to speak to him for a few moments, out of concern for my mistress. He gave me permission to come when I wished, and gave orders that I was to be admitted. I told him that Madame was sad and depressed; that she gave way to gloomy ideas of which I was ignorant, that one day she had said to me: "The sorceress said that I 'should have time to acknowledge my errors before I died;' I think I shall, for I shall not perish except of grief."

M. de Choiseul seemed much touched, praised my zeal and said that he had already noticed something of a nature similar to what I told him ; he said he would not mention me, but would try to persuade her to give an explanation. I do not know what he said, but afterwards Madame seemed calmer. One day, long afterwards, Madame said to M. de Gontaut : " People think I have plenty of influence, but, without M. de Choiseul's friendship, I could not obtain a cross of Saint-Louis."

The King and Madame also had a great esteem for Madame de Choiseul, and Madame used to say : " She always says the fitting thing." Madame de Gramont was not so pleasing to them ; and I believe this was due to the tone of her voice and an abrupt manner of speaking ; for it is said that she was very intelligent, and she loved the King and Madame passionately.[1] People said that she made advances to the King and wanted to supplant Madame ; but nothing could be more untrue or more stupid. Madame saw a great deal of these two ladies, who both showed her very great kindness. One day Madame said to the Duc d'Ayen[2], that M. de Choiseul loved his sister very much.

" I know it, Madame," he said, " and it has benefited many other sisters."

She asked him what he meant.

" Following M. de Choiseul's example," he replied, " people think it is good form to love their sisters. I know some stupid creatures, whose brothers have not

[1] See *Historical Note* E for Madame de Gramont.

[2] Afterwards Maréchal de Noailles.

hitherto thought much of them, who are now madly loved. No sooner have they a pain in their little finger than their brother is all in a flutter to send for doctors from every corner of Paris. They are persuaded that someone will say in M. de Choiseul's hearing: "M. de —— must love his sister dearly; he would not survive her, if he had the misfortune to lose her.'"

Madame told this to her brother in my presence, saying that she could not render the comic tone of the Duke.

"I anticipated them without making so much noise about it," said M. de Marigny, "and my little sister knows that I loved her tenderly before the arrival of Madame de Gramont from her cloister. However," he added, "I think that the Duc d'Ayen is right, and it is amusingly observed, as is his way, and partly true."

"I forgot," went on Madame, "that the Duc d'Ayen said: 'I should like to be in the fashion, but what sister should I choose? Madame de Caumont is a devil incarnate; Madame de Villars, a slut; Madame d'Armagnac, tedious, and Madame de la Marck, mad.'"

"These are fine family portraits, your Grace," said Madame.

The Duc de Gontaut roared with laughter during this time. It was one day that Madame was in bed that she told this story; and M. de G—— also began to speak of his sister, Madame du Roure; at least I think that was the name he said. He was very gay, and had the reputation for making others gay. He was, someone said, an excellent piece of furniture

for a favourite. He made her laugh, asking for nothing either for himself or others; he could not arouse jealousy and never interfered in anything. He was called the "white eunuch."

Madame's illness grew worse and so quickly that we were very anxious; but a bleeding of the foot restored her as if by a miracle. The King showed great concern for her, and I am not sure that this did not have as much effect as the bleeding. M. de Choiseul noticed a few days later that she seemed gayer and said so to me; I answered him in the words I have just used about the bleeding.

End of the Memoirs of Madame du Hausset.

FOUR LETTERS

The four letters which follow, addressed to M. de Marigny, were found with the note books containing Madame du Hausset's Journal.

I. I have carried out your orders, my dear Marquis, and requested Lord Albemarle's mistress to ask him if he had read the pamphlet you spoke of, and if he thought it was originally written in French and translated from that language into English. He told her that there was no doubt that the work was translated from French; that further the English did not concern themselves except with the affairs of their own country; and that persons who write satires direct them against people in office or others who interest the English. He has read the work; and he told me that it might make some impression on the rabble, but it was not worth troubling about. All this is quite true; for you know well that his Lordship can refuse nothing to his charming mistress *but the stars*, which he cannot give her. She is, I may say, an amiable person of good manners, witty and disinterested. Good-bye, my dear Marquis, I agree with his Lordship, and I will say nothing of the step you asked me to take; you were deceived; the work does not refer to you.

II. Madame de Vieux-Maison is one of the greatest followers of Cupid, and, what is worse, one of the most malicious women in the world. It was she who

wrote the *Mémoires secrets de la cour de Perse*,[1] but the work in question is too badly written to be hers. I do not know from where she took the anecdote of the Iron Mask, but she was the first to speak of it. She is the granddaughter, through her husband, of the famous Jacquier, the confidential man for supplies of M. de Turenne and of several generals. He was connected with many important people ; it is perhaps from his papers, or from tradition, that he learned something of this famous personage, whom M. d'Argenson claims to have been really of no consequence. He says that this was the opinion of the Regent. Madame de Vieux-Maison is the sister of Madame de Vauvrai, a very beautiful woman whom the Duc d'Ayen loved romantically, which is not like him. He pretended to be a music-master and gave her lessons, and one fine day, at Saint-Roch, she saw her music-master in a splendid coat with two tails, followed by footmen. I think it was rather to amuse himself than from real feeling that he played this part.

III. I have seen Vernage, and brought the conversation round quite naturally to the death of Madame de Châteauroux. When I spoke of poison, he shrugged his shoulders and said, " No one is more competent to speak on this matter than I am ; I saw her on her return from Metz, and urged her to follow

[1] If it is true that Madame de Vieux-Maison is the author of the *Mémoires secrets de la cour de Perse*, then she is also the author of the *Amours de Leokenisul, roi des Kofirans* (Louis XV, King of the French), for the style is identical. But the two works have always been attributed to Beaumelle. (B.)

an invigorating diet, to amuse herself and take exercise. But she refused to believe me, and did nothing but think of what happened at Metz, and worry about the future in a state of extreme agitation. About a fortnight before her death, I had a serious conversation with her on her health, at the earnest request of her friends. I said to her: 'Madame, you do not sleep, you have no appetite; and your pulse shows symptoms of black vapours; your eyes look almost wild; when you go to sleep for a few moments, you awake with a start. This state cannot last; either you will become mad through the agitation of your mind, or you will have a congestion in the brain or the accumulation of corrupt matter will cause a putrid fever.' I urged her to let herself be bled or to take some light purgatives for a few days. She promised me and her friends (and M. de Richelieu knows this well) to follow my prescription. Her recall to the Court arrived, and the turn of the wheel to joy, added to what had passed, made the humours ferment, and she died of a putrid fever accompanied by delirium." All this is very long, but I am complying with your wishes. Vernage told me a dozen times that there was nothing unusual in her disease. M. de Richelieu told me the same thing, and also the Bailli de Grille, an intimate friend of Madame de Châteauroux.

IV. The story of the quarrel between President P . . . 's wife and the Vieux-Maison woman is quite true, and I can tell you all the circumstances. They were very friendly, but became cool over a lover of whom they disputed the possession. They quarrelled

a few days ago at Madame de . . . . 's; the President's wife reproached the other with running after men. "That is a nice thing for you to say," said she, "seeing that you ran after the King and were caught by one of his servants who did what he liked with you." And forthwith, before she could be interrupted, she began the story. Madame P. departed in a rage, without hearing the rest, which the Vieux-Maison was easily persuaded to tell. "At the ball for the marriage of the Dauphin," she said, "several women tried to make a conquest of the King, and the President's wife was not the least eager. The King was disguised as a yew tree, as well as three or four of his courtiers; he amused himself for a little at the ball, and then tired by his dress, he returned to his rooms by a back door, and his fancy dress was taken to his chief valet-de-chambre who had a little room in the King's antechamber. M. de Bridge, the King's equerry, was a friend of his, and begged him to lend him the costume and the key of the apartment. He dressed as a yew tree and appeared in the ballroom and very soon the President's wife, taking him for the King, was making marked advances to him. He was not cruel and proposed that the lady should follow him to the room of his chief valet-de-chambre. The lady went. There was no light, because they had taken the precaution of extinguishing it. The equerry lavished promises on the President's wife, urged her strongly, and she believed she had made the King happy. As she went out, she saw the King passing through the royal antechamber in his ordinary attire, and the yew tree, who had given the President's wife

his arm, left her and fled. She saw that she had been duped and was furious; long after, through some indiscretion, she, and I too, learned the name of the man who had so well played the part of the King. He was, I may say, a very handsome man."

There was not a single reference to your sister in the whole story; her name was not mentioned.

HISTORICAL NOTES

A

THE PERFORMANCES IN THE LITTLE GALLERIES OF LOUIS XV.[1]

. . . . It was in the last months of 1747 that the actors, eager to display their talents before the King, united to form the "troupe" (the technical name given to these companies of society actors).

Louis XV had very often heard—and always in terms of praise—of Madame de Pompadour's talent for acting and singing, which had brought her fame in the theatre of her uncle, M. de Tournehem, at Étioles, and in that of her particular friend, Madame de Villemer, at Chantemerle. Several of his Majesty's courtiers, among others, the Maréchal de Richelieu, had seen the performances; the Duc de Nivernois and the Duc de Duras had acted in them. Was anything more needed to excite the curiosity of the King and to encourage Madame de Pompadour in her desire to display to him all her resources in the art of pleasing? A desire which was shared by the two actors I have just mentioned . . . .

The gallery of medals was chosen for the theatre. The moment it was completed the choice of actors was made. The "troupe" did not take long to form,

[1] The author of this extract is Laujon.

although, in order to become a member, it was necessary to have acted previously with some success in society theatres.

The following is the list of the actors chosen :

The Duc d'Orléans, the Duc d'Ayen, the Duc de Nivernois, the Duc de Duras, the Comte de Maillebois, the Marquis de Courtenvaux, the Duc de Coigny, the Marquis d'Entraigues.

The Duchesse de Brancas, the Marquise de Pompadour, the Comtesse d'Estrades, the Comtesse de Marchais.[1]

This was the membership of the company at the start, before they attempted to play opera.

At the first meeting, the Duc de la Vallière was elected director, and the Abbé de la Garde, the secretary and librarian of Madame de Pompadour, was elected secretary.

The following code of rules was drawn up :—

1. *Membership.* To be admitted to membership, in order to exclude novices from the troupe, candidates must prove that it is not the first time they have played comedy.
2. Each member must signify the kind of part he or she wishes to play.
3. No member may, without the consent of the company, take a different kind of part from the one for which he or she has been accepted.
4. Members may not choose an understudy in case of absence (this is a right expressly reserved to

[1] A relation of Madame de Pompadour, afterwards Comtesse d'Angivilliers. (B.)

the company and to be decided by an absolute majority).

5. Members on their return shall resume their parts.
6. No member may refuse a part which properly belongs to him or her on the pretext that it is unsuitable or is too fatiguing.

These first six articles shall apply both to actors and actresses.

7. The actresses alone shall enjoy the right of choosing the works to be performed by the troupe.
8. They shall also have the right of settling the date of performance, and of fixing the number of rehearsals and the day and hour for them.
9. Every actor shall be bound to attend at the exact hour fixed for rehearsal, under penalty of a fine, to be fixed by the actresses.
10. The actresses alone shall be allowed half an hour's grace; if this is exceeded, they themselves shall decide on the fine they have incurred.

A copy of these rules shall be given to every member, and also to the director and the secretary, which last shall be bound to bring his copy to every rehearsal.

It is evident from these rules, which were adopted unanimously, that the idea was to continue these performances for some time. It was a great thing for Madame de Pompadour to have the opportunity to recover and enjoy her favourite amusements and to introduce them into this new circle. The other members, less used to this form of talent and consequently more diffident, could offer no dangerous rivalry.

Madame de Pompadour, heralded by a talent which had so often been proved, had acquired greater confidence. But her previous successes had flattered only her vanity; those to which she now aspired were far more seductive. Her heart was concerned in them; it meant little to her to please a large audience; her ambition was satisfied by the applause of one sole person. She owed to her personal charms alone a conquest of which every day made her feel the value; and to her talents she looked only for the happiness of making that conquest sure.

By justifying in the King's eyes the taste she had always had for men of talent, she won for herself the right to interest herself in their behalf, and devoted herself to that object.

The pleasant memory she had preserved of the authors whose celebrity had shed most brilliance on the circle of M. de Tournehem, was too recent to be effaced from her mind. Her pride had been flattered at counting among the regular visitors Voltaire, Crébillon (who was the more assiduous on account of the precautions taken to avoid a meeting between the two) and nearly always Gresset, then at the height of his powers. The niece was no less eager than the uncle to prove her gratitude: their friend Crébillon was the first to feel its effects.[1]

Voltaire had become more difficult to oblige: he had all the royal family against him. To champion him was risky for Madame de Pompadour, but she had the courage to attempt it.

[1] Madame de Pompadour had Crébillon's dramatic works printed by the Royal Printing House at the King's expense. (B.)

She was eager to attach men of talent to her, and she could give no more signal proof of this than by obliging a writer celebrated on so many grounds. Only one means of putting an end to his disfavour was open to her, and she seized it even without his knowledge.

Voltaire's only effort in comedy had been *l'Enfant Prodigue*, on which the vote of the Court had been favourable. This was the piece which Madame de Pompadour proposed, and got accepted for the opening of the new troupe.[1] The author of the piece did not learn of its success until several days after the first performance, because the actors did not invite to their performances the authors of works which had already been performed in the public theatres.

It was thought, however, that it would be fair to give authors the pleasure and honour of appearing before the King, if their work had contributed to his entertainment. Madame de Pompadour, the originator of this idea, which was taken up, added a proposal that authors whose works had been given or would be given later, should be allowed to be present at all the performances. The decision did not rest with the company alone ; it was necessary for the King to give his consent. Madame de Pompadour secured it, and hastened to inform Voltaire, who did not fail to be present at the second performance, and who was well aware that he owed to Madame de Pompadour not only the satisfaction of his works having been the first to be performed before His Majesty, but also the opportunity of appearing before him more frequently.

[1] This is not true. The first play produced was Molière's *Tartuffe*. *L'Enfant Prodigue* came later.

He thus learned at the same time both of his success and of the fortunate consequences which might make it more precious to him.

This was the only theatre where the audience would have dared to express by handclapping the pleasure given by dramatic works presented before the King.[1] The comedy of *l'Enfant Prodigue* was thus the first one honoured by this startling favour.[2]

The letter informing Voltaire of this was for him the announcement of a pleasure that everything hitherto had conspired to deprive him of. Let us leave him to dwell for a moment on this pleasant news and prepare the thanks he owes to her who procured it for him : he will have time to reflect on it.

His benefactress, to provide fresh food for the King's curiosity, knew that it was necessary never to give the same performance twice running. She availed herself, therefore, of the interval between the first and second performances of *l'Enfant Prodigue* to devote herself to Gresset.

His comedy, *Le Méchant*, was still struggling for success. This piece, which she chose as the second to be presented, was a complete success. The Duc de Nivernois excelled in the part of Valère. In the first scene (the object of which is to show the habitual skill

[1] Madame de Pompadour played in the piece.

[2] Love had forced Louis XV to rid himself of the tedious etiquette prescribed by his greatness ; and he showed it by his applause, which was the signal for the small body of spectators permitted to enjoy the performance, who vied with each other in their eagerness to imitate him. He alone gave permission to be present. He had reserved to himself the right to exclude authors and even actors, who could not introduce their relations without his consent. Women were entirely excluded for the first two years. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

of the *méchant*, always engaged in seduction), the ingenuous art which M. de Nivernois gave to Valère, his readiness to yield without hesitation to the man whose mind seemed superior to his own, his pride in his alliance with him, presented with a frankness designed to make Valère interesting by showing him as weak rather than vicious, were exactly what had been missed by the actor who had first played the part at the Théâtre Français. The performance of this work in the little theatre produced such an effect that Madame de Pompadour, in her efforts to oblige Gresset, obtained the King's permission for Rosali to come to the second performance. The actor was amazed to see what M. de Nivernois had made of Valère, benefited by it, and imitated him so well that the piece owed all its success—never afterwards disputed—at Paris to this lucky change.

Louis XV's hunting parties and other events of the kind decided the intervals which elapsed between one performance and the next.

To begin with, comedy was played; then they turned their attention to operatic pieces. An orchestra had been formed at the outset, one third of which was composed of amateurs and two thirds of professionals from the King's musicians. The list is as follows, the amateurs being marked by *.

Harpsichord: M. Ferrand*.[1]

Violoncellos: MM. Jeliotte, the Abbé Lainé, Chrétien, Picot, Dupont, Antonio, Dubuisson.

[1] A relative of Madame de Pompadour. In the following year he produced *Zélie* at this theatre, for which he composed the music and M. Curis the words. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

Bassoons: MM. the Prince de Dombes,* Marlière, Blaise.

Hautboys: MM. Desseller, Desjardins.

Violas: MM. the Comte Dampierre,* the Marquis de Sourches.*

First Violins: MM. Mondonville, Lalande, le Roux, de Courtomer,* Mayer.

Second Violins: MM. Guillemain, Caraffe *senior*, Marchand, Fauchet,* Belleville.*

Trumpet: M. Caraffe *junior*.

Horn: M. Caraffe *tertius*.

When it became a question of playing operatic pieces, Dehesse, an actor at the *Comédie Italienne* and ballet master there, was chosen as ballet master of the troupe.

The dancers, whom it was his function to select, were made up of boys and girls from nine to ten years of age up to the age of twelve inclusive. After they passed this age, they retired and had the privilege of being placed in accordance with their talents, but without any other *début*, either at the opera or in the ballets of the *Théâtre Français* or the *Théâtre Italien*. The names of those who enjoyed this privilege are as follows:—

Figurants.	*Figurantes.*
MM. La Rivière.	Mmes. Puvigné
Béat	Dorfeuille
Gougis	Marquise
Rousseau	Chevrier
Berteron	Astraudi
Lepy	Durand
Caillau	Foulquier
	Camille

There were no solo dancers except the following members :—

1st *Year.* The Marquis de Courtenvaux, first dancer; the Comte de Langeron, understudy and second dancer.

2nd *Year.* The Duc de Beuvron and the Comte de Melfort.

In the third year, the troupe gave up comedy and devoted itself entirely to opera and ballet.

The rehearsals were held at Madame de Pompadour's and began during the journey to Fontainebleau : meanwhile, the theatre was fitted up at Versailles, where the full dress performances were given.

Performances were continued up to Lent.

At the outset of its lyrical efforts, the sole resources of the troupe in actors also able to sing were the Duchesse de Brancas, Madame de Pompadour and the Duc d'Ayen. The pieces chosen, therefore, could include only this number of characters. The first piece played at this little theatre was entitled *Bacchus et Érigone* and was by la Bruère and Blamont ; the second was *Ismène*, by Moncrif and Rebel ; the third, *Églé*, by la Garde[1] and myself.

For this sort of work, only the authors of the words and the music were admitted to the rehearsals ; in their absence, the place of the author of the words was taken by the prompter, and that of the composer of the music by Rebel. Every composer had the right to

[1] Composer of a fashionable collection of duets and of the charming cantata *Enée et Didon*, written by the Duc de Nivernois. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

conduct the orchestra when his own work was being played. Few of these composers gave up their right, but, if anything prevented them from making use of it, it was Rebel's function to act as substitute in their absence.

On the stage, Bury was entrusted with the management of the musical performance and the superintendence of the choruses. These were chosen from among all the different musicians of the King and Queen, according to length of service. In order to avoid any jealousy about superiority of talent, only the date of their entry was taken into account :—

Sopranos : Mmes de Selles, Godonesche, Canavas, Francisque.

Tenors : MM. Camus, Gérôme, Falco, Francisque.

Counter-tenors : MM. Lebègue, Poirier, Bazire, Dugué.

Baritones : MM. Daigrement, Richer, Cardonne, Traversier.

Basses : MM. Benoît, Ducros, Godonesche, Dupuis, Joguet, Dubourg.

Of all the men and women who made up the choruses only two men and two women appeared on the stage on each side ; the other singers remained off stage and were ranged along the wings.

The actors, whether they were playing in the piece or not, had the right of entry into the hall, and kept it as long as these private entertainments were continued. I have mentioned that women were not admitted ; but the actresses who were not playing were accommodated in a box in the wings, in which Madame de Pompadour reserved two places for herself, one of which

was always filled by the Maréchale de Mirepoix, the King's friend.

The comedies I have just mentioned were the only ones played in this little theatre. In giving them preference over a number of other pieces, Madame de Pompadour's object was to seize the only means she possessed of obliging Voltaire and Gresset.

At the end of the second performance of *l'Enfant Prodigue*, at which Voltaire had permission to be present, and which assured his entry to all performances afterwards given, the lyrical piece, *Bacchus et Érigone* was played. Madame de Pompadour played the part of Érigone, for which she had displayed some aversion. In fact, either because it was not favourable to her voice, or because the work displeased her, this was the only piece which was played but once. La Bruère, the author of the words, at that time ambassadorial secretary to M. de Nivernois, could doubtless have reconciled Madame de Pompadour to this part if he had been present at the rehearsals, but he had left to return to his post.

At that time the operatic pieces were not printed; the Duc de la Vallière, as director, used to present to the King the author of the words, who handed a manuscript copy to His Majesty. It is said that this piece, *Érigone*, was the reason for their not being printed. The pieces which were to be played were submitted for examination to the director and to the members of the troupe. Other years, the pieces were printed after having been submitted to this form of censorship.

The displeasure given by *Érigone*, won for Voltaire the satisfaction of being the only author whose work

had contributed to the success of the performance and maintained the honour of the troupe. Accordingly, he addressed to Madame de Pompadour the following verses, which delighted her and which she hastened to circulate, never of course imagining that they could ever be fatal to the author :—

Ainsi donc vous réunissez
Tous les arts, tous les dons de plaire,
Pompadour ! Vous embellissez
La cour, le Parnasse et Cythère.
Charme de tous les yeux, trésor d'un seul mortel,
Que votre amour soit éternel !
Que tous vos jours soient marqués par des fêtes !
Que de nouveaux succès marquent ceux de Louis !
Vivez tous deux sans ennemis !
Et gardez tous deux vos conquêtes ! [1]

These verses soon reached the most brilliant circles at Court, and those most hostile to Voltaire. The circle of the Duchesse de Talard, where the Queen spent her evenings, the circles in which *Mesdames*, her daughters, moved, almost simultaneously received copies of these verses, against which, they said, drastic measures could not too soon be taken, since the author, who had just gained the entry to the theatre, a favour so distinguished and so difficult to obtain, merely sought a new claim to make this favour secure, and to display his talents to greater advantage in the eyes of the King.

These anti-Voltairian circles were thus united. Those who habitually railed against a celebrity that

[1] Thus you unite all the arts, all the gifts of pleasing, Pompadour ! You embellish the Court, Parnassus and Cythera. Delight of all eyes, treasure of one sole mortal, may your love be eternal ! May all your days be marked by festivals ! May fresh successes mark the days of Louis ! May you both live without enemies, and both maintain your conquests !

mortified them hastened to appear there. They vied with one another in the discovery in the verses of insidious and malicious ideas, in imputing to them scandalous implications, in fixing the attention of the gathering on them, and in eagerness to publish and win belief for their criticism. In short, it was from them that people learned that "the prayer of the author for the eternal constancy of the two lovers had been generally regarded in this company as the crowning point of temerity and audacity; that they had been scandalised by the comparison between the conquests of the King in his first campaigns with the conquest of the heart of his mistress; that *Mesdames* had regarded this equality of glory ascribed to the two successes as an attack on their father's honour; and that in short it was an unpardonable crime."

They had preserved some influence over the heart of their father, who had accustomed them to a constancy of attention and affection. And on the very morrow of the gathering I have just mentioned, when the King, according to his daily custom, came to receive their embraces, they surrounded him, redoubled their caresses, and made use of these mutual effusions to bring him to feel the necessity of removing an author who had just added to the wrongs they knew of, by indulging in scandalous verses, which his Majesty could not leave unpunished, without proving that glory was less dear to his heart than his mistress. The King was weak: Voltaire's exile was signed before Madame de Pompadour knew anything about it. She learned of it with some surprise; but she had too much intelligence not to be aware of the danger

of opposing this disgrace. Although her favour seemed assured, she knew that she had made many enemies, and that this would be a sure way of embittering the most dangerous of them. She therefore concealed the vexation that she felt in her heart at the disgrace of her protégé ; she even accused herself of having been the cause of it, by the publicity she had given to verses which the author meant to be read only by her. This earned her the gratitude, publicly expressed, of the Queen and the Royal Family, who had feared that she would oppose her influence to theirs. The King had appeared too delighted by his favourite's eagerness to surround herself by men of talent and celebrity to be able to conceal from himself the pain he had just caused her ; and, to console her in her affliction, he soon afterwards appointed her Superintendent of the Household of the Queen, who made no complaint.

The fact that the Superintendent was clever enough to harmonise the interests of her love with the cares and attentions due to her worthy mistress, and that she discovered the secret of making them agreeable to the Queen, while at the same time winning for the latter some small portion of the King's esteem, is, I imagine, a matter of little moment. What must be of far greater interest to the reader is the vexing position in which an author found himself for having praised his benefactress too highly, in order to give her a signal proof of his gratitude. I, therefore, return to Voltaire. He believed in such good faith that he had not exceeded the licence allowed to poetry that, in order to give her time to examine and grasp

better the full value of his homage, he did not come to assure himself of the sensation he had produced till the day after he had addressed her. In this way, he meant to secure a double pleasure, to receive thanks and to make use for the first time of the entry he owed to the success of his *Enfant Prodigue*. He arrived from Paris on the very day on which the judgment on his verses had been passed, although it was not yet widely known. I was dining with M. de Tournehem, who knew nothing of the motive which brought him his new guest. "Quick," said our host, "M. de Voltaire's dinner!" He was soon served and I was surprised to see that his meal was restricted to seven or eight cups of black coffee and two rolls. That did not prevent him from diverting the company with a number of lively sallies. I remember that the conversation turned on the tax recently imposed on playing cards. Voltaire strongly approved of it, and took occasion to quote a number of plans for dealing with luxury, every one, he said, exceedingly important, and worthy of the attention of the Government. This betokened an eager and fertile brain, to which no question of politics or administration was alien. On rising from table, he was surrounded by guests who were untiring in putting question after question to him. I was sorry not to be able to make one of them; but it was the day of the first performance of *Églé*, and I was obliged to join my musician and to go to the Duc de la Vallière, to be told the hour when I was to hand the manuscript of my work to the King.

(Extract from the *Œuvres Choisies* of M. P. Laujon, pages 71-90.)

B

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE JESUITS IN FRANCE[1]

It is the general belief that the Jesuits, almoſt from the foundation of the Order, kept a watch on men called by birth or circumſtances to important positions, tried to discover their views about the Order, and, at the proper time and place, made use of what they learned. The Comte de Stainville, afterwards Duc de Choiseul, when Ambassador at Rome, went one day to call on Visconti, the general of the Jesuits. The conversation turned on the enemies of the Society, and M. de Stainville made haſte to say that he was far from being of their number, and spoke in praise of the Order. The general, a man more pious than prudent, replied: "Your Excellency has not always been of this opinion; I am very glad to see that you have loſt your prejudices." M. de Stainville denied that he had ever thought differently. The general quoted several remarks which the Count had made on the Jesuits, and then let the subject drop. Greatly surprised, M. de Stainville recalled that a few days before leaving for Rome, at a supper table in Paris, where the gueſts were talking about the works of

[1] This extract, written without prejudice and believed to be by M. Sénac de Meilhan, is included in a quarto volume published by Mr. Craufurd, entitled *Mélanges d'hiſtoire et de littérature*.

Father Berruyer,[1] which the Parliament was about to censure, he had condemned the Jesuits in very strong terms. Someone who heard this speech reported it to the Jesuits, and the rector of the professed house wrote at once to Rome, and asked the general to proceed very warily with the new French ambassador. This injunction was certainly not observed by the general, seeing that he told the ambassador what is here related.[2]

The suppression of this famous society caused the greatest sensation. It occurred in France in the following way; the example of Portugal and Spain was followed.

Father La Valette, the superior of the Jesuits in Martinique, was in commercial relations with French merchants. During the war which ended with the Treaty of 1762, certain ships carrying merchandise belonging to the Jesuits were captured by the English. Father La Valette, counting on the arrival of the cargoes, had drawn bills of exchange payable on certain dates by Father Sacy, procurator general of missions, who lived in the professed house in the Rue Saint-Antoine at Paris. On the bills becoming due, Father Sacy declared that he could not pay them

[1] Joseph-Isaac Berruyer was born at Rouen in 1681 and died at Paris in 1758. The work censured was his *Histoire du peuple de Dieu, tirée des seuls livres saints*. It is indeed an extraordinary book, written in a style that might be called that of a romance. It was condemned under Benedict XIV by a papal letter dated 17th February, 1758, and under Clement XIII by a papal letter of 2nd December of the same year. The Jesuits had already rejected the work and obtained an act of submission from the author, which was read at the Sorbonne in 1754. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

[2] I had this story from a former Jesuit. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

and asked for time. The firm of Lioncy and Jouffres of Marseilles, whose financial interests were involved, appealed to the consular courts of the city; the Jesuits were sentenced as a body to fulfil the contracts entered into by La Valette and Sacy. The Jesuits objected to the sentence and appealed to a higher court. Their case, like those of all the regular clergy, was assigned to the Great Council, and, as such an attribution was a privilege in this case, it could either be accepted or declined. At this time, there was in the professed house at Paris a Jesuit called Father Frey, a brother of Neuville the preacher. This father was regarded as one of the best politicians in the Order. The chief Jesuits, undecided how they should act, held a meeting, at which Father Frey, after hearing the opinions of those present, advised that the case should be taken to the Parliament and that the jurisdiction of the Great Council be declined. Many of the members of the high bench (*grand banc*), said Frey, as well as of the bench of the Great Council, are our pupils; Parliament knows our rights and will be sensible of the confidence we show by submitting to its jurisdiction. Finally, if we win our case, as I have no doubt we shall, the judgment will be the more authoritative because the public believe that Parliament is hostile to us.

This advice seemed sound and was acted upon, whereas nothing could really have been more fatal for the Jesuits. The Great Council, which owed its importance to its jurisdiction in ecclesiastical cases, had some regard for them, and, when it foresaw an unfortunate result in a major case, it sometimes persuaded the parties to make a settlement. The result for the

Jesuits in the affair of the firm of Lioncy and Jouffres was so clearly bad, that the Great Council would certainly have succeeded in making the Jesuits drop the case, and it would have been hushed up without scandal. The Great Council would never have entered upon an examination of the rules of the Jesuit Order ; it would have confined itself to pronouncing on the question whether the society was responsible for contracts entered into by its deputies, a simple question, about which there could be no doubt. The case was then taken to the Parliament.

The Jesuits pleaded that they were not responsible, and Parliament requested to see the rule on which they based this assertion. They did not confine themselves to the clause relevant to the case, but examined the whole of the constitutions, and on 8th May, 1761, a decree of Parliament sentenced the Jesuits to pay the sums owed by La Valette and Sacy, and, in addition, fifty thousand livres in damages and interest. During the course of this law suit, the enemies of the Jesuits roused outcry against them in public places and in the Societies. The regicide teaching of Buzembaum and of other writers of this company, and the punishment of Guignard[1] were recalled ; the Jansenists, with all

[1] Jean Guignard, a native of Chartres, was the librarian of the College of Clermont (called after the name of the founder, Guillaume Duprat, Bishop of Clermont), at the time of the attempt on the life of Henry IV in 1594, by Jean Châtel, who struck him a blow on the mouth with a knife. Several fanatics at that time had the idea of assassinating this great king. Châtel declared that he had heard it said among the Jesuits that *it was permissible to kill a heretic prince*. Parliament sent envoys to examine their papers. The only paper found containing any such idea was one written in the hand of Guignard, in which he said : " Neither Henry III, nor Henry IV, nor Queen Elizabeth, nor

the resources of party spirit, reinforced the unfavourable attitude of the Parliament; and the blindness of the Jesuits in not having had recourse to the Great Council, achieved what their enemies had so long ardently desired.

Parliament, on 6th August, 1761, registered a decree enjoining the superiors of the various Jesuit houses to return the title deeds of their establishment in France to the record office. As the commission which had been charged with examining their Constitutions desired to have the opinions of the French clergy, twelve bishops were nominated to answer the following four questions :—

(1) What use are the Jesuits in France in regard to the duties on which they are employed ?

(2) What is their teaching on the points of doctrine

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the King of Sweden, nor the Elector of Saxony are true sovereigns. Henry III is a Sardanapalus, the Béarnais, a fox, Elizabeth a wolf, the King of Sweden, a griffon, the Elector of Saxony a pig. Jacques Clément did an heroic deed, inspired by the Holy Spirit. If the Béarnais can be fought, let him be fought."

A rhapsody of this kind clearly indicates a diseased mind; in no other way can we explain Guignard's neglect to burn it when he heard of the attempt on the King and the arrest of the assassin. Guignard was sentenced to be hanged and his body burned, which was done on 7th January, 1595. Although there was no reason to suspect the Jesuits of complicity with Châtel or of knowledge of what Guignard had written, Parliament pronounced a decree of banishment against them, which ordered them to vacate their houses and colleges in three days, and France in fifteen days. This decree of the Parliament of Paris was not valid in the spheres of jurisdiction of the Parliaments of Bordeaux and Toulouse, and ten years afterwards the Jesuits were recalled to Paris. Such was the party spirit at the time of the attempt of Châtel, whom some Leaguers elevated to the rank of a martyr. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

imputed to them, regicide, ultramontane opinions, the liberties of the Gallican Church and the four articles announced at the congress of clergy in 1682 ?

(3) What is their conduct in the interior of their houses and what use do they make of their privileges towards the bishops and the curés ?

(4) What remedies can you suggest for the disadvantages of the excessive authority which is exercised over the members of the society by the general, resident at Rome ?

The result of the examination made by the twelve bishops was a recognition of the necessity, if not of suppressing, at least of modifying, the rule of the Jesuits in France.

The Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI, was, according to report, the only person at Court who supported the Jesuits. But even supposing that he was really concerned, his influence was too weak to prevail over that of M. de Choiseul, supported by Madame de Pompadour. It was affirmed that M. de Choiseul had an understanding with the chief members of Parliament and encouraged them to proceed against the Jesuits. Although it was made public that Father Sacy had refused to act as confessor to Madame de Pompadour unless she left the Court, she seems not to have acted from any impulse of hatred, but solely in obedience to the advice of M. de Choiseul.

However, it is said that the King, yielding to the entreaty of the Dauphin, and shocked by the authority and violence displayed by the Parliament, tried in the

end to interpose his authority and to deal with the case himself. A scheme of reform was drawn up and sent to the Pope and the general of the Jesuits ; but the latter rejected it with the words : "*Sint ut sunt, aut non sint.*" After this reply, the King, urged by his minister and entreated by his mistress, abandoned the Jesuits to their fate. They were enjoined to close their colleges on 1st April, 1762. The Parliament by a decree of Friday, the 6th August, following, prohibited the Jesuits from wearing the habit of their Society, from living under obedience to the general or any other superior of the Order, and from holding any correspondence with them ; it also ordered them to vacate their houses, to abstain from any communication with each other or to assemble in common, and undertook to grant each of them alimentary allowances on request. They were at the same time deprived of the right to hold any benefice place or employment, unless they previously took the oath prescribed in the decree. Another decree dated 22nd February, 1764, ordered that Jesuits who wished to remain in France should swear to abjure their Constitutions. Finally, the King, in an edict issued in November, 1764, suppressed the Society of Jesuits in France.

When we think of the extreme jealousy which the King felt for his power and of the suspicions which the Parliaments had for long inspired in him, suspicions, which in the end decided him to destroy them, we are astonished at his action on this occasion. It was an act of folly as extraordinary as the blindness which seemed to have fallen on the Jesuits

themselves; and it may be noted that a similar lack of foresight preceded almoſt all the great changes which have taken place in France in the laſt fifty years. People had long been saying in France that certain reforms were absolutely necessary to prevent trouble, perhaps the total overthrow of the Government. They were saying in England that the American colonies would secure their independence themselves. Those who talked of reforms in France were looked upon as enemies of the monarchy; and, when, in England, Dean Tucker had the wisdom to propose that the Americans should be offered independence and a settlement made with them on the basis of mutual intereſts, men otherwise possessed of diſtinguished abilities treated the Dean as a madman, and the Government regarded him as a dangerous person. If I return to the idea of the evils which result from lack of foresight, it is because I am ſtruck by its truth; but to be able to read the future and judge what is likely to happen, you muſt firſt diveſt yourself of all prejudices.

A very curious ſtory is told, which, they say, haſtened the deſtruction of the Jesuits. At that time, there lived at Paris an old doctor of considerable reputation, Camille Falconet by name. He was intimate with the moſt diſtinguished men of letters. One day a cake, which he had ordered, was brought to him from the paſtrycook's, wrapped in a sheet of manuscript. Before eating his cake he read the paper. Great was his aſtonishment on finding that it was a fragment of a letter in the handwriting of Father Le Tellier, the confessor of Louis XIV,

which read: "*At last I have succeeded in bringing down the hydra with its hundred lives. He will shortly be arrested and conducted to Rome under good and safe escort. M. d'Agnesseau will be exiled: and I have reason to believe that you will be entrusted with these functions.*" This letter[1] was at first kept in the office of Président de Meynières and then handed to the Abbé de Chauvelin, the recorder in the lawsuit against the Jesuits, who was violently imbued with Jansenist maxims. You may judge of the capital he made of the letter of a Jesuit confessing that he was going to bring about the arrest of Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Paris, and exile the Procurator General of the Parliament, and how easy it was to inflame men's minds against so dangerous an order.

The relations between Falconet and Diderot and other enemies of the Jesuits are enough to arouse doubts of the authenticity of the letter; however, the impetuous and imprudent character of Le Tellier makes it possible to believe that it was really his. The general of the Jesuits, perceiving the odium that Le Tellier's conduct might cause, exhorted him to prudence and moderation; but, as he enjoyed the complete confidence of Louis XIV in affairs of conscience and religion, the general had to go warily with him.

It is possible that, if the Jesuits had been in existence at the beginning of the troubles which led to the Revolution, the King would have found strong support in them. The Jesuits had several different

[1] Probably addressed to the Advocate General. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

congregations among ſtudents, artisans, labourers, etc., of whose consciences they were the directors: if they had been informed of what was being plotted they would have warned the Government, and probably prevented the ſtudents, artisans and all others whose confessors they were from taking up arms againſt their sovereign.

Account of the Death of Lorenzo Ricci, laſt General of the Jesuits, together with a ſtatement written and signed by him.[1]

Lorenzo Ricci was born at Florence on 2nd Auguſt, 1703, of a diſtinguished family, entered the Jesuit Order in 1720 and became its general on 21ſt May, 1758. After the suppression of the Society, he was sent as a prisoner on 22nd September, 1773, to the Château de Saint-Ange, where death put an end to his sufferings.

The illness of which he died laſted only a week. Weakened by age, overwhelmed by bitter sorrows and fatigued by long confinement, he succumbed to an inflammatory fever.

The firſt symptoms of the disease appeared on the evening of Thursday, the 16th November, 1775. When he returned to his room after his usual walk on the terrace of the Château, he was attacked by a violent shivering fit. The Pope sent his own Doctor, Salicetti, to him, urging him to do everything in his power to cure the General, but in vain:

[1] This account, as well as the ſtatement, were sent by Rome to various countries soon after the death of Ricci. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

bleeding and blistering proved ineffective. On Saturday evening, it was evident that his life was in danger, and on the following Friday, the 24th November, a little after mid-day, he passed away peacefully, at the age of seventy-two years, three months and twenty-three days. He requested that the crucifix which he always wore should be sent to his nephew, that his modest wardrobe should be distributed, as a reward, among those who had looked after him, and that he should be buried in the professed house of the Jesuits.

He kept his reason to the end, and bore the suffering entailed by his illness with equal patience and resignation: he had borne in the same way the affliction of body and mind inevitably caused by the grievous events which had happened to his Order and himself.

Before receiving the sacraments of the Church, for which he had asked, he considered it necessary, for his own justification and that of an institution which he had ruled for fifteen years, to declare, in the presence of the deputy-governor of the Château de Saint-Ange, his secretary, Don Giovanni, the Abbé Orlandi, a sergeant and a corporal belonging to the Château, the apothecary, the Governor's servants and nine soldiers, all of whom had followed the sacraments to his room: "that he sincerely pardoned all those who had been the instruments of the suppression of the Society; that he had not failed to mention particularly in his prayers those who had reduced him to this state of infirmity and suffering, and to invoke on them the blessings of Heaven." Then raising his voice, he

said in a firm tone: "that in the presence of God, whom he worshipped in His auguſt sacrament, and before Whose tribunal he would soon appear, he declared to the world that he was absolutely innocent of everything of which he had been accused, and of anything which might have contributed to the suppression of the Society entruſted to his care, or to the imprisonment of his person; that he thanked God for withdrawing him from this world, and wished that his death might bring some alleviation to those who suffered with him for the same cause."

During his illness, several cardinals sent frequently to enquire after his health, and the Pope sent him his apoſtolic benediction in the moſt tender and paternal terms.

All who were present at the laſt moments of this general of the Jesuits conceived an extreme reverence for his memory. Doctor Salicetti declared that he had seen the death of many persons famed for piety and virtue, but that he had never witnessed sentiments like those of Ricci.

The Pope put Cardinal Corsini in charge of the funeral arrangements; His Holiness desired that everything should be done according to the rank of the deceased, and that his body should be interred in the crypt of the Church of the Jesuits, beside his predecessors, the other generals of the Society. The Church at Florence was, therefore, hung with black, and on Saturday, 25th November, two hours after sunset, the body was taken to the church in a hearse surrounded with torches. The deceased, clad in his prieſtly robes, lay in ſtate, surrounded by lighted

candles, on the morning of the following day. During the morning, an extraordinary number of people of all classes ſtreamed to the church. Right up to mid-day, mass was said continually at all the altars. The funeral service was celebrated with pomp by the clergy attached to the parish. The crowd was prodigious, and, although no doubt the majority were animated by curioſity, there were many who were really inſpired by the deepeſt reſpect. Among other proofs of this muſt be mentioned the remarkable conduct of the Biſhop of Comacchio. This prelate, renowned equally for his piety and his enlightenment, the same who recently entered Rome barefoot at the head of a large part of his clergy, came to the church in Florence, and, kneeling down by the catafalque, said in a voice loud enough to be heard, that " he had not come with the object of praying for the soul of the departed, but to beg for the intercession of this liberal and juſt man, whom he looked upon as one of the elect and a martyr." Many others appeared to have the same thoughts, but did not dare to proclaim them so openly. In relating this occurrence, my only aim is to prove the high eſteem inſpired by the virtues of Ricci, and the homage paid to them.

Towards mid-day, the church was closed and the body carried to the sacriſty where no one entered. Towards midnight it was taken to the Church of the Jesuits, where everything was ready for the interment. The President of the house said the prayers of the Church over the body, which was then put in the coffin and placed beside his predecessors, Centurioni and Visconti. A band of parchment was

fixed to the coffin, bearing his name, age, the date and place of his death, and the number of years during which he had been general of his Order.

Such was the end of this eighteenth and last general of the Jesuits. Some time before his death, he took the precaution to draw up and sign with his hand a declaration containing his own apology and that of his Society, fearing that his last illness might prevent him from doing so orally. He entrusted this declaration to one of the soldiers of the Château on whose fidelity he thought he could rely. The original of this document is carefully preserved : an Italian copy was made, which was used for the French and English translators. There can be no doubt of the authenticity of this declaration, for the writing and signature of Ricci, otherwise quite well known, may be compared with those of his letters, of which several still exist.

Profession of Lorenzo Ricci

" The uncertainty of the moment at which it will please omnipotent God to call me to Himself and the certainty that that moment is not far distant (having regard to my age, and the multitude, duration and weight of my sufferings) warn me to fulfil beforehand a duty which I consider to be indispensable. This precaution is all the more necessary in that it may happen that my last illness will not leave me the opportunity to do so at the moment of my death.

" Therefore, regarding myself at this instant as about to appear before the tribunal of infallible truth and justice, which is the tribunal of God, after long and ripe reflection, and having humbly prayed my

awful but compassionate Judge and Saviour not to allow me, above all in this the last act of my life, to be carried away or influenced by hatred or any other feeling of resentment in heart or soul, or by any other reprehensible aim or motive, I believe it to be my duty to pay homage to truth and innocence. I make, therefore, the two following declarations and professions.

" Firstly, I declare and profess that the Society of Jesus, now destroyed, has never given any reason for its suppression. I declare and protest this with the moral certainty which a well-informed superior has of what passes in his Order.

" Secondly, I declare and profess that I have not given the slightest pretext for my personal imprisonment. I declare and profess this with the perfect certainty and clearness which each man possesses from his knowledge of his own actions. I have no other motive in making this second profession than that I believe it to be necessary for the reputation of the Society of Jesus, of which I was general.

" But it is not my intention that, as a consequence of these two professions, any of those who brought these misfortunes on the Society and myself should be found guilty before God ; I shall religiously abstain from passing any such judgments. The aims of the soul of man and the affections of his heart are known of God. He alone sees the errors of the human mind, and discerns to what extent they are excusable ; He alone penetrates the reasons which govern the actions of men and the spirit in which they act, the affections and inclinations of the heart which accompany the action

and on which its right or wrong depends. Therefore I leave all judgment to Him 'who shall try the works of men and search out their counsels.' (Book of Wisdom, VI, 3.)

"And, not to fail in my duty as a Christian, I declare that, with divine aid, I have always pardoned and pardon sincerely in this hour all those who have persecuted me, firstly through their persecution of the Society of Jesus and the harsh treatment they have inflicted on individuals formerly under my authority, and secondly by the suppression and destruction of the Order, and by my imprisonment which soon followed with all the sufferings that it entailed, and by the injuries to my reputation; these are facts known to the whole world. I pray God, out of His pure goodness and the infinite merits of Jesus Christ, His Son, firstly to pardon my innumerable sins, and secondly to pardon the authors and instruments of the troubles which I myself have endured, and the sufferings I have shared with the body whose chief I was; and I desire to die with this prayer and these sentiments in my heart.

"Finally I beg and pray all those into whose hands this declaration and profession may fall, to give to it all possible publicity. I ask that this request be granted by all the rights of human benevolence, justice and Christian charity. A claim based upon such rights must persuade all persons to satisfy this my wish and ardent desire.

"Signed, Lorenzo Ricci."

C

EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE BY M. DE MEILHAN ON THE DUC DE CHOISEUL[1]

THE Duc de Choiseul was known in youth as the Comte de Stainville; he had long enjoyed a certain fame in society for his wit, his light touch and his gaiety. His talent for persiflage and certain annoying incidents credited to him, which, however, were the result of mischief rather than malice, gave rise to the false impression that Gresset had him in mind when writing his comedy, *Le Méchant*. He was very successful with women, although there was nothing alluring in his appearance. He was rather short, had almoſt red hair and a face which might be called ugly; but it was animated by the expression of his eyes, and his noble, polished and sometimes audacious manners gave a character of diſtinction to his whole personality and concealed his defects.

By some incautious remarks he had incurred the hatred of Madame de Pompadour, and he boaſted of it. He called himself "*le Chevalier de Maurepas*"[2] to mark the fact that he was second on the liſt of the

[1] This extract also forms part of the *Mélanges d'hiſtoire et de littérature*. (B.)

[2] M. de Maurepas was dismissed from office and exiled by the influence of Madame de Pompadour. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

mistress's aversions. He soon felt, however, that the enmity of so powerful a woman was a bar to all advancement, and an unforeseen occurrence provided him with an opportunity of wiping out his offences. A young woman, the Comtesse de C——[1], had just appeared at Court. She was charmingly pretty, and her coquetry was equal to her charms. She set her cap at the King, who was not unwilling. Though naturally timid, he was emboldened by the advances of the Comtesse de C——, and made her a declaration by letter. She was uncertain how to reply. As she aspired to be the King's acknowledged mistress, as the mistresses of Louis XIV had been, she wished neither to yield too easily, nor to hint at too great obstacles. The Comte de Stainville seemed to be the man most fitted to advise her in so delicate a matter, so she begged him to come to see her, confided the situation to him, showed him the King's letter, and asked him to suggest a reply.

M. de Stainville asked to be allowed to reflect over the matter until the next day, and took the letter with him. No sooner was it in his hands than he went to see Madame de Pompadour. On being admitted, he began by confessing that, having had cause for dissatisfaction, he had spoken about her in a way that must have offended her ; but that he had not come to justify himself or to feign sentiments which perhaps he did not feel. It was possible to respect people without having any affection for them, and he was convinced that her advice was useful to the King, and that she

[1] Madame de Choiseul-Romanet, a niece of Madame d'Estrades.

had the good of the State at heart. These considerations had urged him to disclose to her a plot now hatching against her, which it was desirable to frustrate immediately. Then he showed her the King's letter, and did not conceal the fact that it would be a great blow to see a woman to whom he was related by marriage acquire an influence, the misuse of which would be a disgrace to her family. Madame de Pompadour passed from astonishment to fear, and then to admiration of so generous a character; what magnanimity was being displayed before her eyes by a man whom up to that moment she had mistakenly hated. They combined to devise means to make the Comtesse de C——'s plans miscarry. Madame de Pompadour lavished expressions of esteem and gratitude on M. de Stainville, while he said several times that he did not make any claim on her gratitude, and that he had no right to esteem, his object having been entirely the King's peace of mind and the good of the State. M. de Stainville did not afterwards pay court to Madame de Pompadour, but he presented himself for supper with the King and was named, which had not happened to him for a long time.[1]

From that moment the Comte de Stainville was under the protection of Madame de Pompadour, and was appointed Ambassador first at Rome and then at Vienna; but distance did not prevent him from

[1] It must, however, be stated that everyone who knew how proud M. de Choiseul was, will be inclined to believe that he was horrified at the idea of seeing the Comtesse de C—— openly the King's mistress, and that this fear may have influenced his attitude to Madame de Pompadour. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

cultivating her friendship. In 1758, wearied of the Abbé de Bernis, she permitted him to be exiled, and recalled the Comte de Stainville from Vienna to succeed him as Minister for Foreign Affairs. On becoming minister he was created a duke and peer.[1] His ascendancy over the favourite could not but increase his influence. He had his cousin the Comte de Choiseul made a minister and Secretary of State, and some time afterwards had him created duke and peer under the title of Duc de Praslin,[2] M. de Choiseul was not content with one department: on the death of Maréchal de Belle-Isle, in January, 1761, he obtained the War Office and added to it the Admiralty, handing over the Foreign Affairs to his cousin. Afterwards, he resumed the Foreign Affairs, and handed over the Navy to M. de Praslin. He was made colonel-general of the Swiss Guards, Governor of Touraine and Grand-Bailiff of Haguenau. The combination of these various posts gave him a revenue of seven hundred thousand livres at least, and, if the property of his wife be included, he must have enjoyed an income of a million livres. But this sum did not suffice for his enormous expenditure of all kinds.

The Duc de Choiseul was skilful enough to maintain himself in all his magnificence after the death of Madame de Pompadour; and his position might have long been secure, if he had condescended to show the smallest consideration for Madame du Barry. But he thought himself strong enough to fight the influence of

[1] In 1759. (B.)

[2] In October, 1762, at the time of the peace with England. (B.)

a mistress of this class, and was dismissed.[1] As his downfall occurred in December, 1770, at the moment when the Parliaments were threatened with destruction, the public imagined that there was agreement in sentiments and opinion between them and M. de Choiseul, and also that he had opposed Madame du Barry on moral principles. Thus the Duc de Choiseul became the idol of the magistrates and their many partisans. For twenty-four hours, the streets were blocked by the crowd of carriages which flocked to his door. On his arrival at his castle at Chanteloup, where his exile was to be spent, there was a stream thither of all the most distinguished courtiers.[2] All classes of Parisian society tried to outvie each other in manifestations of attachment to the fallen minister. This enthusiasm formed a regular opposition party, eager to exalt the Duc de Choiseul and to decry the Court.

At the beginning of the new reign, it was expected that he would be made Prime Minister. It was thought that the Queen, whose marriage he had arranged, would use her influence to re-establish him; but the warnings against M. de Choiseul which he had heard since his infancy, had given Louis XVI a marked

[1] A man I knew was instructed to say to the Duc de Choiseul that Madame du Barry "desired to live in friendly relations with him, and that if he were willing to approach her, she would meet him half way." These were Madame du Barry's own words. The mediator pointed out that a mistress had sometimes driven a minister out, while no ministers had ever driven a mistress out; but M. de Choiseul's resolution was unshakeable. (Note by Mr. Craufurd.)

[2] The Chevalier de Boufflers in a song said gaily of this stream:

Il fallut qu'on le rappelât
Pour que Paris se repeuplât.

(He had to be recalled, for Paris to be re-peopled.) (B.)

dislike for him. He only obtained permission to return to Paris, where the society about him, made up of men and women of distinguished birth or repute in the world, magistrates, men of letters and malcontents, formed a large and imposing party. He died in May, 1785, and his party was scattered; but this crowd of people accustomed to censure the Court and the ministers, continued to concern themselves with and find fault with the actions of the Government.

I will not expatiate on the character and actions of the Duc de Choiseul; I will merely say briefly that, in spite of abilities made to shine in society, a noble and generous soul, and certain great qualities in his capacity as minister, as a statesman he fell short of the general expectations formed of him. His memoirs, printed since his death, leave no doubt on this point.[1] The luck which so often favoured the Duke willed also that his disgrace should coincide with the fall of the Parliaments soon after the installation of Madame du Barry; eighteen months before, the public would have applauded his dismissal, and seen in him only an indolent and spendthrift minister.

There is, however, one very curious fact, which proves how difficult it is to form a just estimate of those in high places: the Duc de Choiseul, so extravagant in his personal expenditure, was the minister who made the greatest economies in State expenditure since Sully. He abolished twenty millions of annual subsidies granted by an old and absurd abuse

[1] The alleged *Mémoires du duc de Choiseul* consist merely of documents selected at random from his papers. M. de Meilhan evidently did not know these *Mémoires* since he quotes them as an authority. (B.)

to various European princes and powers, and he succeeded in carrying through this reform without losing a single ally. Thus, taking everything into account, he saved two hundred and fifty millions during the eleven years of his ministry, which more than makes up for the gratuities and pensions, sometimes granted for insufficient reasons, which his natural generosity extracted from him.

(We think we ought to add to the foregoing article the following anecdote related to the second editor, Mr. Craufurd, by M. de Meilhan himself. It is given in M. de Meilhan's own words.)

"One day as I was walking in the Luxembourg, M. N. came up to me. After a few minutes conversation on indifferent matters, he said to me: 'You like M. de Choiseul, and would consequently be glad to do him a great service?' I agreed. 'Well, look here,' he said, 'I will supply you with the means, if you like, but only on condition that my name is not to be mentioned under any circumstances.' I gave him my promise, adding: 'You do not like M. de Choiseul; how comes it that you are so eager to serve him?' 'The matter is quite simple,' he said. 'I do not like him, but I like M. de la V. much less, and he will perhaps be dismissed for ever if you are able to make use of the confidence I am going to give you. I am intimately acquainted with the old Abbé de Broglie, who has been on terms of friendship with the King since his childhood, and is permitted to write to him and receives replies. He and his nephews are at the head of the anti-Choiseul cabal, and they think that I belong to the same party. I had dinner

to-day with the Abbé, his nephews, M. de Boynes, and some other adherents of theirs. After dinner, he read us a letter he received from the King yeſterday, and the reply he sent this morning, which he rightly thinks likely to determine the King to dismiss M. de Choiseul. I applauded his reply, declaring that I was completely persuaded of its success, that is, of the ruin of the Choiseuls, and then asked to read it. You know that I have a good memory, and you will not be surprised to hear that I remember it word for word. I live quite near here, if you come with me, I will dictate it to you.'

"I went with him and he dictated the letter to me. It was moſt cunningly composed, but contained a sentence which might compromise the Duc de la V—— with the King, and should have been particularly encouraging to the Duc de Choiseul. This was one remarkable phrase in it: 'The Duc de Choiseul (said the Abbé) is in close alliance with the Parliament againſt Your Majeſty; if he can once be discredited with this body, he loses his ascendency over the public. He is an Antæus, who, when forcibly lifted from the earth, loses his ſtrength, but recovers it when he touches earth again.' This alliance of the Duc de Choiseul with the Parliament was a myth, but it was believed, especially by the King. Chancellor Maupeou used it four years later to ruin M. de Choiseul, and succeeded. The letter had a queer ending: 'I kiss,' said the Abbé, 'your little royal paw.'

"I thanked M. N., and that evening took the letter to the Duchesse de Gramont. She was all the more

sensible of its importance, because she knew that the King had for several days been showing some coldness towards her brother, and that he had been hearing from all sides that he was going to be dismissed. She assured me of her own and her brother's gratitude, but I begged her not to say that she had had the letter from me. ' I promised on my word of honour,' said I, ' not to divulge from whom I received it nor the curious chance that brought it into my possession. The silence I am obliged to preserve will make your brother think that I have connections in the enemy camp, that I have, in the vulgar phrase, a finger in every pie. The result of a proof of zeal, to which I attach no value but its success, would be to arouse suspicion of me in M. de Choiseul's mind.' She promised to keep the secret, and gave me her word that she would make a copy of the letter to send to Versailles the next day, and would return to me the one in my handwriting.

" As I pondered over the affair that night, I thought of a means of turning the Abbé's indiscretion to the greatest advantage and discrediting him completely. As a result, I wrote next day to the Duchesse de Gramont to the effect that my regard for her and M. de Choiseul had made me think deeply over the letter of the Abbé de Broglie and on the position of affairs and the rumours that were current ; and that it had occurred to me that M. de Choiseul, at the close of the next Council, should make the Controller General, l'Averdy, say to the King before all the ministers that the rumours floating about were making the public believe that he was dissatisfied with the services of M. de Choiseul, which was having a bad influence on

public business. The King, I said, would not fail to reply that rumours of this kind must be treated with contempt. Then M. de Choiseul must intervene, and say that he would never have thought of mentioning them, but for the fact that the King himself believed in them, as was shown by letters written by him to the Abbé de Broglie and the Abbé's replies, especially the one sent to His Majesty two days before, which contained the most odious allegations against himself, the Duc de Praslin and M. de l'Averdy. Then it would be opportune to beg His Majesty to be so good as to give an explanation, because, if their services were no longer agreeable to him, they were ready to resign. If, on the contrary, he believed their work and their zeal in his service to be useful, they humbly begged him for the public good, which was jeopardised by the uncertainty over what was to happen, to give them this flattering assurance. The King, who was easily embarrassed, and would be ashamed of the indiscretion of the Abbé de Broglie, would be certain to say that he was quite satisfied with their services.

M. de Choiseul followed my advice literally. The King said that the Abbé was a chattering old fool, and that he was quite satisfied with his ministers. I learned of what happened at the Council, without boasting of having played any part in it, and M. de Choiseul treated me as usual, and said nothing relating to this affair.

He was exiled some years after, and I visited him at Chanteloup. It was his custom, when cards were over after supper, to tell stories and anecdotes of his ministry and of the intrigues of his time. Men and women

gathered round him, and listened with the greatest interest. One evening he happened to mention the Abbé de Broglie, and told the story of the letter of which I have just spoken. "It is," said he, "a queer document; I will look for it and show it to you." With these words he turned to go to his room, but as he passed me, he stopped and said: "There is no need for me to go to look for the letter; here is someone who knows the whole affair better than I." I then took up the tale and disclosed the contents of the letter word for word.

D

ON THE DAUPHIN, SON OF LOUIS XV

(This article is taken in part from a work by M. de Meilhan.)

This prince was naturally intelligent; he expressed himself with ease, and, when animated, with eloquence.

By his first wife, an Infanta of Spain, he had no children. He married for the second time, in February 1747, Marie-Joséphine of Saxony, whom he tenderly loved. Thenceforward, his interest was centered in his hearth. All those who thought they had any grievance against the Court, attached themselves to the Dauphin; the religious party hastened to capture him, and thus, quite undesignedly and even unwittingly, the Dauphin found himself at the head of a party of disaffected persons, who proclaimed him to be the guardian of morals and the zealous defender of religion. The King, seeing in his son tendencies which seemed bound to alienate him, treated him with coldness; and the Dauphin spent twenty years of his life without seeing the King, except for a few moments in the rôle of courtier. One curious feature in the relations between father and son was observed: the latter did not call the King either *Sire* or *Father;* by the use of periphrases he found a way of avoiding any designation, and replied to the King briefly and with an air of embarrassment. The Dauphin shut himself up in his

apartments and devoted himself to reading; he also held conversations with a few learned men. But his well-known repugnance for the so-called *philosophes* did not permit of access to him for many people of outſtanding merit. The Bishop of Verdun, Nicolaï, Comte, afterwards Maréchal, du Muy, both men of wit and learning, the Abbé de Saint-Cyr a learned man, but superſtitious and unenlightened, together with the Duc de la Vauguyon, formed the Dauphin's circle. The prince had acquired some knowledge, and in him it was combined with virtuous principles, which had no passions to contend with.

In his early youth, he had liked to sing psalms, because he had a strong bass voice voice of wide range. He used for fun to imitate the basses of the King's Chapel; and those who happened to hear him reported that he was a regular *bigot*, who did nothing but sing vespers. This impression remained fixed in the public mind, but, even though the Dauphin was religious, he was in no way intolerant, as the following anecdote, chosen from many others, will prove. He had shown favour to a young man with a reputation for wit and learning, and used to converse with him occasionally. One day he said to him: "Do you know, M. de Silhouette[1]?" The young man replied that he knew him by reputation and from his books. "He alleges," added the Dauphin, "that, if you are thoroughly acquainted with natural law, you can easily deduce from it the whole of civil law." The young man, wishing to shine at all coſts, replied that

[1] M. de Silhouette had juſt retired from the Controller-Generalship of France. (B.)

there was no natural law but that of force, and that civil law was purely conventional. "And religion?" asked the Dauphin. "All the religions are alike in the excellence of their ethical system, and consequently that proves nothing for any of them." He had no sooner uttered these words than he perceived that he had been imprudent, and said no more. "Well," interposed the Dauphin, "you say no more and I see why. You have been told that I am very religious, and you think you have scandalised me. It is true that you have been very bold; but try to maintain your thesis," he added laughing, "and I will maintain mine."

One day the Dauphin was leaning on the great balcony of the Château de Bellevue, gazing towards Paris, when a man, with whom he was on familiar terms, came up to him and said: "His Highness has a very pensive look." "I was dreaming," replied the prince, "of the joy a sovereign must feel at making so many people happy."

In the course of a conversation with Maréchal de Richelieu, he said: "Marshal, you have the reputation of drawing portraits very well, draw mine." The Marshal begged to be excused but the Dauphin urged him so warmly that he had to yield. "I shall obey you," said the Marshal, "but I am a truthful man and something may escape me which will displease you." "I shall not be angry," said the Dauphin; to which the Marshal retorted, "Princes are like cats who show a velvet paw, but the claw is underneath and soon appears." The Dauphin pressed him further and the Marshal said: "Since Your Highness commands, here is your portrait. When I see Your Highness, I think

I am in the ſtore-room of the Opera House." The prince laughed, and the Marshal went on: "In the ſtore-room of the Opera House, you see the coſtumes of a high prieſt, a warrior, a philosopher, Harlequin and a shepherd, and they are all to be found in Your Highness." Although this comparison depicted the supposed indecision of the Dauphin's ideas, and presented him in a very unflattering light, he was not offended and went on joking.

The Dauphin seemed weary of his position; he had no influence, and did nothing to acquire it, and he had none of the taſtes which drive away *ennui* by providing pleasant diſtractions. The King was ſtill young and might live for a long time, and these would be so many dull years for the Dauphin. A diſtaſte for life took possession of him, and perhaps helped to shorten his days. I shall go into the subject of his death in some detail, because part of Europe believed that he was poisoned.

The Dauphin, gloomy and bored and without energy to seek for diſtraction, fell into a ſtate of melancholy, which had a bad effect on his health. At the same time, an eruption appeared under his nose, and, in his efforts to make it disappear, he surreptitiously used a quack drug. The Dauphiness learned of this, and, as she knew the danger of it, she took possession of the drug, and threw it away. The Dauphin was angry, sent for a fresh supply of the same drug, and went on using it. The eruption disappeared, but the humour passed into the blood and attacked the cheſt. Soon afterwards, he began to cough, but his melancholy made him reject all advice.

In this state, he set out for Compiègne in July, 1765. The Dauphin's regiment of dragoons was there, and the Dauphin was zealous in directing its manœuvres both on foot and horseback. One day, after getting heated, he was present at foot manœuvres in a very damp meadow; he got his feet wet, and, as a meeting of the Council was imminent, he drove to it without taking time to change his underlinen and his shoes. Next day, he had a severe cold, and took no pains to cure it, but continued to expose himself intemperately to fatigue, heat and cold for the whole time his regiment remained at Compiègne. On his return to Versailles his chest was affected; the King instructed his chief physician, Sénac,[1] with whom the Dauphin was on friendly terms, to see him and speak to him of his health and the necessity of regular treatment. The Dauphin said to him: "I shall always be very glad to see you, to talk about literature and history, but my apartments will be closed to you, if you speak of my health." The doctor insisted and the Dauphin sharply told him to go. The penetration of his system by the eruptive humour, and the neglected cold increasingly affected his chest. The King was alarmed, and ordered his chief physician to speak to his son once more. The latter, remembering the Dauphin's orders, pretended to address himself to a figure on the tapestry, and began to predict the possible results of a neglected chest. The Dauphin said: "I have forbidden you to speak of my health." "I am speaking to Alexander," said Sénac. The Dauphin laughed at this trick, which affection inspired, and Sénac ended by saying that in

[1] Father of M. de Meilhan. (B.)

two months it would be too late and Alexander would die. The Court went to Fontainebleau in October, 1765, and the disease had made such strides that soon there was no hope.[1] The Dauphin, seeing that death was near, submitted to all the remedies suggested ; but it was too late, and, on 20th of December, he died in the same manner as all who have the same form of disease, and by the same stages. Finally, the opening of his body proved beyond question that he died of an ulcer of the lungs.

A trustworthy witness, who was in a position to observe these events closely, assured me that he " often saw the prince while he was ill, and heard the conjectures of the doctors and watched the progress of the disease ; and that there could not be a calumny, not only more false but even more absurd, than the imputation that the Duc de Choiseul had had him poisoned." The rumour, however, spread very widely, and it is even alleged that this vexatious notion was the cause of the estrangement between Louis XVI and the minister, an estrangement which had no other origin than a

[1] The following details are given in Collé's *Mémoires* : " When the Dauphin became convinced that his illness was fatal, he thought only of the services he might render to those he loved. He had a company given to a page he was fond of ; and, because M. de Choiseul had put it off several times, he sent for him and said : ' Sir, I desire that this young man should have his position while I am still alive ; he would soon be forgotten after my death.'

" After he took to his bed, he said nothing but kindly things to those about him, even to his humblest servants ; Maréchal de Richelieu praised him for the heroic courage with which he forgot himself and thought only of others. The virtuous prince replied, ' Ah, Marshal, should I not express my most heartfelt gratitude to all who care for me, and so deserve the regret they feel at losing me ? ' " (B.)

conversation in which M. de Choiseul showed a lack of respect for the Dauphin. Louis XVI said one day of M. de Choiseul: "I owe it to the memory of my father, never to let my person be approached by a man who failed him, and who insolently proclaimed himself the enemy of the son of his King."

The Dauphin took the Duc de Bourgogne for his model, and, as he was guided by the most praiseworthy intentions, it is thought that he would have made fundamental changes in the Government. It is thought also that the prince, when invested with supreme power, would have felt the necessity of continual and constant progress. The religious party, owing to the habit of listening to them he had acquired, would perhaps have had a certain ascendancy over him; but affairs and events would doubtless have brought him into contact with men of enlightenment; and his natural sense of justice and his kindness of character would have made him indulgent to men carried away by intellectual error. His reply to the young man related above would seem to give grounds for this opinion.

Anecdote of the Dauphiness, the Mother of Louis XVI

A little while after I arrived in Brittany, I received from the Comtesse de . . . . ,who was attached to the household of the Dauphiness, a letter in which this royal lady was portrayed in a very unfavourable light. I was amazed at receiving by post a letter containing such rash utterances, and I was careful not to answer. Four or five months later, when I returned to Paris, I spoke to Madame de . . . . about her imprudent letter and she gave me this explanation:—

"After the death of the Dauphin," she said, "it was feared that the Dauphiness would gain an influence over the King, who seemed touched by her profound sorrow." It was desirable to make the King acquainted with the ambitions of the Dauphiness, but to succeed in doing so was the most difficult thing possible. "It occurred to me," added Madame de . . . ." that your letters would be opened and their contents shown to the King. Accordingly, I arranged with M. de Choiseul to give you in a letter the information about the Dauphiness which I wished to convey to the King. I thought that this information, if written *in confidence* by one who was near her, would have more effect on the King than any direct remarks we might venture to make. I was correct in my surmises up to a certain point: the King, who was shown an extract from my letter, passed it on to M. de Choiseul; but, from all appearances, he put no faith in my confidences, for he wrote under the extract in his own hand: 'This is a malicious woman.'"

I begged Madame de . . . . to choose another confidant if the need arose again, because her letter might have involved me in embarrassment, and because I had long been haunted by a fear of being interrogated over this correspondence.

Five months elapsed, and I believed I had nothing more to fear; but one day the Marquis de Saint-M . . . came up to me and said: "I am instructed by the Dauphiness to speak to you on a very serious matter, about which she is deeply concerned. She knows that you received a letter in which she was slandered, and she claims to see that letter, or at least to learn its exact

contents. You know Her Royal Highness: she is extremely determined, and you should not hesitate about satisfying her."

I considered while Marquis de Saint-M . . . . was speaking. It seemed clear that her Royal Highness had only a vague idea of the letter which had been written to me, and I arranged my reply accordingly. "I might," I said, "reply that I burn my letters, but I will be candid with you and confess that I have all the letters written to me by Madame de . . . . . There is some foundation for what Her Royal Highness says, but the contents of the letter are far from being so serious. I will show it to you to-morrow, and you can give her a faithful account of it."

He agreed to come to see me at ten o'clock next morning, and I hastened home to re-read Madame de . . . . 's letter. After consideration of its contents, I thought it would be possible to put the Marquis de Saint-M . . . . off the scent, by re-casting the letter, allowing some of the charges to stand, but altering the tone so that it would be plain that the writer was not attaching any credit to what she was relating. I despatched a courier immediately to Madame de . . . . , who was at Versailles. After acquainting her with what had passed between M. de Saint-M . . and myself, I urged her to write me at once two or three letters with the date of the period of my stay in Brittany, and to include in them some of the charges she had made against the Dauphiness, with the correctives of which I have spoken. The danger was greater for her than for me; so she proceeded at once to write the letters very cleverly turned on the lines I had

indicated. I received these letters at 5 a.m. the next morning, and I flung them pell-mell into a box among some other papers.

The Marquis arrived punctually for his appointment, and I received him in bed, so as to appear unconcerned about a matter which seemed capable of ready explanation. I apologised to him for not being up to receive him, and then went to fetch the box. I pulled out several papers and letters, which being in a state of confusion and muddle, gave the impression that I had been in no hurry to look for the document concerned. After glancing at the dates of several letters, I finally found the ones sent to me that morning and gave them to the Marquis to read. I begged him to give the most favourable colour to his report, if he found anything indiscreet and dangerous. He read the letters and was completely taken in. He promised to give a faithful account of them to Her Royal Highness, and we parted.

But how could the Dauphiness have learned of the matter? That was what Madame de . . . . could not imagine. M. de Choiseul had the so-called "secret of the post," that is to say that the King passed on to him the extracts brought to him by the postmaster, but he had not mentioned Madame de . . .'s letter to anyone. The Postmaster, accustomed to the most absolute discretion, had certainly said nothing. The mystery was explained after the death of the Dauphiness. One day, in the company of the Marquis de Saint-M . . . , I spoke of the letter, and confessed the trick I had played to foil the enquiries of the Dauphiness. But when I expressed my surprise at the fact that she knew about the letter, he said: "You do

not know, and M. de Choiseul himself was ignorant of the fact, that the King, after the Dauphin's death, used to visit Her Royal Highness fairly often. Her apartments could be reached from his by a little staircase. Becoming accustomed to seeing her, he gradually came to feel confidence in her, and her influence, of which she made a mystery, increased from day to day. When that letter in which she was so traduced was written to you, the King remarked to her: 'There's a lady who has written some fine things about you to M. de . . . . .' He gave the name of the lady, but no further details. But he had said enough to waken lively curiosity in her, and, as soon as she learnt of your arrival, she commissioned me to see you and to learn from you at any price the exact contents of the letter."

E

THE DUCHESSE DE GRAMONT

(Article by M. de Meilhan)

The Duchesse de Gramont remained at Remiremont till she was twenty-eight, and naturally had not acquired in a chapter-house a true idea of the malice of men, the art of slander and the ease with which slanders are credited. She very soon gained a great ascendancy over the Duc de Choiseul, her brother ; and those who judged others by themselves, knowing that she had no fortune, did not doubt but that she would be eager to engage in what was called " affairs." This showed a great ignorance of the Duchesse de Gramont, who had a most lofty soul. M. de Choiseul had approved a contract for fodder, and a rumour got about that the contractors had given Madame de Gramont a hundred thousand crowns as a " consideration." She learned of this, sought her brother, and told him of the insulting charge with which people were trying to defame her. The Duke tried to calm her, but all his efforts were vain. She had no idea of formalities, and believing, which was almost the case, that nothing was impossible for her brother, she asked him to break the contract. Her brother pointed out that it had been signed by the King. Uncompromising and headstrong, Madame de Gramont was undeterred by this obstacle and insisted. The Duke then urged in objection that

the means she wished to employ to crush the slander would only serve to give it substance, and with a struggle she yielded to this reasoning.

Some time after, M. de Lally, who had recently arrived from India, went to Fontainebleau, where the Court then was. The public fury, inflamed by the libels lavishly circulated by the many enemies of this unfortunate general, was then at its height. A story was spread that he had given valuable diamonds to the Duchesse de Gramont, and the assurance which consciousness of innocence gave to Lally was attributed to his certainty of her protection. The Duchess, learning of this rumour, was indignant at being suspected of this infamous traffic in her brother's favours; Lally's enemies profited by these feelings, and persuaded her that so great a criminal should not be spared, and that her reputation and that of her brother would be compromised for ever, if she did not show publicly that she took no interest in the guilty man.

At the Council, it was proposed to arrest Lally; the Duc de Choiseul, from a weakness for his sister, did not oppose; but, on leaving the Council, he sent for the Comte d'Estaing, who had served under M. de Lally in India, and said to him: "Do you know that M. de Lally is to be arrested and taken to the Bastille?" M. de Estaing understood the significance of this, and set out for Paris, where he found Lally, told him of what he had just learned, and advised him to escape, at least till the storm had blown over. Lally flew into a rage, refused to go or to hide, and twenty-four hours later he was arrested. The part that Madame de Gramont might be said to have taken in the

unfortunate catastrophe that befell Lally, was a most bitter memory to her.[1]

The Duchesse de Gramont, by her circumspect conduct and far-sighted wisdom, combined with a certain style, certain manners, had, without exerting herself, gained a marked ascendancy in society. No one ever enjoyed greater consideration, and this was fully maintained after the death of her brother, which proves that it was independent of circumstances. She had a rare gift for explaining a case and presenting it in the most favourable light. During her brother's ministry, she was able to justify her brother's actions and make the best of them, and, by her services and little attentions of the most gracious simplicity, to

[1] One evening, when I was at the Duchesse de Gramont's, the Maréchale de Beauvau was also there. M. de Choiseul came in by a little door with a melancholy air, holding a paper in his hand. "What is the matter, brother ?" asked the Duchess. "This is the decree for Lally's arrest, that I am taking to the King," and he set about reading it. Then looking at me, he said: "This comes within your competence, sir, please read it and give us your opinion." I read it, and when I came to the words "Charged with and convicted of having betrayed the interests of the King, the State and the Company," I stopped in astonishment and indignation. "Well," said M. de Choiseul, "go on." "It is unnecessary, your Grace, to go further to see that this decree is the most atrocious injustice. You can betray the interests of the King by excess of zeal, ignorance or inexperience. Such an equivocal phrase shows the embarrassment of the judges, who were unable to convict him of *treason*. If they had had proof of that, they would have expressed themselves in positive terms. Everybody who smuggles a partridge or a bottle of wine, betrays the interests of the King, the State and those of the tax-farming company. He deserves death then according to the horrible provisions of this decree?" My opinion made some impression. M. de Choiseul went up to the King and tried to soften him; but he found him too strongly prejudiced against the unfortunate Lally to obtain his pardon. (Note by M. de Meilhan.)

bring back to him adherents who had been alienated by the lightness of his character and words, which were sometimes indiscreet.

Her talk was engaging, her style simple and natural. She never made any pretensions to wit; she was enclosed within the sphere of her family interests, and never tried to overstep these limits. Although, after her brother's dismissal, she never went to Court, persons in high favour paid her zealous attention and were eager for her approval. No one was ever more faithful in friendship or more devoted to her friends. People did not extol her intellect nor quote her sayings; but they turned to her for advice, and were flattered by her approbation and had the greatest confidence in her judgment. Her recognised discretion made her recipient of many important secrets, and no one in Paris was more thoroughly acquainted with the most intimate affairs of the Court. For thirty years her room was a centre where everything and everyone met, and no man of doubtful reputation was ever admitted. Her pride of character did not fail in prison; she displayed the greatest courage in dying and heroic devotion to her friend, the Duchesse du Châtelet. When she was interrogated before the revolutionary tribunal, she did not try to justify herself. "It would be useless to speak of myself," she said to the judges. "But I owe it to the truth to say that no charge can be laid against Madame du Châtelet, who has never engaged in public affairs, never known party spirit nor taken part in any intrigue. There have been people as innocent as she, but none whose character and way of life make them less open to

accusation or even suspicion." Madame de Gramont had urged her friend to return to France, and her despairing self-reproach over her death, made her insensible to her own.[1]

[1] We may add to this account an instance which proves her strength of soul and loftiness of character. Madame de Gramont was indicted before the tribunal of Fouquier-Tinville. She was asked: "Have you not sent money to émigrés?" "I was going to say 'No,'" she replied, "but my life is not worth a lie."

F

NOTE ON CARDINAL DE BERNIS[1]

Cardinal de Bernis is no longer well known personally.

His birth was much more distinguished than is commonly believed. During my researches in the archives at Rome, I came across authentic documents, letters from Pope Innocent the Eleventh, which prove that, from the beginning of the twelfth century, his family, already illustrious, possessed the Château of Gange, *Aganticum*. He was connected with the greatest houses, the Montmorencys, etc., etc., and was the third of his name who had had the see of Albi. In youth, he had studied more than was believed also.

During the whole of his life, with the exception perhaps of his last years, he enjoyed a peculiar and valuable advantage, that of being able to keep well on a very small allowance of sleep. I can certify that, up to 1786, he scarcely ever passed more than five hours in bed. And let no one object that at Rome for many years he evidently made up liberally during the day for the sleep he did not take at night. The indubitable fact is that he did not sleep during the day except towards the end, when occupation and distraction failed him entirely. At the time when he had to

[1] This interesting note is from the hand of M. Loménie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse, afterwards a minister, and later Archbishop of Sens and a cardinal. The manuscript including this extract, is written entirely in his own handwriting.

follow the negotiation of the Treaty of Versailles, a negotiation which cost him more work than is thought and than is commonly stated, he used to pass the whole day at Court, every evening in company or even at cards (although he had no liking for cards, and played only to baffle the espionage of the ministers in power, who did not like him and had no idea what confidences the King had made to him in this affair); then he worked all night. This lasted for many months. *The fact is certain.*

On this point, it must be stated that the Treaty of Versailles was not, as was thought, a mere result of the intrigues of Madame de Pompadour. Hardly had the Peace of 1748 been signed, when Maria Theresa, who had conceived an involuntary personal fancy for Louis XV (*this fact is also certain*), planned and pursued the idea of a close alliance with him. The Marquis de Puysieux, then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and afterwards Minister of State for a considerable period, as well as his friend and creature, the Comte de Saint-Severin, treated as nonsense what the Minister of France at Vienna, immediately after the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, wrote from time to time in his dispatches on this matter, and his repeated assurances of the ardent desire of Maria Theresa to form an alliance with the King. The Minister in question was *Blondel*, uncle of my father, who, on his return from Aix-la-Chapelle, where he had been sent a little later, after M. de Saint-Severin had already done many foolish things, requested the Marquis de Puysieux, as a personal favour, to put his uncle there. I know all this from

certain knowledge. Cardinal de Bernis said to me afterwards of his own accord that he had discovered and recognised the whole of this correspondence, when he was examining the archives of the Miniſtry of Foreign Affairs in preparation for the Treaty of 1756.

I may affirm that his advice would have been not to take this political ſtep. The King wished to form an alliance with Maria Theresa, and wanted the Cardinal to undertake the negotiations. Then he desired to please the King, and it may be said, without bias, that he drew up *very well* a treaty, which was *fundamentally very bad*; much more might be said on this laſt point.

The Cardinal de Bernis did everything himself. His secretaries were never anything but *copyiſts*, I can certify that; even the Abbé *des Haisses*, his intimate friend, like them, was nothing but his *copyiſt*, in *political* affairs. He allowed him to aſt only in *domeſtic* affairs.

Even in the period when he abandoned himself most completely to pleasure and epicurean laziness, to good company and delightful verse making, he was conscious of the ease with which he would make *his career and his fortune* as soon as he seriously wished to do so. His class fellows at the seminary, who afterwards became social friends, Montazet, Archbishop of Lyons, La Rochefoucauld, afterwards a cardinal, and others whose names I forget, who attained to power, and that on the grand scale, long before him, sometimes tried to urge him to think of making *his career*, as they had, and to take the ecclesiaſtical ſtate seriously.

He replied, many times ; *I do not know when I shall decide to start ; but what I do know is, that, when I do decide and have begun, I shall overtake you.* Which came true.

He used to say that for long he had done nothing *creditable*, but that he had never done *anything discreditable.*

His connection with Madame de Pompadour was not such as is believed. He knew her slightly before she had been arranged with the King. I say *arranged*, and with good reason, for this love affair was conducted in a curious fashion. It was agreed and decided on, like a marriage between potentates, that she should be the King's mistress months before the King took her. Cardinal de Bernis was almost convinced that the King had not yet obtained anything when he set out for the Army. When he set out, there was a discussion in the privy council (for this sort of affair) on what society the future mistress should be allowed during her lover's absence, and on what persons, a few only, should be permitted to see her. The King personally wished that the Abbé de Bernis should be of her intimate circle ; and it was decided that it should be he who should see her most. From this time dated the *intimate and declared* confidence of the King in the Abbé de Bernis. This *intimate* confidence never failed for a moment, not even when the King banished him. This was the source of it. Louis XV as is well known, used to spy on the correspondence of all those at Court and in place. Many of these had corresponded with the Abbé de Bernis for many years. The King had read all their letters, in which they had

inadvertently taken many liberties, said many imprudent things. He had likewise read all the replies of the Abbé, and for six years, more or less, he had not found in any of his replies the least *indiscreet* or *ill-considered* phrase, not a single word which might give rise to suspicion of the slightest malice, the slightest ill-nature, the slightest discontent, although he seemed to speak openly and with a frankness equal to his wit. The Cardinal has told me this twenty times in private conversation, and he could not have had the least interest in doing so. Besides he *did not tell lies.*

Although Louis XV was particularly satisfied with his *preceptorate* of the Marquis during his campaign, and she was entirely satisfied with his direction, it was not till long afterwards that the lovers decided that he should have a great career.

Its beginning was the Ambassadorship at Venice, Machault and D'Argenson, who were afraid of him, took every means to wreck him. They asked him, as a proof of his talents, which they extolled enthusiastically, and as a signal service to the State, to discover on his journey to Turin, and to send to the Court, a copy of the treaty which the King of Sardinia had just concluded with Spain with such secrecy that the French Ambassadors at Madrid and Turin had been unable to obtain any information about it. The Abbé de Bernis scented the trap, and thought that it would be impossible to escape being labelled *unskilful* and *maladroit* or even *very careless*; for how was it possible to discover a secret treaty at a Foreign Court, where he was only to remain for three days ? After reflecting deeply on the matter for the whole of his journey, he

decided to act in this way. He made use of a first visit to the Minister Osorio to gain his personal goodwill. This was easy for him in view of his grace and charm in society and conversation. When he was certain of having pleased him, he said that his future fortune might depend on what he (Osorio) was willing to do for him. He then explained what an advantage he would enjoy over his rivals and enemies with the King and in the Councils, if he succeeded in carrying out the almost impossible commission given to him on leaving France, namely to send to the French Court a copy of this treaty, so alarming on account of the mystery surrounding it. At the same time, he made the Minister feel that, as the mystery could not be kept up for long, he had nothing to lose by putting an end to it a few days sooner. Osorio felt that there was truth in this, opened his drawer, and took out and handed him an exact copy of the treaty. Thus, in three days he succeeded in supplying the information which had been wanted for several months. Machault and d'Argenson were outwitted, and, as they did not know how easily the success had been won, they could not contradict the praise which this unexpected success gained for the negotiator from the Council, the Marquise de Pompadour, the King and the friends of the Abbé.

At Venice, where his rivals had deliberately placed him, as being a blind alley compared with other embassies, the greatest luck continued to favour him. There the foreign ministers, reduced to each other's society, *unbuttoned* more easily and more involuntarily. The Abbé formed a friendship with the

Spanish Ambassador (who had been a lover of the mistress at that time of the Prime Minister, *la Ensenada*) and gained from him early information about the progressive discredit of *la Ensenada*. The mistress wrote periodically to her former lover, and told him of the proofs which the Prime Minister was daily receiving of the disposition of the King towards him, secret proofs, which the Prime Minister concealed with the greatest care, and with such success that the French Ambassador—at that time the Duc de Duras—kept sending assurances that *la Ensenada* was more firmly anchored than ever. The Abbé de Bernis, much better informed, wrote assurances to the contrary in a kind of prophetic strain. Gradually, he was in a position to predict the month, almost the week, in which the downfall of the Prime Minister would occur. Relying on the despatches of the Duc de Duras, the ministers at Versailles mocked at those of the Abbé, who, buried among his *lagoons* at Venice, was stupid and vain enough to believe himself to be better informed of what was happening behind the curtains of the King of Spain at Madrid than the most clear-sighted ministers at that Court itself. When his prophecy was fulfilled, you can imagine the amazement of the Council. From that time, the Abbé was unanimously declared, even by his enemies, to be a man of really superior talent in negotiations, political acumen, etc. *These details are exact.*

The Abbé de Bernis reached the zenith of favour and esteem on account of a circumstance which did infinite honour to his honesty, his good heart and his true philosophy. I mean his conduct at the time of the

attempt on Louis XV's life, conduct dictated by what may most justly be called *the sentiments of an honest, gallant and reasonable man*, which sustained him when all the intriguers with their fundamental baseness suffered shipwreck disgracefully.

The King was wounded and readily believed to be in danger. All the ministers of the moment, even the cleverest, or at least those reputed to be so, either lost their heads or engaged in low intrigues, because their one aim was to keep their positions in case of a new event, or to profit by this to banish the mistress, *originally their benefactress*, or *compulsorily their idol*. The Abbé de Bernis, reflecting on his position, felt that the indispensable condition for a happy life was not to keep his ministerial position (he was then what was called simply a *Minister of State*), much less to advance still further on the road of ambition, honours and wealth, but rather to retain his own esteem and not to dishonour himself before his own conscience even more than in the eyes of honest men who had known him perfectly. So he said to himself that, on an occasion like this, he must forget completely what might in the event happen to him as minister, and think of nothing but discharging his duties to the wounded King, to the Dauphin, who had to watch over the State, to the King's mistress, to whom he owed great obligations, and to the public welfare, which, as minister, was in his care.

Consequently, the Abbé, by devoting himelf wholly to these various duties, and forgetting altogether what might be the result of intrigue, was the only man

whose brain was clear and free. He was the only one who gave his benefactress the advice of a faithful and loyal friend, and encouraged her to remain at Court till the King, to whom she owed everything, could make his wishes plain, at the risk of whatever might happen, a risk which the other ministers exaggerated in order to get rid of her in any case. He alone urged the Dauphin to call the Council without orders, and to act in a manner worthy of himself, a thing which the other ministers would never have been bold enough to do. When the Council met, he alone dared to make proposals, which did not fail to be followed, since everyone took care to preface his assent by saying that nothing could be added to what *the Abbé had proposed and maintained to be the proper course.* He alone thought of consoling and reassuring the family and the mistress in turns. He was the only man who, as he was not concerned with mean intriguing or with writing to Paris that very night, had time and leisure to study what was happening in the King's antechamber. He was thus in a better position than others and was able by a natural chance, to be the first to see the wounded King and to make certain that his life was in no danger. Hence, he was able to give the King an account of all he had done and said. Louis XV, who was naturally just and reasonable, and it may even be said, by nature the friend of honesty and virtue, in which he did not like others to be deficient and was not deficient himself, although he was led away by his weaknesses, approved of everything because in truth, in all he did and said, the Abbé followed, if not the stoicism of lofty virtue, at least

the sentiments of that virtue which is most within human capacity, and it may be, indeed, those of the best philosophy.

On the other hand, the Dauphin and his sisters were grateful to him for the part he had made them play. Besides, they could not help feeling and acknowledging that he showed more ability and attention in the conduct of affairs and as minister than any other member of the Council. In short, he said to me a hundred times that he thought he had never been more justified in his own esteem than on this important occasion. He believed in all good faith that at that time he had not failed in any of the duties imposed by the conscience of an honest man, and that he owed this contentment of mind, and the great success which it brought to his fortunes (since afterwards he was successful in everything) solely to the fact that a serious self-examination had assured him that he had no need of this fortune for a happy life; he needed only to be able to continue to respect himself for the rest of his life.

The self-love and vanity of Cardinal de Bernis (and it may, perhaps it should, be said that he possessed both) were not such as one might think. He was very well able to do himself justice and to appreciate what he had done. Certainly, it would be impossible to say that he did not like to relate, to some extent even to boast of, his personal exploits when he was a minister; but I can certify that no one knew better and recognised more clearly that chance played the greatest part in everything which made him most famous. At the moment when he seemed to touch the summit of his

glory (I mean the instant when Maréchal de Richelieu, by unprecedented successes, had driven the army of the Allies into a corner, and seemed on the point of ending the war in a way which would have crowned all the political plans formed and pursued during the ministry of the Abbé de Bernis), on the very day when he was expecting every moment to receive official news of the complete disarmament and dispersion of the enemy's army, he spent more than an hour walking up and down alone in his study, meditating on what would be the verdict of history on all the events which had marked the first years following the conclusion of the Treaty of Versailles ; the capture of Mahon, the victory of Hastenbeck, the conquest of Germany, the destruction of the Hanoverian army, etc., etc. Then, going over again in his mind the means by which all these things had been carried out, the men by whom they had been conducted, the heads by which most of the schemes had been hatched, all the intrigues which had happened, everything that the most unforeseen chance alone had brought about, all the obstacles he himself had to overcome and sufferings to endure, he said to himself : " Poor posterity, what will you know ? And how the truth, with its exact knowledge, would jest at you, etc., etc. ! " He has told me twenty times over that ideas like this were engaging his mind at the moment when the officer who brought the news of the agreement of Closter-Seven cracked his whip at his door. He watched him ascend to his room, opened the despatch, read the tenor of the treaty and understood immediately what must be its inevitable consequences. His first idea was to

say to himself : "The dream is over. Egad! posterity is not so greatly to be pitied ; it will be in no case for unreasonable amazement."

The downfall of Cardinal de Bernis was not, either in its cause nor in its results for him, such as is commonly believed.

I am certain, and I shall never be able to believe, at any time or from any point of view, that the reason for his downfall was a scheme to remove the Marquise de Pompadour and to be the acknowledged Prime Minister. No one was better aware than he of the absolute impossibility of ever making Louis XV decide to take a prime minister in the true sense of the word. No one was more incapable than he of ingratitude to Madame de Pompadour. The truth is that the notorious memorandum, so much talked of and so little read, is perhaps the thing which does most honour to the heart and mind of Cardinal de Bernis, who most assuredly was an excellent patriot and an honest citizen. The objects of the memorandum were : (1) to prove the necessity of making peace, seeing that the King had now neither *money*, *generals*, nor *ships*, and, if the Viennese Court refused to end the war simultaneously, to insist on the assistance provided for in the Treaty of Versailles ; (2) the necessity of no longer leaving each minister free to run up the expenses of his own department as high as he liked, and of proving to the King the disadvantages of his pursuing a policy that made four or five individual and despotic kings out of the four or five ministers who shared the Government between them.

The Marquise would perhaps have accepted the

second part of the memorandum, but the first was not to her taste. She was allured by the advances of Maria Theresa. The Duc de Choiseul, the Ambassador at Vienna, humoured her desires in the matter, and pursuaded her that he could quite well continue the war, etc., etc. The Cardinal might have arranged the whole affair, if he had not been convinced that peace alone could save France, and if he had not been determined to leave the ministry, rather than remain there and continue a disastrous war. The Marquise, unable or unwilling on her side to give up her pet idea, which was supported by the Duke, in whom she had then absolute confidence, finally decided the King to throw the Cardinal overboard.

The Cardinal was certain what would happen to him; he had more than once calmly talked it over with the Marquise. He knew that he would be *exiled*, and even said so to her. One day, he had said to her coolly and as if he were talking of indifferent matters :

We are to separate. Well and good. Nothing is simpler or easier. But why carry things to extremes ? Why a dagger thrust ? She made no reply.

He had foreseen and fixed the very day on which he expected to receive the order. He was certain that it would immediately follow the day on which, by a last effort of his great influence with the Parliament of Paris, he secured the passage of the registration of a loan of forty millions, which had given rise to many difficulties. He was only two days out, and that was because the King, on leaving for Choisy, asked him what day would be most convenient for him to come there for the Council. To this he replied :

Since I dispose of your Majesty's time, I will say such a day . . . the day after to-morrow, as to-morrow I have had to arrange an appointment with M. de Staremberg. "Very well," the King replied, "the day after to-morrow, then."

Next day, in the course of his interview with M. de Staremberg, the Cardinal received the order to proceed to Vic-sur-Aisne; he did not expect it till the day after the coming Council. I forgot to say that these events, the setting out for Choisy, the request of the King, and the notification of the Council for the third day, took place at the close of the conference at which he had just announced that the matter of the registration of the loan had been completed either the previous evening or on that very morning.

What I have said of the impossibility urged by the Cardinal in his memorandum of continuing the war without money, generals or ships, is so exactly true that, as he often told me, after he had gone to Vic-sur-Aisne, the Duc de Choiseul, whenever he saw either the Cardinal's nephew or his friend the Abbé des Haisses, and he saw them often (all this passed as a social arrangement and not as a quarrel or enmity), he always said to them: *Tell the Cardinal that we have neither money nor generals nor ships, but nevertheless we are carrying on and will continue to carry on the war.* He said this many times. In the end the Cardinal, a trifle annoyed, said deliberately to the Abbé des Haisses one day when he sent him again to the Duke on some business or other: "If the Duke makes the same remark, you answer him: 'Faith, Your Grace, if I must say it, His Eminence said to me

last time on this subject that he knew as well as you that it is possible to *carry on* war without money, generals or ships, but not *to carry it on successfully*.' "

The Cardinal was so well prepared for and so little affected by his downfall that on his first night at Vic-sur-Aisne, he slept two hours longer than usual, and next morning went shooting in his park.

Cardinal de Bernis was certainly the man for whom Louis XV had the most steady and true regard, and the one in whom he had the most real confidence.

It was chiefly in regard to parliamentary affairs that Louis XV made most use of the Cardinal de Bernis ; and he always enjoyed very great influence in the Paris Parliament.

Louis XV was peculiarly concerned with parliamentary affairs. The King was not by any means so indifferent as people wished to believe or represent him. His conversations with and his visits to the Marquise de Pompadour were not so empty of the problems and affairs of Government as people imagined. On the contrary, he was extremely concerned with them. The Cardinal has told me a hundred times of the many hours he spent with the two of them in concerting and arguing on the progress of and the results which might and must naturally ensue from the controversies between the Court and the Parliaments. The King was in terrible fear of the Parliaments. As he had a straight and even penetrating mind, he foresaw very fairly all the effects and results which the struggle must have sooner or later. He regarded with terror the inevitable decline of his power and authority. He felt that it all might lead to his becoming a cipher.

All the reasoning and firmness of the Cardinal were required to reassure him. The Cardinal pointed out to him all the many and easy means which still existed at that time to cut short the schemes of the Parliaments, and all those still possessed by the royal authority to maintain itself intact. The King ended by perceiving the truth of these statements, and conversations of this kind, which were inordinately prolonged, almost always terminated with this remark from the King: *Yes, you are right. I believe that so long as I live I shall remain more or less master and able to do what I like, but i'faith, after me, the Duc de Bourgogne will have to look out.*

The Cardinal estimated quite correctly the period of his exile. Several of his friends asked him on various occasions if he expected to be free again and when. He always replied: *Yes, two years after the peace*, which proved to be correct.

One certain fact which is not known is that the idea of raising him to the Cardinalate and the negotiations which led to it came entirely from the Duc de Choiseul, who rightly thought that the King would not oppose it, but would become scared of him, and would no longer refuse to banish from the Council a minister whom the dignity of the Cardinal's office would of necessity make a *prime minister*, though he had not the formal title.

(*Whether the Archbishop of Sens stopped at this point, or whether the rest has been lost, only this fragment was found among his papers. We have thought it necessary to add a few lines to show the end of the career of Cardinal de Bernis.*)

After an exile of six years, which he supported with dignity, the Cardinal was appointed by Louis XV Ambassador of France at Rome, and Protector of the Churches of France at that Court. He took up his residence there. In 1791, he received in his palace the princesses, aunts of Louis XVI, who were seeking a refuge from the storm of the Revolution.

Up to that time, the Cardinal had done the honours of his country with great magnificence, and above all with a rare grace, polish and amenity. Stripped all at once of his abbeys by decree, and of his archbishopric by his refusal to take an oath forbidden by his conscience, he lost an income of 400,000 livres and the noble pleasure of giving away half of it. From such heights of fortune, M. de Bernis fell into a state that was almost poverty, and accepted it without complaint. But, at the request of his friend the Chevalier Azzara, the Spanish Court gave him a considerable pension, which satisfied all his needs, even the most pressing of all, that of helping the unfortunate.

Cardinal de Bernis died at Rome on 2nd November 1794, at the age of seventy-nine.

947-BAA-247